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THE

PSALMS OF DAVID,

VERSIFIED

FROM A NEW TRANSLATION,

And adapted to

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

Particularly intended for the uſe of ſuch Chriſtians as believe in the univerſal and unbounded Love of GOD, manifeſted unto all his Fallen Creatures

BY

CHRIST JESUS.

To which is added,

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS,

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

All things muſt be fulfilled which were written in the Pſalms concerning me.—LUKE xxiv. 44.

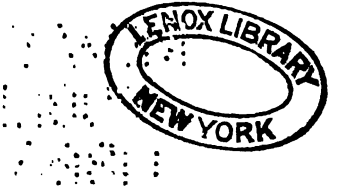
Speaking to yourſelves in Pſalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs.—EPHESIANS v. 19.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR:

And Sold by Teulon, No. 100, Houndſditch; Mr. Thruſſel, Battle Suſſex; and at the Reſtoration Chapel, *Parliament* Court, Artillery Lane, *Biſhopſgate* Without.

1797.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DEAR CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,

IT may be expected that I ſhould make ſome apology, or aſſign ſome reaſon, for bringing forth a new verſion of the Pſalms of David, when there are ſo many from the pens of men ſo far my ſuperiors in piety, experience, and learning, already abroad in the world. I have only to ſay, that the glory of God, and of his Chriſt, was my ſole aim in this my bold and arduous undertaking; and the occaſion of it was, by obſerving, that ſome of them ſeemed to differ with themſelves, and all with each other reſpecting the things which relate to, or expreſsly ſpeak of, the redemption of the world by Chriſt Jeſus the Lord. This determined me to take my dear Saviour's advice, and examine thoſe ſacred records of him in their original Hebrew. But O, what wonders of love did I there diſcover! Glory to God in the higheſt! There I ſaw that the divine Father, from all eternity, had deſigned, and that his bleſſed Son would, in the fulneſs of time, compleatly accompliſh the reſtoration of all fallen intelligences, according to that firſt gracious promiſe made unto Adam. This encouraged me

to go on, and at length determined me to tranſlate the whole book of Pſalms once more. That done, firſt for my improvement, and afterwards in hopes that they might be uſeful, I turned the whole into verſe, (one of which being uſeleſs to a Chriſtian congregation, I omitted printing, and another was by the Printer overlooked) for the more eſpecial uſe of ſuch Chriſtians whoſe eyes are by the divine ſpirit enlightened, to ſee the ſuperabounding love of the Father manifeſted by the gift of his Son for the redemption, ſalvation, and final glorification of the whole of thoſe unhappy beings whom ſin has, or may yet draw from the allegiance, duty, and obedience due to their Creator.

To all others into whoſe hands this new verſion of holy David's Pſalms may fall, I ſay!—Candidly pardon the involuntary errors of the preſs, and the meanneſs of the verſe; condemn not the ſentiments, although you ſhould find it contain doctrines ſomewhat different from what you may have been accuſtomed to hear from the pulpits you have hitherto ſat under. Remember we have a promiſe, that "in the latter days knowledge ſhould be increaſed;" and as the doctrines herein contained (however new they may appear to you) have a direct tendency to a more illuſtrious diſplay of the everlaſting, unchangeable love of God, our heavenly Father, ſtrikingly manifeſted in the life, actions, ſufferings, and bloody death of his only begotten and moſt dearly beloved Son, Chriſt Jeſus our Lord, who lay in the boſom of his Father; whom yet he freely gave

up

.p to all kinds of ſufferings, and an accurſed death, that the Captain of Salvation, being made perfect by ſuffering, he might, through death, deſtroy him that had the power of death (that is the devil) and thereby become the Saviour and Reſtorer of all.

As this view of the Goſpel terminates in ſo glorious a proſpect, neither condemn nor reject it, on account of the very extenſive ſcale on which the glorious work of Redemption is ſet forth to your view. At leaſt, do it not in haſte; Firſt, prove that he came *not* to ſave the world—That he gave *not* his life a ranſom for all—That he has *not* taſted death for all—That he will *not* deſtroy the works of Satan—That he will *not* deliver the creature from the bondage of corruption—That he made *not* peace by the blood of the croſs, in order to reconcile *All* unto the Father, whether they be things of earthly or heavenly (original)—That the Father will *not* gather together All in Chriſt. In ſhort, till you can do this, and much more, charity ought to reſtrain every riſing thought of oppoſition, to lead you to a calm diſcuſſion of the ſubject, and fill your minds with fear, leſt ye ſhould be found rejecting the moſt glorious of all the truths of the Goſpel.

That the Father of Mercies may bleſs you and all mankind with greater light and knowledge of divine things: That the Saviour of the World may manifeſt more of his love to you, to me, and all who profeſs his name: That he will be graciouſly pleaſed to ſmile on theſe my labours, and

them inſtrumental to his own glory, and
lification of ſome at leaſt of the poor mem-
f his myſtical body, is the ſincere prayer of

Your's,

IN OUR COMMON LORD,

THE AUTHOR.

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ERRATA.

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THE

PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM I.

The Proſperity of Chriſt, contraſted with the tranſitory Hopes of the Wicked.

1 PROSPERITY attends my Lord,
In ev'ry work, and ev'ry word,
For he was in all good compleat;
He never unjuſt counſel took,
Nor his Great Father's laws forſook,
Or ſat in the deſpiſer's ſeat.

2 Thy laws, my God, were his delight,
His conſtant ſtudy, day and night,
Which made him plenteous fruit to bear;
Like the fair tree, by flowing tides,
Whoſe tumid root the drought abides,
Ever with fruit and verdure fair.

3 But the unjuſt, the ſhafts of death,
Deſtroy his honours with his breath;
Behold his weak, unſtable mind,
Whirled like duſt by ev'ry gale,
His hopes unfounded, ever fail,
Always unſettled like the wind.

4 When all before thy bar appear,
Behold his anguiſh and deſpair,
Rejected by thy Great Firſt-born;
Nor ſhall the deviator ſtand
Amongſt his ſaints, at his right hand,
But from his preſence ſhall be torn.

5 All that the juſtified do,
Lays open to my Saviour's view;
Well pleas'd his eye their walk ſurveys:
But unjuſt deeds his ſoul diſguſt,
And from him baniſh the unjuſt,
Till periſh'd are their evil ways.

ANOTHER.

Contraſting the Proſperity of the Saints, with the Puniſhment of the unjuſt.

1 HAPPY the man who ne'er obeys,
Advice that the ungodly give,
Nor walks in ſinners unjuſt ways,
And will not with the ſcorner live.

2 Thy law, O Lord! is his delight;
He meditation on it loves:
Continually by day and night,
His ſoul, thy ſacred will approves.

3 Like ſpreading trees, by flowing tides,
Which ev'ry ſeaſon yield their fruits,
Whoſe verdure always gay abides;
No drought affects their tumid roots.

4 Thus wilt thou make him flouriſh fair,
For thou, my God! his pray'r wilt heed,
And cauſe him plenteous fruit to bear,
And make his ev'ry work ſucceed.

5 But the unjuſt, like chaff ſhall be,
By ev'ry riſing gale upborne;
Their wand'ring feet at ſhadows flee,
Their hearts by fear aſunder torn.

6 They in thy judgment ſhall not ſtand,
They would not thy commands obey;
Therefore they ſhall from thy right hand,
Be hurry'd ſwiftly far away.

5 Thy

7 Thy fav'ring eye wilt ſtill regard
All that the righteous think, or do:
But the unjuſt, for their reward,
Down to the burning pit ſhall go.

8 Their ſpirits there thy pow'r ſhall feel,
And they, thy juſtice ſhall confeſs;
The Saviour then their ſouls ſhall heal,
And they with joy thy name ſhall bleſs.

PSALM II.

The Troubles that ſhall precede the Second Coming of Chriſt.

1 WHY are the nations thus confus'd,
Hurrying on their awful fate?
Why in deliberate council join'd,
On vanity to meditate?
Behold! earth's monarchs now combine,
With their proud nobles to decree:
Pride, wealth, and pow'r together join
To quench the flame of liberty.

2 Not human rights alone they brave;
But thee, Jehovah, and thy ſon,
"We never will their laws obey,
"No Pow'r ſuperior will we own."
Jehovah in the Heav'ns ſhall laugh,
My Lord their vain attempts will ſcorn,
And thus will ſpeak in awful wrath,
Till they their pride and madneſs mourn.

3 "I was on Sion's ſacred mount,
"O'er all the earth anointed King,
"My father will my claims recount,
"His gift's the charter I will bring.
"Jeſus, thou art my ſon, he ſaid,
"This day I bring thee forth to man,
"Demand of me, and I will give
"All nations to obey thy reign.

4 " Thine heritage they all ſhall be,
" Thou ſhalt poſſeſs earth's utmoſt bound;
" As iron breaks the potter's vaſe,
" Thy pow'r ſhall ev'ry foe confound."
Learn this, ye kings, with wiſdom act,
Jehovah ſerve with filial fear;
And let diſcretion all direct,
With joy and trembling to draw near.

5 The pure one kiſs, leaſt wrath ariſe,
And ye ſhould periſh from the way;
If once his kindled fury flies,
None can its awful vengeance ſtay.
But bleſſings ſhall all thoſe ſurround,
Who humbly bow before his throne;
No pow'r on earth ſhall them confound,
But they ſhall make his glories known.

PSALM III.

Jehovah, a God, hearing and anſwering Praye

1 SEE, Lord, increas'd diſtreſs appear,
Num'rous are my threat'ning foes,
That with loud, boaſting voice declare,
Thou wilt not their deſigns oppoſe.

2 All hail my glory, ſhield, and praiſe;
My bleſt exalter ever near;
By faith to thee my voice I raiſe,
For thou wilt liſten to my prayer.

3 I laid me down, and ſafely ſlept,
And wak'd ſecure from ev'ry harm,
From all impending danger kept,
My God, by thy protecting arm.

4 My ſoul ſhall therefore never fear,
Though tens of thouſands me oppoſe,
The trumpet ſound, the ſtandard rear,
And march array'd, an hoſt of foes.

5 Ariſe, my God, ſalvation cauſe,
Confound the pride of wretched man,
And abrogate thoſe unjuſt laws,
By which they would thy truth reſtrain.

6 Eternal Father! thou alone
Canſt bring ſalvation to mankind;
Thy bleſſing to thy ſaints is known,
They ſhall thy full ſalvation find.

PSALM IV.

The Prayer of Chriſt, &c.

1 THUS ſpake the Saviour of mankind;
"When I ſhall call on thee, my God,
"My Righteouſneſs! O, may I find
"Thy tender mercies ſpread abroad.

2 "When dangers or diſtreſs ariſe,
"Thou only canſt a refuge ſend;
"Salvation at thy bidding flies,
"On all my fainting ſteps to tend.

3 "How long ye ſons of Adam's race,
"Turn ye my glory into ſhame?
"Trifles ye love, ye ſeek diſgrace,
"And loud your emptineſs proclaim.

4 "Jehovah, thou wilt ſanctify
"The bountiful, for thine own praiſe;
"Attending to his feebleſt cry,
"And from diſtreſs to glory raiſe."

PART II. 8.

Exhortation to Chriſtians, &c.

1 COME ye who bear the Chriſtian name,
On your Redeemer meditate,
And by obedience, love proclaim,
And from his laws ne'er deviate.

2 The ſacrifice of juſtice pay,
And on Jehovah's ſtrength confide;
Nor act like them who fooliſh ſay,
"Where ſhall we find ſweet pleaſure's tide?"

3 Jehovah! cauſe thy truth to ſhine,
Make it an enſign rais'd by thee;
May all behold its light divine,
In it thy glorious image ſee.

4 Joy to my heart, thou, Lord, haſt giv'n,
More than when corn, or wine increaſe,
To view the earneſt of thy Heav'n,
In love, obedience, joy and peace.

5 In ſofteſt peace I lay me down,
To ſleep or death, my ſoul reſign;
If to my heart thou make it known,
That I ſhall dwell with thee and thine.

PSALM V. 8.

The Purity and Goodneſs of God, the Source of the Co dence of them who love him.

1 HEAR, O my God, my mournful words,
Mark the deep ſearchings of my heart,
My cry attend, my King! my Lord!
From thee, my pray'rs ſhall not depart.

2 With dawning light, I'll raiſe my voice,
With early morn begin my ſong;
My boaſt thou art, I will rejoice,
And pour my grateful ſtrains along.

3 The unjuſt man comes not near thee,
My God will not with evil dwell;
The proud ſhall not thy glory ſee,
But ſhall thine indignation feel.

4 Thou hateſt mortals idle works,
Deceitful words, thou wilt deſtroy,
Where malice in the ſpirit lurks,
Or pride, they ſhall not taſte thy joy.

5 But through the greatneſs of thy love,
Unto thine houſe I ſhall repair;
There ſhall I all thy goodneſs prove,
And worſhip thee with filial fear.

PART II.

The Goodneſs and Severity of God.

1 LEAD me, Jehovah, in thy way,
May all thy conduct be my guide,
Since from the womb I'm apt to ſtray,
Make me in all thy ways abide.

2 A gaping tomb, the wicked are,
Loathſome with bones and filth, unclean;
Their words are with vile flatt'ry fair,
But pride and falſehood dwell within.

3 Guilty they are, and thou wilt place
Their artful deeds in dread array;
Their ſins ſhall ſtand before their face,
Till ſelf-condemned, they ſink away.

4 But they rejoice who truſt in thee,
They ſhall with exultation ſing.
When they the great Jehovah ſee,
And find protection 'neath thy wing.

5 For thou wilt bleſs the juſtify'd,
Thy tend'reſt love ſhall him ſurround,
And like a ſhield, ſhall ſafely hide,
And all his haughty foes confound.

PSALM VI. 8 and 6.

Prayer in Diſtreſs.

1 REBUKE me not in anger, Lord,
Nor in thy wrath correct,
But pity my weak, helpleſs ſtate,
My God! my life protect.

2 My bones are nearly dry'd away,
Whilſt I for mercy wait,
Set free the current of my blood,
Command my pulſe to beat.

3 Save me through thine abounding love,
Shall death thy trophies bring?
Or ſhall my duſt within the tomb,
Abounding goodneſs ſing?

4 My ſighing wears my fleſh away,
I ſwim my bed with tears,
Mine eyes with ſorrow are conſum'd,
Through griefs, and pains, and fears.

5 Ye worthleſs boaſters, hence, begone,
My God beholds my cares,
My ſupplications deigns to own,
And liſtens to my pray'rs.

6 Horror and fear, O Lord, ſhall ſhake
Thy num'rous enemies,
Shame and confuſion ſhall o'ertake
All who againſt thee riſe.

PSALM VII. 8.

The Seed of the Woman ſhall bruiſe the Serpent's Head.

1 THOU only art my refuge, Lord,
Cauſe me ſalvation from my foes,
Jehovah, may thy voice be heard,
For, from thy arm ſalvation flows.
Save Lord! leaſt they like lions tear,
And I ſhould find no Saviour near.

2 If unjuſt deeds my heart hath done,
Or if oppreſſion's ſpoils I hold,
Or gen'rous love, with hatred own;
Then let not mercy, peace unfold:
No! joyful would I dangers brave,
And die, like Chriſt, my foe to ſave.

3 Judgment

3 Judgment is thine, O Lord ariſe!
Indignant 'gainſt my Saviour's foe;
On Satan let thy vengeance ſeize,
And make the nations thee to know:
For they with joy will thee obey,
When he is puniſh'd 'neath thy ſway.

4 Reward my Saviour, O, my God,
According to his uprightneſs;
Perfect he was, compleat in good,
O give his ev'ry wiſh ſucceſs.
For he creation will reſtore,
To love and ſerve thee evermore.

5 Through him the juſt made firm ſhall be,
For he will try their hearts and reins,
And cleanſe, till they from ſin are free,
And love, pure love, alone remains.
Jehovah, thee I truſt and ſing,
Becauſe thou doſt ſalvation bring.

6 Thou, Lord, wilt ſearch the juſtify'd,
And try the ſpring of ev'ry heart;
Daily thine anger ſhall abide,
Till ev'ry erring thought depart.
Thy ſword ſhall never be return'd,
Till ſin's forſook as well as mourn'd.

7 Jehovah, thou wilt ſtretch thy bow,
And all death's inſtruments prepare,
And make each perſecutor know
Thy pow'r, and thy dread vengeance fear:
For worthleſs things, their hearts conceive,
By miſchief and deceit, they live.

8 The guileful pit, their hands have dug,
Shall their own guilty feet enſnare,
And their iniquities return'd,
They on themſelves their guilt ſhall bear:
Whilſt thy glad ſaints, thy name confeſs,
And God, Moſt High, with ſongs they bleſs.

PSALM

PSALM VIII. *Rule Britannia*—8. 10. 7.

The Glory of Man when firſt created, and appoint univerſal Governor under the Great Supreme.

1 JEHOVAH, great, eternal Pow'r,
Thee for our Governor we own;
Thy name on earth, how excellent!
Thy glory to the Heav'ns extends.
All Nature bows, bows Nature to thy throne,
Great Supreme, Almighty Lord.

2 By thee inſpir'd, the infant's voice,
In liſping ſhouts thy praiſe proclaim,
They ſhall reſtrain thy boaſting foes,
And huſh their maddeſt rage to peace.
All Nature bows, &

3 When I the vaſt expanſe ſurvey,
With moon, and ſtars, by thee arrang'd.
Humbled beneath the ſight, I'm loſt,
Leſs than a ſpeck amidſt thy works!
All Nature, bows, &

4 All bounteous Father, what is man,
That thou ſhouldſt e'er remember him,
Or deign to viſit his abode,
And place him but beneath thee, God?
To rule o'er all, o'er all thy works to rule,
Hail'd by thy creation, Lord!

5 With thy majeſtic glory crown'd,
His head thou haſt with honour deck'd,
And made him Ruler o'er thy works,
And all things plac'd beneath his feet.
To rule o'er all, &

6 The ſheep and oxen hear his voice,
And with wild beaſts, their homage pay;
Whilſt airy birds, with ocean's tribes,
Thro' unknown regions bear his fame.
He rules o'er all, &

7 Sour

7 Source of exiſtence, bounteous Lord!
Thee for our Governor we own;
Thy name on earth, how excellent!
Thy glory thro' the Heav'ns extends.
All Nature bows, bows Nature to thy throne,
Great Supreme, Almighty Lord!

ANOTHER. 8.

At the Name of Jeſus, every Knee ſhall bow, &c.

1 JEHOVAH, all controuling Lord,
On earth, illuſtrious is thy name;
Creation, formed by thy word,
Doth it's great Maker's hand proclaim.
All Nature doth her praiſes bring,
To thee, Jehovah, ſov'reign King.

2 Oft thro' thy pow'r have babes declar'd,
Grateful their much lov'd Saviour's praiſe:
Thy perſecuting foes have heard
And join'd, the infant's ſong to raiſe.
Convinced of thy love and pow'r,
Their wond'ring ſouls thy name adore.

3 When I ſurvey the arched ſkies,
Adorn'd by thee with moon and ſtars,
My ſoul aſtoniſh'd, wond'ring cries,
Can man be number'd midſt thy cares?
Could the Jehovah viſit him,
From death and error to redeem?

4 My Saviour leſſen'd 'neath thee, God,
With beauty and with glory crown'd,
Shall wield thy ſceptre and thy rod,
Whilſt proſtrate all thy works ſurround;
All Nature ſhall his voice obey,
And bow ſubjected to his ſway.

All now are plac'd beneath his feet,
Angels and men, beaſts, birds, fiſh, fowl,

And all, thy praiſes ſhall repeat,
By him reſtored, and made whole.
Then thro' th' abyſs, high heavens, and earth,
All, all ſhall pour thy praiſes forth.

PSALM IX. 8.

Jehovah the Subduer.

1 MY God, I fain thy deeds would trace,
And with my lips declare thy grace;
Loud the glad ſong of triumph raiſe,
And God, Moſt High, exulting praiſe.

2 Thy foes, Jehovah, flee away,
They ſtumble in the face of day;
Thou wilt them from the earth deſtroy,
They ſhall not ſee their Lord with joy.

3 Soon on his throne, my Lord ſhall ſit,
And judge the nations at his feet;
My Lord ſhall ſit upon his throne,
And all ſhall his uprightneſs own.

4 Thou wilt deſtroy all earthly pow'r,
And the unjuſt ſhall rule no more;
But in chaſtiſement ſhall remain,
Through and beyond my Saviour's reign,

5 All perſecutors ſhall be ſent,
Where pain ſhall make them loud lament,
Where dire deſtruction ſhall ſubdue
And lay their proud rebellion low.

PART II.

By whom alſo he conſtituted the Ages.

1 JESUS the ages has ordain'd,
And by his pow'r they are maintain'd;
For judgment, fixed is his throne,
And all ſhall him as Sov'reign own.

2 He

2 He ſhall judge the aërial hoſt,
And they ſhall his uprightneſs boaſt;
His laws, all nations ſhall direct,
And all creation ſhall protect.

3 He will the humbled ſpirit bleſs,
And will exalt him from diſtreſs;
Thy works ſhall know and love thy name,
And ſhall thy faithfulneſs proclaim.

PART III.

He ſhall heal his People from their Sins.

1 JEHOVAH, God, in Sion dwells,
And all the nation's ſorrows heals:
He the oppreſſor calls to mind,
And the oppreſs'd ſalvation find.

2 Thou haſt beheld my ſuff'ring Lord,
His pray'rs and cries attentive heard,
And burſt the bars of death in twain,
And crown'd him Lord o'er all to reign.

3 Jeſus, my Saviour, now repeats
Thy praiſes in bleſt Sion's gates;
Thy love, my God, his lips employ,
And tune his raptur'd ſoul to joy.

PART IV.

Thou wilt return the Wicked into Hell, with all them that forget God.

1 BEHOLD the nations, Lord, prepare
Againſt thy truth, each legal ſnare:
In their reſtraints, themſelves are caught,
Their ſin has their deſtruction brought.

2 *Thoſe unſubdu'd*, thou wilt return
To hell, where they ſhall ſuffering mourn,

With all who will their God forget,
Who will not thy juſt praiſe repeat.

3 Never will they praiſe thy name,
Until ſubdu'd by pain and ſhame;
Then ſhall they own their righteous fate,
And all their former follies hate.

4 Thou wilt not baniſh hope away,
Nor from their doleful groanings ſtay:
But thro' the dreary cells of earth,
Pour thy reviving comforts forth.

5 Ariſe, Jehovah, weaken man,
Commence o'er earth my Saviour's reign;
Array thy terrors 'fore each face,
Thy love, and all their ſins retrace.

PSALM X.

Ariſe, Jehovah, and judge the Wicked.

1 WHY will my Lord at diſtance ſtay?
Why in diſtreſs himſelf conceal?
Ariſe, and baniſh ſin away,
Afflictions, wounds, and errors heal.

2 Lo! the unjuſt will, thro' his pride,
Oppreſs and perſecute the poor:
But thou wilt turn th' o'erflowing tide,
And they affliction ſhall endure.

3 He loves rapacious deeds to praiſe,
And ſordid avarice will bleſs;
Self-pride and wealth, direct his ways,
My God! he will not ſeek thy face.

4 Tho' ſorrow all his ways ſhall wound,
Thy conduct is above his ſight,
He thinks he can all foes confound,
And what he does is always right.

5 'My ſteps,' he ſaith, 'ſhall never ſlide;
'Danger ſhall not my ſoul alarm;

'For

'For num'rous years I ſhall abide,
'And govern with unconquer'd arm.'

6 Dread imprecations fill his mouth,
His thoughts are governed by pride.
His converſe wand'ring far from truth,
Strives his miſchievous deeds to hide.

7 Behold him in the village lurk,
The unſuſpicious ſoul to ſlay;
But from affliction's mournful voice,
He turns his haſty ſteps away.

8 Like the fell lioneſs he lurks,
Ready to take his ſudden ſpring;
He crouches, flatters, fawns, deceives,
Into his ſnares, his prey to bring.

9 His works declare, "God will forget;
"Thou wilt not ſee, wilt not ſubdue:"
Jehovah, riſe, thy ſtripes repeat,
Make the oppreſſor thee to know.

PART II.

1 WHY doth th' unjuſt my God forget,
And think thou wilt not him regard?
His ſins thou wilt before him ſet,
And his oppreſſions wilt reward.

2 Thro' thee he ſhall th' afflicted leave,
Thine arm the fatherleſs ſhall aid,
From his oppreſſions ſhall retrieve,
And they no more his power ſhall dread.

3 Thou wilt deſtroy his uſurp'd pow'r,
And break to pieces all his chains,
Until his ſin ſhall be no more,
Thou wilt inflict thy threat'ned pains.

4 Jehovah, king, o'er earth ſhall reign,
And caſt the nations from his land;
And peace and freedom will maintain,
And all the earth ſhall own his hand.

5 Thy creatures hearts thou wilt prepare,
And to their cries thine ear incline;
They ſhall behold thy tender care,
And own thy will is love divine.

6 No more chaſtiſement wilt thou add,
Than ſhall from man all ſin deſtroy;
His heart correct, and make him glad,
Bleſt with obedience, love, and joy.

PSALM XI.

Jehovah is a God of Judgment.

1 JEHOVAH, I my refuge make,
How then ſhall any dare command?
"Go, trembling fool, your ſhelter ſeek,
"In ſome far diſtant, unknown land!"

2 Th' unjuſt his ſounding bow prepares,
In ſecret aims his barbed dart,
That he may ſlay by guileful ſnares,
The man of pure and upright heart.

3 Jehovah in his temple ſits,
Upon the air is fix'd his throne,
Thence he beholds all Adam's race,
And makes their thoughts and actions known.

4 Thence he, the juſtified heeds,
And cleanſes with paternal care;
For malice, wrath, and unjuſt deeds,
Before his ſight, all hateful are.

5 On the unjuſt, my God will rain
Sulphureous flames and burning coals,
Thy ſcorching winds, with raging pain,
Shall harrow up their guilty ſouls.

6 Thou art the juſtifying God,
Who loveſt all from ſin made free;
Thine image is in them reſtor'd,
Upright, they ſhall thy preſence ſee.

PSALM

PSALM XII. 8.

Antichriſt, the Man of Sin, who oppoſeth and exalteth himſelf above all that is called God.

1 JEHOVAH now ſalvation ſend,
For all thine ancient ſaints are gone;
Few are th' upright, whoſe hopes depend
On thy redeeming grace alone:
Falſe flatt'ry with deceitful tongue,
O'er all thy Chriſtian church prevails;
To ſyſtem, tunes her artful ſong,
And ev'ry Goſpel truth aſſails.

2 Thou wilt the tongue deceitful ſlay,
Who, with its artful, boaſting word,
Saith, "We o'ercome and lead away,
"Our own we are, and know no Lord."
Becauſe of human tyranny,
And direful groans of thoſe brought down,
"I will ariſe," my God ſhall ſay,
"And man ſhall my ſalvation own.

3 Jehovah, thy commands are pure,
From error's filthy droſs made free;
Guarded by thee, they ſhall endure,
And to the age preſerved be:
But till that glorious time commence,
The wicked ſpread their pow'r around;
And while they break religion's fence,
In wealth, in pomp, and pow'r abound.

PSALM XIII. 8.

Jehovah, a Refuge in the Day of Trouble.

1 JEHOVAH, Conqueror, how long
(Shall I ſubdu'd, forgotten be?
And wilt thou ſtill my fears prolong,
Whilſt my heart groaning, pants for thee?

2 Still ſhall my enemies ariſe,
And threat'ning boaſt their mighty pow'r;)
How long wilt thou neglect my cries?
O, anſwer in this trying hour.

3 Enlighten, Lord, my fainting ſight,
Leaſt I ſhould ſleep within the tomb;
My foes exulting with delight,
Rejoice to ſee my life conſume.

4 Wherefore ſhould I from thee depart?
Thy mercy is my ſole regard,
And thy ſalvation joys my heart;
All my ſucceſs is thy reward.

PSALM XIV. 8 and 6.

All are Sinners, and have come ſhort of the Glory of God.

2 THE unwiſe man himſelf deceives,
And ſaith there is no God!
His heart corrupt, no good believes,
But roams thro' earth abroad.

2 God look'd upon earth's guilty race,
To ſee if one was wiſe;
Who ſaw bright mercy in his face,
And ſeiz'd the lovely prize.

3 But from their God they all had ſtray'd,
Corrupted and unclean:
None doing good, not even one,
But all were loſt in ſin.

4 Have they no wiſdom, who contrive
Their own religious ſchemes,
That they corrupt my people's lives,
By their deluſive dreams?

5 They will not ſtrive thy word to know,
Not thee they invocate;
But led by whim, or faſhion go,
Whilſt other ſects they hate.

6 Fear,

6 Fear, therefore, ſhakes their wav'ring heart,
Upheld by ſelf and pride;
But thou, my God, will ſtrength impart,
To all thy juſtify'd.

PART II.

Jehovah, the Reſtorer of his People.

1 I SEE thy mighty pow'r o'erflow,
Oppreſſion it confounds;
And the oppreſs'd ſhall ſurely know,
Thy ſtrength, O Lord, abounds.

2 Soon Iſrael ſhall ſalvation have,
From holy Sion ſent:
Thou wilt the captive people ſave,
And from thy wrath relent.

3 Soon Jacob's ſons ſhall raiſe their voice,
And ſongs triumphant ſing,
And in the croſs of Chriſt rejoice,
Exulting in their King.

PSALM XV. 8.

The Juſt died for the Unjuſt, that he might bring us to God.

1 JEHOVAH, who with thee ſhall dwell,
Inhabiting thine holy place?
He who is juſt, obeys thy will,
Whoſe words are always truth and grace.
No bitterneſs his ſpeech attends,
Nor e'er in wrath or malice ends.

2 Slander he hates, reproach and ſhame;
From the malignant eye he turns;
But for all them who fear thy name,
His heart with fervid friendſhip burns:
Their love, he boaſts, ſupports their fame,
And pays juſt honors to their name.

3 If he, to his deſtruction ſwears,
He will not from his oath depart;
No wealth he thro' injuſtice ſhares,
Nor taketh bribes with unjuſt heart:
His croſs he bears, the crown obtains,
And heav'ns unfading glory gains.

PSALM XVI.

Chriſt endured the Croſs, deſpiſing the Shame, through the hope of the Glory that was ſet before him.

1 JEHOVAH, ſave thy tempted ſon,
Thou, my protector, art alone;
I, without thee, no good can do:
With thy bleſt ſaints upon the earth,
And firſt-born ſons of heavenly birth,
It is my whole delight to go.

2 Backſliders ſhall their pains increaſe,
Their idols cannot grant them peace;
My lips their gods ſhall never name:
Jehovah is my heritage,
His conſtant love my thoughts engage;
For that alone upholds my fame.

3 His gift I view, creations round,
Vaſt heritage, that ſhall abound
With life, and order, and delight:
Jehovah, thy good name I bleſs,
And the inſtructions will confeſs,
Which I receive from thee by night.

4 On my right hand I thee will place,
Thou ſhalt be always fore my face,
Then from my hope I ſhall not go:
Therefore my gladden'd heart vibrates,
And all my ſoul with joy dilates;
The grave with holy hope I view.

5 In death thou wilt not me forſake;
Corruption ſhall not me o'ertake:

But

But I reſtored life ſhall know;
With fulleſt joy ſhall ſee thy face,
And view thine all-ſubduing grace,
Thro' all the ages, from thee flow.

PSALM XVII. 8.

In that Chriſt ſuffered, being tempted; He is able to ſuccour them that are tempted.

1 JEHOVAH, hear thy perfect Son,
O hearken when to thee he cries,
And all his interceſſions own,
For no deceit within them lies.

2 My ſentence ſhall from him proceed,
For thou wilt his uprightneſs ſee;
But ſearch my heart till it is freed
From ſin, and purify'd by thee.

3 Teach me, like Chriſt, to watch my mouth,
That I may not diſturb mankind,
Nor make falſe ſchemes; but by thy truth,
From error guard my wand'ring mind.

4 Increaſing wiſdom may I gain,
Nor ever from thy precepts ſlide;
For this I invocate thy name,
And in thine arms by faith abide.

5 Thine ear incline my words to hear,
Thy full ſalvation let me prove,
And ever find thy mercy near,
And ever know that thou art love.

6 Kept like the pupil of thine eye,
Beneath thy ſpreading wings I hide,
Leaſt wicked thoughts which thro' me fly,
Should always in my heart abide,

Whilſt all confus'd in wild diſmay,
Sinners with trembling horror fly.
By thee, expanding winds pour'd forth,
Shall impetuous downward ſweep,
Burſt the vaſt concave of the earth,
And day ſhall view the hidden deep.
But thou, my God, wilt kindly ſend,
And ſnatch me from the vengeful ſtorm;
Safe from the flood, my feet ſhall ſtand,
And ſee the wonders of thine arm.

PART II.

Jehovah is bountiful unto all that call upon his Name.

1 FROM inward and from outward foes,
Jeſus, my Saviour, ſets me free;
In vain they have againſt me roſe,
He will my ſtrong deliv'rer be.
Afflictions come, I find him near,
I ſee my all redeeming friend,
On wings of love, with aid appear,
On all my fainting ſteps to tend.
His name I bleſs, for he will lead
Me to a ſpacious, joyful place,
And I from evil ſhall be freed,
And taſte the vaſtneſs of his grace.

2 My Lord his firſt-born will reward,
As they are perfect in his ways;
He will their purity regard,
In gifts of glory and in praiſe.
For they all his commandments keep,
Nor act unjuſtly by their God;
Jehovah's law before them ſtands,
They walk therein to his abode.
With perfect heart they do his will,
And from all evil turn away;
Thou wilt reward, as they fulfil,
And all their purity repay.

3 Kind

Kind to the bountiful thou art;
Unto thoſe perfect, perfect too;
Pure with the man of cleanſed heart;
Perverſe, if they perverſely go.
None but the humbled wilt thou ſave,
Thine arm ſhall bow the haughty down;
But all thy firſt-born, like the ſun,
Thou with diſpenſing light wilt crown.
Thro' thee an hoſt of foes they move,
And ſcale the lofty ramparts top;
They all are conq'rors thro' thy love,
Thine arm ſupports and bears them up.

4 Jehovah, perfect is thy way,
All thy commandments purify;
And thoſe who make thy ſtrength their ſtay,
A ſure defence, ſhall find thee nigh.
Who can create but thee alone?
Who is a refuge but my God?
Thou, Lord, art my ſupport at home,
And my proſperity abroad.
Swift as the hart, thou mak'ſt my feet,
And when exalted, wilt ſuſtain;
Through thee I win the well-fought field,
Their bows I break, the battle gain.

5 My Saviour, God! my ſure defence!
Thy mighty arm ſhall me uphold;
And thro' the kindneſs of my Lord,
My ſteps are firm, my heart is bold.
Strong in Jehovah's matchleſs pow'r,
I ſhall my ev'ry foe o'ertake;
And till their pride and folly's o'er,
I never will the chace forſake.
Wounded, they never more ſhall riſe!
Sin ſhall be trod beneath my feet;
And I ſhall gain the kingdom's prize,
And ſit upon the conq'ror's ſeat.

PART III.

Chriſt ſhall rule the Nations, and ſubdue them as with a Rod of Iron.

1 SAVIOUR, thy great, eternal Sire
Will give thee vict'ry o'er thy foes;
And will chaſtiſe in awful fire,
All who ſhall dare thy will oppoſe.
There terrify'd, they roar aloud,
But ſhall not find ſalvation nigh;
Amaz'd, they invocate their God,
Who will not hearken to their cry.
Then wilt thou dance them like the duſt,
Which the rough tempeſt drives away;
And tread beneath thee, the unjuſt,
As trav'lers tread the miry clay.

2 Great King of Kings, th' immortal Sire
Will thy rebellious foes ſubdue;
Then ſhall all nations thee require,
And ſhall thy willing ſubjects bow.
They all ſhall hearken to thy laws,
With hands and hearts obedience yield;
And ſuch as have refus'd thy cauſe,
Shall ſtrive from thee to lay conceal'd.
For they ſhall dread thine awful frown,
And ſhall lament for follies paſt;
The juſtneſs of thy title own,
And long thy pard'ning love to taſte.

3 Jehovah, God, for ever lives!
Bleſt be my Saviour's mighty name;
Glory from him, my God receives,
He doth his pow'r and love proclaim.
Jehovah will avenge his cauſe,
And give to him unbounded pow'r;
When foes would dare deſtroy his laws,
He will controul the trying hour.
Thy Son, O God, ſhall thee confeſs,
In all the glories of thy name;

Whilſt

Whilſt thro' the earth glad ſongs of praiſe,
Shall their triumphant King proclaim.

4 Whilſt trials, death, and war remain,
Increaſing numbers thou wilt bring,
Who Chriſt ſhall love, his laws maintain,
And own the crucified King.
We hail thoſe bright, unclouded days,
Thou haſt for all thy ſons prepar'd;
When the whole earth with ſongs of praiſe,
Shall crown their Saviour for their Lord.
Increaſing ſtill, thy glories ſwell,
Creation ſhall the triumph join;
Heaven and earth unite with hell,
To own the pow'r of love divine.

PSALM XIX.

The inviſible Things of God are clearly ſeen, from the Creation of the World, being underſtood by the Things that are made.

1 THE liquid ether's chryſtal form,
Maketh Jehovah's glory known,
It ſhews the wonders of thine arm,
That man may all thy goodneſs own.
Revolving earth ſpeaks thy command,
Whilſt day and night proclaim thine hand.

2 They have no ſpeech or ſounding voice,
Silent, each orb revolves its round;
Inſtructing man ſtill to rejoice,
And in obedience to be found.
Whilſt ſilent to the univerſe,
Their Maker's praiſes they rehearſe.

3 'Midſt them thou haſt a tent prepar'd,
Wherein reſides the ſolar light;
From whence he like a bridegroom runs,
And fills all Nature with delight.
Vibrating heat to all he gives,
And Nature, life by him receives.

4 Thy laws, my God, can quite reverſe
The evil proneneſs of my heart;
They can make wiſe all thoſe ſeduc'd
From thy pure precepts to depart.
Would the poor wand'rer in them go,
No fear or ſorrow ſhould he know.

5 All thy commands, my God, make clean
From error's miſts, the mind impure;
Thy fear ſhall keep my ſoul from ſin,
And make me for thine age endure.
Firm are the judgments of thy word,
And ſhall by ev'ry ſoul be heard.

6 More precious are thy words than gold,
Yea, gold refined, they ſurpaſs;
Nor honey flowing from the comb,
Is half ſo pleaſant to my taſte.
I have thro' them illuſtrious ſhone,
Encircled by truth's radiant crown.

7 Who juſtly can his errors heed,
Cleanſe me, O God, from hidden ſin;
And from each proud, preſumptuous deed,
Thy ſervant's wand'ring heart reſtrain.
Ne'er let them rule o'er me, that I
May from increas'd trangreſſions fly.

8 O may the words my lips have ſpoke,
Aſcend, and thy acceptance gain:
And the deep muſings of my mind,
Thy favour, O my God, obtain.
Thou art my ſtrength, thou good, thou juſt
Redeemer, in thy name I truſt.

PSALM XX. 8.

Chriſt crucified; the Power and the Wiſdom of God.

1 THERE was a time when dire diſtreſs
O'erwhelm'd the Saviour of mankind,
Oft would his groans, and tears confeſs,
The ſtrugglings of his tempted mind.

2 Jehovah

2 Jehovah anſwer'd all his pray'r;
Thou waſt his ſtrength, bleſt Jacob's God;
Thy pow'rful aid was always near,
To help, from Sion thine abode.

3 Thine heart thought on each ſacrifice,
That he for our ſalvation made;
And ſaw his ſorrows, groans and cries,
When ſin and vengeance ſtood array'd.

4 Therefore, my God, he thy deſires
And all thy counſel will perform;
'Tis this our hearts with joy inſpires,
And makes us riſe 'bove ev'ry ſtorm.

5 The croſs we as our ſtandard rear,
With glory bright as burning flame;
And boaſt his preſence always near,
His laws obey, and own his name.

6 Our hearts rejoice, to hear that thou
Haſt ſent ſalvation by thy Son;
And to our pray'rs, thine ear will bow,
And ſave by his right hand alone.

7 Let mortals boaſt of human aid,
And truſt their infantry and horſe;
We have our weakneſs ſeen, and made
Jehovah's arm our only force.

8 The horſe and foot ſhall be o'erturn'd,
And in the duſt forgotten lay;
But we ſhall riſe, ſince we have mourn'd,
And ſoar aloft our heav'nly way.

9 Jehovah, now ſalvation ſend,
By Jeſus, thine anointed King;
That all may at thy feet attend,
And of thy might and goodneſs ſing.

PSALM XXI. 8 and 6.

And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all Men unto me.

1 JEHOVAH, in thy mighty pow'r,
My Saviour ſhall rejoice;
And in exulting ſongs adore,
With loud, triumphant voice.

2 His utmoſt wiſh thou wilt complete,
Nor one requeſt refuſe;
But eagerly anticipate,
Whate'er his heart would chooſe.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt place the regal crown
Upon his ſacred head;
And thy majeſtic glories, round
About his temples ſpread.

4 He aſked life with thee to dwell,
Thou gav'ſt immortal years;
And thro' thy great ſalvation, he
Increaſing glory bears.

5 Thy ſacred awe, thy majeſty,
Thou wilt upon him place;
That he may to thy works convey,
The bleſſings of thy grace.

6 All who by ſuff'ring are ſubdu'd,
He kindly will regard,
And lead to thee, the ſource of good,
And give them a reward.

PART II.

He ſhall be called, Jehovah our Juſtifier.

1 CHRIST truſted on Jehovah's arm,
And was preſerv'd from ſin;
Therefore temptation could not harm,
Nor make his heart unclean.

a Thine

2 Thine arm, O Lord, ſhall find thy foes;
All them that hate thy name,
Devouring fire their pow'r o'erthrows,
And their proud hearts ſhall tame.

3 Fierce ſhall thy dreadful wrath aſcend,
And ſhall thy foes conſume;
On all their works and ſeed attend.
Thy threat'ned, awful doom.

4 Who miſchief ſpread concerning thee,
And meditate the ſnare;
Thine eyes ſhall thro' their falſehood ſee,
And make their guilt appear.

5 Thy judgments ſhall their hearts ſubdue,
And from all ſin reſtrain;
That they thy boundleſs love may know,
Reſtor'd from ſin and pain.

6 We in our Saviour's matchleſs name,
Jehovah ſhall extol;
We ſhall behold, and ſpread his fame,
And hail him Lord o'er all.

PSALM XXII.

My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?

1 MY God, my ſtrength, my glory, why
Wilt thou thine helpleſs Son forſake;
Far off removing from my cry,
And on my groans no pity take?

2 When morning dawn gay joy inſpires,
Thy much lov'd name I invocate,
When night and nature reſt requires,
Thy lofty praiſes I repeat.

3 Holy, my God, thou doſt remain.
Inhabiting thy people's praiſe;
Life's checquer'd ſcenes thy love proclaim,
And ſhall thy nobleſt triumph raiſe.

4 Our

Thou, Lord, amidſt thy ſaints,
Shalt be my conſtant boaſt,
For Jeſus ſhall his vows complete,
Before thy firſt-born hoſt.

3 Then ſhall th' oppreſſed eat,
And ſatisfy'd by thee:
Triumphant ſongs of praiſes ſing,
And ſhall obedient be.
Whilſt all thy firſt-born ſons,
Inſtructed by thy words,
Are ruling kings, inſtructing prieſts,
Earth's regulating lords.

4 All Adam's fallen race,
By Chriſt ſhall be made ſtrong;
And ſhall return to thee, their God,
And Chriſt ſhall be their ſong.
Earth's utmoſt bounds ſhall bow
Proſtrate before thy face;
All of her families ſhall know,
And ſhall thy love retrace.

5 Great King of Kings art thou,
The only ſource of pow'r;
Earth's monarchs ſhall thy laws obey,
And proſtrate, thee adore.
And all that are confin'd
Within earth's dreary cave,
Shall be preſerved, rais'd, reſtor'd,
And own thy pow'r to ſave.

6 But in this evil age,
A ſeed ſhall thee obey;
Thy meek, obedient, firſt-born ſons,
Who ſhall thy ſceptre ſway.
They ſhall thy pow'r declare,
Make all thy goodneſs known,
Till all creation, love and fear,
And bow before thy throne.

PSALM

PSALM XXIII. 8.

I am the Good Shepherd.

1 JESUS my Lord and Shepherd is,
Therefore I have no real want,
But am in growing paſtures fed;
By faith I taſte his flowing blood,
And drink of life's unceaſing ſtreams,
From my Redeemer's wounded ſide.

2 By ſin o'erwhelm'd, by nature dead,
Life, thro' my Lord, I now receive,
And am in his uprightneſs led:
No crooked paths, by wand'rers form'd,
But in the broad highway of truth
Kept for the glory of thy name.

3 When mighty death, with doubts and fears,
Comes, like old ocean's ſwelling waves,
Horror ſhall not my heart oppreſs,
Upheld by thine almighty arm,
Salvation all my pangs ſhall ſoothe,
And love, and hope, with glory cheer.

4 My Shepherd ſpreads a plenteous board,
And all my nature's wants ſupplies,
With joy I feaſt before my foes;
Devils and men ſhall thee behold,
And with deſpair and doubt ſhall fly
Before thy vaſt unbounded love.

5 Surely thy goodneſs, O my God!
Thy full, o'erflowing ſtreams of love,
Shall all my days, my ſteps purſue,
And make my conduct be approv'd,
That in thy kingdom I may reſt,
And with thy firſt-born ſons be bleſt.

PSALM XXIV. 8.

Which of you convinceth me of Sin.

1 THINE is the earth, eternal Lord,
And all its fullneſs too is thine,
Mankind, with all that on it moves,
Were by, and for thy glory form'd.

2 Its arch firm founded on the deep,
Upon the air its boſom rolls
Into the ſtreams of dancing light;
Puſh'd by the weighty dark concrete.

3 Who is that happy mortal, who,
That ſhall thy mount, my God, aſcend,
And thro' the great millenial age,
Shall in thine holy temple wait?

4 The man, whoſe hands from bribes are free,
Whoſe heart is perfect, upright, pure;
Whoſe mind to falſehood never yields,
Whoſe lips ne'er open to deceive.

5 The Self-exiſtent him will own,
And bleſſings infinite beſtow:
He ſhall obtain the victor's crown,
And ſhall receive a full reward.

6 Such was Meſſiah, Prince of Peace,
With all, who ſtrive thy laws to know,
And in his ſtrength their croſs endure,
Supplanting all their nature's ſin.

PART II.

He that deſcended, is alſo the ſame that aſcended up far above all the Heavens, that he might fill the whole (Creation.)

1 ETHERIAL gates, your valves unfold!
All open ſpread your portals wide!
For Chriſt who dy'd, riſes, aſcends,
And bears the ſign of utmoſt pow'r.

2 (Hark!

2 (Hark! the archangel's trumpet ſounds,
Whilſt Heaven's myriads chaunt this ſong,
"Etherial gates, your valves unfold!
"Open! and let the conqu'ror in.")

3 Enter thou glorified King,
Whoſe rays illume th' immortal hoſt,
Enter thy courts, the age commence,
Of laſting, everlaſting bliſs.

4 Who is this glorified King?
Jehovah, Jeſus, having ſtrength,
Whoſe pow'r exceeds creation's bounds,
Whoſe mighty word ſhall all ſubdue.

5 The conq'ror comes, ye gates unfold,
To utmoſt bounds your valves extend:
The crucified King of Kings
Has by his death commenc'd the age.

6 Enter thou glorified King,
All radiant with effulgent light,
Thy throne reſume, thy ſceptre ſway,
And rule with pow'r thy wide domain.

7 Who is this glorified King?
Jehovah, Jeſus is his name,
The Lord of Hoſts, that all ſubdues,
That he may all to life reſtore.

PSALM XXV. 8.

Teach me thy Precepts, O Lord!

1 THANKFUL, O God, my voice I raiſe,
And caſt on thee, thro' Chriſt, my care;
My chearful heart ſhall ſhout thy praiſe,
Sav'd by thine arm from ev'ry ſnare.

2 Yea, all who pant thy name to know,
Shall thy protecting mercy prove;
But mighty vengeance ſhall o'erflow,
And ev'ry ſinner's pride remove.

3 Teach me thy providential ways,
My feet in all thy precepts guide;
Teach me, O teach me all my days,
And never from me wiſdom hide.

4 All day my thoughts ſtretch after thee,
And oft recall thy yearnings, Lord:
Age after age may roll away,
But ſtill the voice of love is heard.

5 Sins of my youth, and riper years,
Bleſt be thy name! forgotten be:
My Saviour with his croſs appears,
And ſin and ſorrow ſwiftly flee.

6 Becauſe thou good and perfect art,
The wand'rer ſhall be taught thy way;
Thou wilt inſtruct the humbled heart,
That he from virtue may not ſtray.

7 Gentle, but firm are all thy ways,
Me in thy ſacred paths to keep,
Thy boundleſs love ſhall be my praiſe,
It is a vaſt, unfathom'd deep.

PART II.

He ſhall ſave his People from their Sins.

1 THE man who fears Jehovah's name,
His mighty hand ſhall guide him forth,
Shall make him prosp'rous, keep ſerene,
And cauſe his ſeed to rule the earth.

2 By thy right hand thou wilt him take,
He ſhall the purifier know,
Therefore, O Lord, thy face I ſeek,
That I from ev'ry ſnare may go.

3 Turn to me, Lord, and deign to bleſs,
I feel affliction's burning flame,
My heart is melted with diſtreſs,
O ſave me thro' thy mighty nam

4 Se

4 See my affection, doubt, and fear,
Lord lift me over all my ſin;
Oppreſſive all my follies are,
And make my ſoul with guilt unclean.

5 My life preſerve, protect me, Lord,
I am not of thy Chriſt aſham'd;
I love, and would obey his word,
O guard me to his age unblam'd.

6 Thou, Lord, wilt keep, becauſe I truſt
Upon the bleſt Redeemer's name:
Thine Iſrael, thou good, thou juſt,
Thou wilt from all diſtreſs redeem.

PSALM XXVI. 8.

Every Man that hath this Hope purifieth himſelf, even as he is pure.

1 SEARCH me, Jehovah! let me know
If I now walk from evil free,
Spy out my ways, that I may go
At diſtance from iniquity.

2 Examine, Lord, my actions try,
And purify my reins and heart;
On all thy mercies keep my eye,
Leſt I ſhould from thy truth depart.

3 Lord, I will not with liars dwell,
Nor will with the diſſembler go;
When men their pride or miſchief tell,
I hate, nor will their pleaſures know.

4 Cleans'd by my Lord from all offence,
I in thine houſe of pray'r ſhall ſtand,
And grateful for my innocence,
Shall ſing the wonders of thine hand.

5 Within thy houſe I love to dwell,
My kind Creator, and my God!
Delight I in thy ſervice feel,
To view thy glory ſpread abroad.

6 When death ſhall come, thou wilt not leave
My ſpirit with the unjuſt man,
Nor lay me in the loathſome grave
With men of blood in vengeance ſlain.

7 Unjuſt devices fill their hands,
Deceit, corruption, guilt, and blood;
But my delights are thy commands,
My hopes are caſt on thee, my God.

8 By thine uprightneſs, Lord! ſuſtain'd,
I thine upholding preſence feel;
And when thine heavn'ly courts I've gain'd,
I ſhall to thee adoring kneel.

PSALM XXVII. 8.

Jehovah the Protector.

1 GOD is my light and Saviour too,
Then wherefore ſhould my ſpirit fear?
My life, my all, to him I owe,
And never will his aid deſpair.

2 In vain have unjuſt men aroſe,
And thought to ſeize their helpleſs prey;
Jehovah ſpoke, and all my foes
On wings of fear diſpers'd away.

3 Should hoſts againſt my life encamp,
My heart upheld ſhall fear no dread;
To arms they ſhout, the fight's began,
Still on my God my truſt is ſtay'd.

4. Hear my intreaty, O my God!
And grant me all my heart's deſire,
Then ſhall I live in thine abode,
And at thine oracle enquire.

5 Then in affliction's dreadful day,
A ſafe retreat my ſoul ſhall find,
Till ev'ry danger's paſs'd away,
And ſink to calm the ſtormy wind.

6 Thou wilt exalt me from diſtreſs
High over all my enemies;
And in thy courts I thee ſhall bleſs,
And pay my vows and ſacrifice.

7 Then gratefully I ſhall rejoice,
And praiſe, All Bountiful! thy name,
To rapture raiſe my tuneful voice,
Whilſt all thy mercies I proclaim.

PART II.

I will not leave thee, nor forſake thee.

1 HEAR me, Jehovah, when I ſpeak,
And anſwer thro' thy boundleſs grace,
All my heart ſaith, Jehovah ſeek,
Yes, Lord! I ought to ſeek thy face.

2 Thou wilt not hide thy face from me,
Nor from me in thine anger turn;
My ſoul ſupported, Lord, by thee,
Shall never more thine abſence mourn.

3 My kind Protector, thou wilt not,
In my diſtreſs thy ſervant leave,
Tho' parents may their child forget,
My God will always me receive.

4 Thy precepts teach, thy word make known,
Guide me in truth's all-perfect way,
My God, I am to error prone,
O cauſe thy ſtrength to be my ſtay.

5 Thou wilt not yield to the deſire
Of my ſurrounding enemies;
They with falſe witneſſes conſpire,
Againſt my life and fame they riſe.

6 My trembling ſoul I caſt on God,
That I my Saviour's face may ſee
Before I croſs death's darkſome flood,
And life and all its pleaſures flee.

7 Servants of God, dare to be bold,
He will make ſtrong each upright heart,
That you the Saviour may behold,
And never from his truth depart.

PSALM XXVIII.

Judgment is thine, O Lord!

1 MY God! my rock! to thee I cry,
Leſt, ſhouldſt thou not contrive for me,
Amongſt the dead my ſoul ſhould lie,
Who with thy purifier be:
Therefore I look unto thy throne,
And make my wants and weakneſs known.

2 Thou wilt not caſt me into hell,
With lab'rers in iniquity,
Whoſe hearts with pride and falſehood ſwell,
Miſchief and fell hypocriſy;
Their unjuſt acts thou wilt regard,
And all their evil deeds reward.

3 Juſt as they have to others done,
Thou wilt their treachery repay;
Thy mighty hand they would not own,
Nor mark thy providential way;
But they ſhall ſee thy mighty hand,
Swept by deſtruction from thy land.

4 My God! thou haſt my ſoul upheld,
Haſt heard, and ſtill will hear my pray'r,
My ſtrength, my confidence, and ſhield,
My Great Protector, ever near;
In thee my heart exults for joy,
Whilſt grateful ſongs my lips employ.

5 Immortal God, Thou Great Supreme,
Wilt by thy Chriſt ſalvation cauſe,
He all from error will redeem,
And they ſhall love and keep thy laws.
O haſte to ſave thine heritage,
And now commence thy glorious age.

PSALM

PSALM XXIX. 8.

Creation glorifieth Jehovah by Obedience.

1 YE ſons of God, his might proclaim,
Worſhip the glorify'd and ſtrong;
Proſtrate and magnify his name,
For all your pow'rs to him belong.

2 His voice reſoundeth o'er the deep,
When his tremendous thunder roars,
And when his mighty tempeſts ſweep,
And laſh old Ocean's diſtant ſhores.

3 Jehovah then his might declares,
With ſolemn majeſty he ſpeaks;
The awful ſound Lebannon hears,
Whilſt it his lofty cedars breaks.

4 Jehovah's thunder louder roars,
The gloomy woods like heifers leap,
Tremble the mountain's Heaven-capt tow'rs,
And dance their vaſt unweildy heap.

5 Thy voice the lightning's flame divides,
They pierce th' extenſive deſert thro',
The livid terror ſwiftly glides,
And lays the mighty foreſts low.

6 Or ſtrips obedient to thy word,
The foreſts of their leafy pride;
Thy voice is by the Heav'ns heard,
By ſwift obedience glorify'd.

7 Above the floods is plac'd thy throne,
Thee King all nations ſhall confeſs,
Thy ſervants ſhall thy ſtrength make known,
And with thy reconcilement bleſs.

PSALM XXX. 8.

Health, Strength, and Peace, are from Jehovah.

1 I BLESS my God with grateful voice,
And own his kind, preſerving care,
My foes o'er me ſhall not rejoice,
For he attends my ev'ry pray'r:
He keeps my body from the grave,
And will from hell my ſpirit ſave.

2 Sing to him of abounding love,
Give thanks rememb'ring of his name;
His wrath ſhall but a moment prove,
Whilſt endleſs years his love proclaim.
Weeping may tarry for a night,
But pleaſure comes with morning light.

3 My heart, too confident, hath ſaid,
"I never ſhall thy kingdom loſe,
"Thy ſtrength ſo ſtrong my ſoul hath made,
"To fight, and vanquiſh all my foes:
"But ſoon thy preſence me forſook,
"And all my ſoul with horror ſhook."

4 Jehovah! unto thee I flee,
I feel this mortal frame decays,
And can my duſt give thanks to thee?
Can it thy faithful mercies praiſe?
Pity, my God! attend my pray'r,
And take my life beneath thy care.

5 Praiſe ye the Lord! 'Tis he that turns
My tears unto mirth's feſtive ſound;
No more my body ſickneſs mourns,
By him inclos'd with health around:
And I ſhall praiſe his ſacred name,
My God, I ſhall thy love proclaim.

PSALM XXXI. 10.

Ye ſhall be baptized with my Baptiſm.

1 IN thee, Jehovah, I my refuge take,
Tempeſts cannot thy ſure foundation ſhake!
But ſtorms around me riſe, ſalvation ſend,
With thy ſupporting arm my ſteps attend;
My fortreſs be, my rock, my ſtrength, my tow'r,
My Great Protector in temptation's hour.

2 Thou art my keeper, my defence thou art,
And I ſhall worſhip thee with all my heart,
By thee protected from each hidden ſnare,
I on thy mercy caſt my ev'ry care,
With joy my ſpirit to thy hand commit,
For thou, my faithful God, redeemeſt it.

3 I pity them who worthleſs things regard,
And make my God my truſt and great reward,
My ſoul exulting ſhall in thee rejoice,
Becauſe thou haſt with pity heard my voice,
And from diſtreſs in ſafety bade me go,
By thee redeemed from my ev'ry foe.

PART II.

This is the Hour of Temptation.

1 PITY me, Lord, behold my ſad diſtreſs,
My body, eye, and mind, my grief confeſs;
Sorrow corrodes my life, my years decay,
Grief melts the marrow of my bones away;
By all reproach'd, my neighbour, foe, and friend,
My ſteps with taunting ridicule attend.

2 My intimates behold, and frighten'd flee,
As one long dead, they have forgotten me,
Like one that's vile, I am deſpis'd, and hear
Slandering multitudes a murm'ring near,
To take my life in malice they deviſe,
Unjuſtly they unite to frame their lies.

3 My God thou art, to thee for help I fly,
My weakneſs, wants, and times, before thee lie,
Grant me thy preſence in this trying hour,
And ſave me from each ſwift purſuer's pow'r;
May I the joys of thy ſalvation prove,
Redeemed by thy vaſt o'erflowing love.

4 I truſt thy care, nor will thy conduct blame,
But with loud ſongs will invocate thy name;
I know th' unjuſt ſhall find their courage fail,
From earth deſtroy'd, and caſt in hotteſt hell,
There falſehood ſhall be filenc'd into peace,
And hatred, pride, and fell revenge, ſhall ceaſe.

PART III.

Ye who fear Jehovah ſhall praiſe him.

1 BY faith behold increaſing glories ſpring,
For all who hail Jehovah ſov'reign King,
My God they fear before the ſons of men,
And ſhall his all ſupporting preſence gain,
By him conceal'd from men's conſpiracies,
Kept in his tent when to contend they riſe.

2 Bleſs'd be Jehovah! thro' thy tender love,
Wonders of mercy in diſtreſs I prove;
In haſte I ſaid, "I have thy preſence loſt,
"My hopes are vaniſh'd, vain is all my truſt!"
But thou, my God, bow'd down thy gracious ear,
And liſt'ning heard, and anſwered my pray'r.

3 O fear Jehovah, love him all ye ſaints,
His arm preſerves, his care ſupplies your wants,
His gifts are more than mortal pow'r can boaſt,
Kingdoms, like trifles, are before them loſt;
Ye ſaints behold, he will your hearts make ſtrong,
Who earneſt for Meſſiah's coming long.

PSALM

PSALM XXXII. 8.

Bleſſed is that Man whoſe Tranſgreſſions are covered by Propitiation.

1 PROSPERITY exalts that man
Whoſe ev'ry wand'ring ſtep is veil'd;
In whom perverſeneſs is not ſeen,
Who has no lofty thoughts conceal'd.

2 When I reflected on thee, Lord,
Thro' grief my bones conſum'd away;
The awful ſtrictneſs of thy word
Oppreſs'd my ſoul by night and day.

3 My thoughts intenſe my moiſture dry'd,
Whilſt fretting wore away my life,
Until thy pow'r ſubdu'd my pride,
Deſtroying ſelf, revenge, and ſtrife.

4 My wand'ring ſteps I now confeſs,
And will not my perverſions hide,
Jehovah now my ſoul will bleſs,
And raiſe me far above all pride.

5 Becauſe of this thy much-lov'd Saints
Shall for thy favour intercede;
And when oppreſs'd with cares and wants,
They ſtill thy faithfulneſs ſhall plead.

PART II.

Thou wilt reſtrain the wicked,
And all thy Saints ſhall praiſe thee.

1 GOD is my refuge in diſtreſs,
He always will my life defend;
My grateful heart ſhall him addreſs,
And with loud ſongs his courts attend.

2 Jehovah, thou wilt make me wiſe,
And guide me in thy perfect way;
Guarded by thine all-ſearching eyes,
I ſhall with joy thy will obey.

3 No

3 Nor be like the unruly horſe,
Who hath not wiſdom to diſcern;
Reſtraints muſt check his wayward courſe,
And make him ſtrict obedience learn.

4 The wicked thro' dread pain ſhall quake,
Until no ſtubborneſs is found;
But all who thee their refuge make,
Abounding goodneſs ſhall ſurround.

5 Exult in our Jehovah's name,
Leap all ye juſtify'd for joy;
Ye cleanſed Saints wide ſpread his fame,
In grateful ſongs your lips employ.

PSALM XXXIII. 8.

Thy Word Jehovah ſhall be eſtabliſh'd.

1 WITH joy, ye Saints, Jehovah bleſs,
For the upright his praiſe deſire,
His mercies on the harp confeſs,
Sing to him with the ten-ſtring'd lyre.

2 With a new ſong his praiſe proclaim,
Play ſkilfully with lofty ſound:
His words are truth, and ſtrong his name,
Eſtabliſh'd all his works are found.

3 He loves the Saviour's ſacrifice,
And all his exerciſe of pow'r;
Taught by him, the ſong ſhall riſe,
And the glad earth his name adore.

4 The ethers roſe at his command,
With all their planetary hoſt,
And mighty ſeas confeſs'd his hand,
When they in the abyſs were loſt.

5 Rev'rence Jehovah all the earth,
For Jeſus, his firſt-born, ſhall raiſe
Thy nations, tribes, and families,
And all reſtor'd ſhall give him praiſe.

6 Th

6 Thy word, my God! ſhall be perform'd,
All thy commands ſhall firmly ſtand,
Whilſt human counſels are o'erturn'd,
Diſcouraging a guilty land.

7 And they alone ſhall have ſucceſs
Who own Jehovah for their God,
My God will all their counſels bleſs,
And ſpread their fame o'er earth abroad.

PART II.

All the Earth is mine, ſaith Jehovah.

1 FROM thy throne, O God! thine eye
All Adam's earth-born race ſurveys,
Their various ſtates before thee lie,
Their ſecret thoughts, their words, their ways.

2 The moving ſpring that rules the heart,
Thou giv'ſt alike to ev'ry man,
And reaſon with it doth impart,
And wiſdom all their works to plan.

3 No human pow'r can kingdoms ſave,
Vain is the warrior's boaſted might,
The horſe his rider ſhall deceive,
Who truſts unto his ſpeed for flight.

4 But fix'd upon them is thine eye,
Who truſt on thy abounding love;
Safe in thine arms in plagues they lie,
They ſhall thy care in famine prove.

5 Thine aid we wait, our help and ſhield,
Our hearts exult alone in thee,
O may thy ſervants thee behold,
And all thy boundleſs goodneſs ſee.

PSALM XXXIV. 8 and 6.

An alphabetical, responsive, instructive Psalm.

AT ev'ry opportunity
I will Jehovah bless;
And will with joy continually
His holy name confess.

BEfore his face I will exult
In his endearing name;
The contrite, humble soul shall hear,
And loud his praise proclaim.

COme join my song, ye sons of men,
And triumph in your God,
With me unite t'exalt his name,
And spread his fame abroad.

DEjected I of God enquir'd,
He answered my pray'r;
Salvation all my soul inspir'd,
And banish'd all my care.

EAch contrite soul that looks to God
Shall consolation find,
Jehovah's love they shall behold
With an unshaken mind.

FAinting beneath his chast'ning hand,
Behold yon humbled soul!
Trembling, he cry'd! Jehovah heard,
And made the mourner whole.

GUarded by Jesus Jehovah
Are all who fear the Lord,
His armies round about them camp,
And ready aid afford.

HEre taste how good Jehovah is!
Behold how near to bless!
All them whose refuge is his arm
Shall always find success.

IN all be wiſe, and fear the Lord,
Obey his ſov'reign will,
For he will all your wants ſupply,
And your requeſts fulfil.

JOY ſhall be theirs who ſeek the Lord,
Want, they ſhall never know;
Tho' mighty men, like lions ſtrong,
By famine are brought low.

KNeel, children, to Jehovah's name!
Come, liſten unto me;
I will his love and pow'r proclaim,
You ſhall his goodneſs ſee.

LET ſuch as length of years deſire,
Wiſdom and hoary days,
Crowned with full proſperity,
Of wealth, peace, pow'r, and praiſe.

MIſtake not wiſdom! Guard thy tongue
From ev'ry evil word,
Nor ever let deceitful ſpeech
From thy pure lips be heard.

NEver to miſchief turn aſide,
But all that's good purſue,
Search after peace with all thine heart,
Nor ever let it go.

OPen behold Jehovah's eyes
Purſuing the upright,
His liſt'ning ear attends their cries,
He keeps their wants in ſight.

PLaced againſt all wicked men,
Behold Jehovah's face,
To ſweep their mem'ry from the earth,
And ſhame them with diſgrace.

QUick ſhall they cry unto their God,
And he will hear their voice,
And from their mis'ries will redeem,
And make their hearts rejoice.

READY to help the mourning heart,
Jehovah ever ſtands,
To raiſe the humbled ſpirit up
With his Almighty hands.

SAved by thee was Chriſt, my Lord,
From floods of deep diſtreſs;
Calamities o'erflow'd all round,
But thou waſt near to bleſs.

THou, Lord, preſerved all his bones
Unbroken on the tree,
Thine arm man's wickedneſs reſtrain'd,
And gave him victory.

UNpitying ſhall thy vengeance ſlay
Bad ſhepherds from thy fold,
And all who will not Chriſt obey,
Thou wilt as guilty hold.

WRath ſlew my Lord by cruel men,
Mercy his life redeem'd,
And all who make his name their truſt,
Shall ſpotleſs be eſteem'd.

PSALM XXXV. 10.

Thus it is written, and thus it behoved the Meſſiah to ſuffer.

1 JEHOVAH riſe, and make the target bright,
Strengthen the ſhield, and in my battle fight;
Draw forth thy ſword, around my life encloſe,
From the loud ſhoutings of purſuing foes,
Say to my ſoul, "I'll thy ſalvation be,"
And all confound that ſeek to injure me.

2 Back ſhall they turn, and fly thro' dread alarm,
Who without cauſe deſire to do me harm,
Like the ſmall duſt before the ſtormy winds,
Jehovah meſſenger, ſhall toſs their minds,
Slipp'ry and dark ſhall be the way they go,
And all their ſteps dread vengeance ſhall purſue.

3 For

3 For without cauſe the ſecret net they ſpread,
And for my life the guileful pit they hid,
Unlook'd for vengeance, ſhall by thee be brought,
And in their hidden ſnares themſelves be caught,
Then grateful ſhall my heart in thee rejoice,
Exulting in thy ſtrength with chearful voice.

4 "Who is a God like thee?" my ſoul ſhall ſay,
"Who from th' oppreſs'd, th' oppreſſor turns away,
"The humbled ſaving from the ſpoiler's hand,
"Making poor ſlaves in freedom's palace ſtand,
"That will all mortal tyranny o'erthrow,
"And make thy creatures full ſalvation know?"

5 Behold how witneſſes ſuborn'd appear,
With charges falſe againſt my life to ſwear:
Ungrateful men, they good with ill repay,
Whilſt for their guilt diſtreſs'd, I mourn and pray;
Speak, O my God! command my griefs to reſt,
And all my pray'rs return within my breaſt.

6 I mourn'd as for a friend, or brother dead,
As for a mother loſt, I bow'd my head;
But if I ſlip, with laughter they rejoice,
And rail, and mock, with loud tumultuous noiſe,
Scornful they rage, polluted with my blood,
And gnaſh their teeth, and mad, blaſpheme their God.

7 How long wilt thou look on! O Lord reſtore
My body from their deſolating pow'r,
My ſoul from all their cruel vengeance bring,
That with thy Saints I may thy goodneſs ſing;
Then ſhall my foes no more their triumphs raiſe,
But with thy ſons I thy bleſt name ſhall praiſe.

8 Me without cauſe they hate, they wink the eye,
And with inſulting boaſtings loudly cry:
Guile they againſt the peaceable intend,
And in loud ſcoffings, wide their mouths extend;
They ſneering ſay, Our eyes his vileneſs ſee,
But in my ſorrow, Lord, I fly to thee.

9 Thou wilt behold my grief; thy wond'rous love,
Thy preſence wilt no more far off remove;
Ariſe, Jehovah Lord! and for my ſake,
My God ariſe! in my defence awake!
In thine uprightneſs judge, Almighty Lord,
And then from me ſhall ceaſe each boaſter's word.

10 They ſhall not ſay, "It is what we require,
"By his deſtruction we have our deſire."
But ſhame, confuſion, guilt, and ſorrow riſe,
On ev'ry one that mocks my mournful cries;
Horror and guilt ſhall like a robe ſurround
All thoſe who pleaſure in my griefs have found.

11 But holy rapture ſhall their hearts inſpire,
Whoſe hearts Meſſiah's glory ſhall deſire;
Bleſs, O my ſoul, the Great Jehovah's name,
Who loves to ſpread abroad his ſervant's fame;
My Saviour's lips thy righteouſneſs ſhall raiſe,
And thro' each day proclaim his Father's praiſe.

PSALM XXXVI.

The earneſt Expectation of the Creature waiteth for the Manifeſtation of the Son of God.

1 WHEN, O my Lord! the wicked dare
From thy pure precepts to depart,
My trembling ſoul perceives no fear
Of thee, his Maker, in his heart:
He fondly makes his vice a jeſt,
Till all that hear, his tales deteſt.

2 With flowing words his oily tongue
Will ſpeak his neighbour to deceive,
And when to reſt he layeth down,
His thoughts iniquity contrive.
He will not error's ways deſpiſe,
But worthleſs things will highly prize.

3 Throughout

3 Throughout the Heav'ns thy goodneſs dwells,
Thy truth is ſtronger than the air;
O'er all, thy righteouſneſs excels,
And brings thy full ſalvation near:
Who can thy providences tell?
Like the abyſs unſearchable!

4 Both men and brutes expecting wait,
To ſee thy reſtoration, Lord;
We oft thy promiſes repeat,
When thou ſhalt be by all ador'd:
When Adam's ſons new ſtrength receive,
And all beneath thy wings ſhall live.

5 The good thine houſe ſhall then beſtow,
Shall make their hearts to leap for joy,
Whilſt conſtant ſtreams of pleaſure flow,
Their active ſpirits to employ;
Bathed in bliſs they joy ſhall have,
And daily light from thee receive.

6 Meſſiah make thy goodneſs known
To all that love and fear thy name,
Thy righteouſneſs they joyful own,
And their whole life thy truths proclaim;
For by his righteouſneſs they prove
The fruits of all-redeeming love.

7 The proud ſhall not to him draw nigh,
Their pow'r ſhall not his kingdom move,
My Lord ſhall hurry them away,
With all who worthleſs actions love,
Nor * ſhall they ever fully riſe,
To drink unmix'd of all thy joys.

* Jer. xx. 11.

PSALM XXXVII. 8.

Thou art a God of Mercy and Judgment,
Bleſſed are they who truſt in thee.

1 ARE the unjuſt exalted high?
Look not on them with jealous eye,
Nor envy pompous works of pride;
Soon are they mown, like tender graſs,
Swift like a plant's firſt leaves they paſs,
Their works like fleeting hours abide.

2 BUT truſt Jehovah, and do good,
And eat with grateful heart thy food,
Be firm, and from him ne'er depart;
Make thy whole ſoul on him delight,
He will thine utmoſt love requite,
And grant the wiſhes of thine heart.

3 CAſt all thy care upon the Lord,
Confide in his unfailing word,
Then ſhall thy righteouſneſs appear;
He'll bring it forth, as ſwift, and bright,
As the gay morning's dancing light,
And as th' unſullid Heav'ns clear.

4 DEpend upon Jehovah's care,
Upon his love caſt all thy fear,
No jealous thoughts thyſelf allow;
Should the unjuſt riſe by deceit,
And be in wealth, or power, great,
And all his wickedneſs avow.

5 ENvy ſhall not diſturb thy peace,
Anger forbear, and wrath diſmiſs,
For all the wicked ſhall be ſlain;
But thoſe who wait with full deſire,
And thy Meſſiah ſhall require,
Earth for an heritage ſhall gain.

6 FOR Chriſt, earth's Sov'reign Judge ſhall come,
Then the unjuſt ſhall hear his doom,
Nor ſhall on earth his place be found;
Then ſhall the humbled rule the earth,
And find increas'd delight ſpring forth
From numbers with perfection crown'd.

PART II.

To him that overcometh will I give Power over the Nations.

1 GNASHING his teeth, th' unjuſt with lies
Againſt the juſtify'd deviſe,
To end him by ſome awful doom;
Jehovah with him ſhall contend,
And all his guilty miſchiefs end,
Soon ſhall the happy moment come!

2 HIS poliſh'd ſword th' unjuſt will draw,
Or eager bend the ſounding bow,
The meek ſubjected man to ſlay:
But his own life the ſword ſhall take,
His bended bow thou, Lord, wilt break,
And help the humbled on his way.

3 ITS better to be poor, and juſt,
Than have the pow'r and golden duſt
Of the moſt proſp'rous unjuſt man:
Jehovah's ſtorms on him will lour,
His wealth diſperſe, and break his pow'r,
Whilſt thy ſupport the juſt ſhall gain.

4 JEhovah here his days appoints,
Then as a King and Prieſt anoints
To reign earth's Sov'reign thro' the age.
When famine, plagues, and fire are hurld,
In vengeance on a guilty world,
Thy glory ſhall his heart engage.

KEen

5 KEen as the wind thy vengeance flies
Where the unjuſt ſecurely lies,
With ſwift and unexpected doom:
Thine awful glory darting forth,
Reſplendent o'er the trembling earth,
Shall all thy boaſting foes conſume.

6 LET the unjuſt his wealth increaſe,
He will from acts of mercy ceaſe,
But he that's juſt loves to be kind;
Thou, Lord, wilt him delight to bleſs,
Therefore the earth he ſhall poſſeſs,
Whilſt the unjuſt thy curſe ſhall find.

7 MAgnify'd by Jehovah's arm,
The overcomer's ſteps are firm,
My God delights to view his way;
And ſhould his ſpirits be caſt down,
His faith ſhall never be o'erthrown,
Thou art his rock, his ſtrength, and ſtay.

8 NEver from youth did I behold
(Although I am in years grown old)
The juſt man or his ſeed diſtreſs'd;
His ſoul expands and overflows,
Whilſt daily bounty he beſtows,
Him and his ſeed are always bleſs'd.

PART III.

Jehovah rewardeth every Man according to his Works.

1 O, TURN aſide from ev'ry ill,
Obey the truth with heart and will,
And in the age true riches make.
Jehovah perfect juſtice loves,
His heart the merciful approves,
And never, never will forſake.

2 Preſerv'd

2 PReſerv'd ſhall be the upright man,
When all the wicked ſhall be ſlain,
And he ſhall win the kingdom's prize,
Reign with his Lord a thouſand years,
And then ſtill brighter glory bears,
And ſhall thro' endleſs ages riſe.

3 QUeſtion the juſtify'd, his mouth
Wiſdom ſhall teach, and ſacred truth,
And all his converſe lead to peace;
Jehovah's law is in his heart,
He never will from it depart,
His happineſs ſhall never ceaſe!

4 REſolves th' unjuſt his ſnares to lay,
That he the juſtify'd may ſlay;
Thou wilt not leave him in his hand!
Him ſhall no proud revengeful foe
E'er circumvent, or overthrow,
By thy permiſſion, or command.

5 SEarch for Jehovah, keep his way,
With earneſt longing him obey,
And thou o'er earth a King ſhall be!
When the unjuſt in vengeance ſlain,
In awful fire ſhall roar with pain,
Thine eyes their puniſhment ſhall ſee.

6 TH' unjuſt I've ſeen cauſe awful dread,
Whilſt all around his pow'r was ſpread,
Like branching oaks on fertile ground;
But all at once, without delay,
He like a meteor paſs'd away,
And not a veſtige could be found.

7 *VIew the perfect*, ſee the upright,
Upon that man, in letters bright,

" Perfection

"Perfection," God will deep engrave;
But the tranſgreſſors and unjuſt,
Together levell'd in the duſt,
The awful mark, "divorc'd," ſhall have.

8 WHen comes the ſeaſon of diſtreſs,
Thou, Lord, the juſtify'd wilt bleſs,
And will their ſtrong Redeemer be,
Becauſe he puts on thee his truſt,
From all the pow'r of the unjuſt
He ſhall thy full ſalvation ſee.

PSALM XXXVIII. 8.

Complaints under Affliction from inward and outward Foes, intreating for Pardon and Salvation.

1 THOU doſt, my God! in wrath chaſtiſe,
And in thy anger me reſtrain;
Thro' all my ſoul thine arrow flies,
And pierces with ſevereſt pain.
Thy wrath my fleſh no ſoundneſs leaves,
Thro' ſin no peace is in my bones;
For my paſt deeds my ſpirit grieves,
My heart o'ercharg'd with anguiſh groans.

2 Tranſgreſſions cauſe a ſtench around,
Soon will my bruiſed heart decay,
Shook beyond ſtrength, preſs'd to the ground,
I mourning walk throughout the day.
My loins are fill'd with inward heat,
My tortur'd fleſh no ſoundneſs knows,
My ſtrength is gone, my ſpirits faint,
My beating heart finds no repoſe.

3 All my deſire to thee is known,
From thee my groans have not been hid,
Panteth my heart, my ſtrength is gone,
And dimneſs o'er mine eyes is ſpread.

Lovers

Lovers and friends, ſcar'd at my pains,
Aloof with my relations ſtand,
My ſtruggling ſoul in vain complains,
No comfort or relief's at hand.

4 My life my foes deceitful ſeek,
Conſulting how to do me harm,
Injuriouſly they always ſpeak,
With pride, and rage, and malice warm.
But like a man with deafen'd ear,
Or one who ſtrives in vain to ſpeak,
Their threat'ning words I will not hear,
Nor let my lips their ſilence break.

5 Lord, for thine help alone I wait,
Awake, my God! and anſwer me,
Leſt my proud foes, with ſpiteful hate,
Should o'er my life triumphant be.
If my foot ſtray, 'tis magnify'd
Into a crime of blackeſt dye,
I fain from their reproach would hide,
For all my griefs before me lie.

6 All my perverſions I declare,
My ev'ry wand'ring ſtep bewail,
My perſecutors vig'rous are,
And with great pow'r my life aſſail.
My unjuſt enemies increaſe,
Thoſe who my good with ill reward,
Eager they ſtrive to break my peace,
Becauſe I only good regard.

7 My God, thou wilt not me forſake,
Nor to my foes thy ſervant leave,
But health and ſtrength with peace bring back,
And to thine arms again receive.
Haſte to my aid, Almighty Lord!
In all the fulneſs of thy love;
Speak by thy reconciling word,
And I ſhall full ſalvation prove.

PSALM XXXIX. 8 and 6.

The Folly of Mankind, and praying for Wiſdom.

1 I SAID that I my ways would guard,
Leſt that my words ſhould ſtray;
Never ſhould my aſſent be heard
When wrong before me lay.

2 My lips were firm with ſilence bound,
They e'en from good did ceaſe;
Whilſt anxious fears my thoughts confound,
And quite deſtroy my peace.

3 Sudden my muſing heart grew warm,
Thro' thought intenſe 'twas fir'd,
With eaſe my ready tongue expreſs'd
Whate'er my heart requir'd.

4 Make me, O God! my end to know,
The meaſure of my days,
The ſhortneſs of my life below,
How tranſient are my ways.

5 A ſpan of life is all we are,
Like nothing 'tis to thee:
A vapour all our days appear,
Like riſing ſmoke they flee.

6 Man fondly will in ſhadows go,
Perplex'd with trifling cares,
Collecting, but can never know
For whom himſelf he ſpares.

7 And now, my Lord, what wait I for?
My longing is for thee,
That from tranſgreſſion thou may'ſt come,
And ſet thy ſervant free.

PART

PART II.

The Diſpenſations of God intended to hide Pride from Man.

1 APOSTATES thou, O Lord, wilt ſtrip
Of all their ſelfiſh pride,
But thy Saints thine image keep,
And in thy love confide.

2 Silent I mourn, but not complain,
I own thy ſov'reign doom,
But, O my God, thy ſtrokes refrain,
I thro' thy ſtripes conſume.

3 Thro' thy chaſtiſement for their ſins,
Men thou wilt turn aſide
From ev'ry high and lofty thought,
Subduing all their pride.

4 Hear me, O God! my pray'r receive,
Behold each anxious tear;
I here like my forefathers live,
Dependant on thy care.

5 With kind regard, O Lord, look down,
Then I thy ſtrength ſhall ſee,
Prepar'd from earth to take my flight,
And always dwell with thee.

PSALM XL. 8.

Lo! I come to thy Will, O God!

1 LONGING I wait for thee, my God,
Thy gracious care attends my cry,
Thou wilt take off thy chaſt'ning rod,
I ſhall no longer mourning lie:
Thou on a rock wilt fix my feet,
Confirm my ſteps and make them ſtrong;
Then ſhall my lips glad ſongs repeat,
And praiſes to my God prolong.

2 The multitude ſhall ſee and fear,
And in thy name, my God, confide:
Sinners behold the conq'ror here,
In Chriſt the Great Reſtorer hide:
He would not ſtoop to own the proud,
Or tread the lab'rinths of deceit,
But roſe above the ſinful crowd,
And was in virtue truly great.

3 Increaſing glory marks thy way,
Yea, wonderful, art thou my God,
None can thy thoughts of love array,
Thro' wide creation ſpread abroad.
Sacrifice and oblation thou
Wilt never from my Lord require:
When in thy courts theſe off'rings ceas'd,
In fleſh he came by thy deſire.

4 He came, as in the word 'twas writ,
With one deſire to do thy will,
All thou appointedſt to complete,
And ev'ry prophecy fulfil.
He all perform'd by thee ordain'd,
His life explain'd thy law to men,
By word and precept truth maintain'd,
And ſhew'd the glory of thy reign.

PART II.

Juſtification thro' Chriſt.

1 THY righteouſneſs, O Lord, ſhall ſpread
Amongſt thy Saints, who ſhall increaſe;
Jeſus thy word, their light and head,
To ſpeak of thee ſhall never ceaſe:
He will not hide it in his heart,
But will proclaim thy truth and grace,
Nor ſhall his mercy e'er depart,
From Adam's ſons who ſeek thy face.

2 Thou wilt not, O my God, reſtrain
The yearnings of thy love from him,
But from all ſorrow, guilt, and pain,
Thro' Chriſt thou wilt mankind redeem.
Here countleſs woes around him ſpread,
Before him our perverſions riſe,
Mournful he hung his weeping head.
Whilſt earneſt to his God he cries.

3 "My Father, make ſalvation known,
"Snatch me from them who would me ſlay,
"Make them aſhamed, caſt them down,
"Haſte, Lord! and drive them far away.
"Make them be overwhelm'd with ſhame,
"Who now to do me harm deſire,
"Shut from thy kingdom be their name,
"Ordained for the age of fire.

4 "But all who ſeek thee ſhall rejoice,
"Jehovah ſhall be all their pride,
"Who love thy name, with chearful voice
"Exult to ſee thee magnify'd:
"I Lord am humbled to thy will,
"I know thou wilt direct my way,
"Support in pain, thy word fulfil,
"And full ſalvation not delay.

PSALM XLI. 8.

The Enmity of the Wicked againſt Chriſt and his Saints.

1 PROSP'ROUS is Chriſt, he wiſdom gives,
And never faints, but in diſtreſs,
Salvation from his God receives,
Who guards him, and with ſtrength will bleſs.
He proſperous o'er all ſhall reign,
Triumphant over all his foes,
Without all languor, grief, or pain,
With love, and *joy,* and ſweet repoſe.

2 Here try'd, he call'd on thee his God!
" Let me not wander far from thee,
" My perſecutor ſeeks my blood,
" And cries—' When ſhall he ceaſe to be?'
" Whene'er he comes, his heart ſpeaks falſe,
" To gather evil is his care,
" Then joyful hurries from my door,
" To ſpread his falſehoods ev'ry where.

3 " Together all my foes unite,
" Whisp'ring how beſt they may aſſail,
" Or think me harm with ſweet delight,
" Or ſpread around ſome worthleſs tale.
' When in his couch is laid his feet,
' He from his reſt ſhall never riſe.'
" My deareſt friend, with whom I eat,
" By falſehood ſtrives t' encreaſe their lies.

4 " Pity me, Father, ſave thy ſon,
" And they ſhall recompenſed be,
" And I thy love ſhall gladly own,
" When they rejoice not over me.
" Thou wilt in my integrity,
" Uphold me tho' my foes ſhould rage,
" And give me pow'r and majeſty
" Throughout the Grand Millenial age.

Cho. Bleſt be Jehovah, Iſra'l's God,
Henceforth, till time ſhall be no more,
When he deſtroys his chaſt'ning rod,
And all Creation him adore.

PSALM XLII. 8.

Confidence in God, with Prayer.

1 AS with deſire the thirſty hart
Pants for the water's cooling flood,
Thus on the wings of faith I ſtart,
Panting for thee, the living God.

When

When ſhall I, Lord, thy face behold?
Sorrow is here, my conſtant food,
Whilſt foes inſulting daily cry,
Say, Chriſtian, where is now thy God?

2 My ſoul reflects upon my doom,
And earneſt makes this ſtrong requeſt,
That it may evil overcome,
And in thine Holy Temple reſt.
With ſongs of joy I there ſhall reſt,
And with the ſacred dance proclaim,
Jehovah! Thou art ever bleſt,
For Love is thine endearing name.

3 Ceaſe, O my ſoul, henceforth to faint,
Nor let thy trials caſt thee down;
Why thus diſtreſſed doſt thou pant,
And for thy light afflictions groan?
With courage for ſalvation wait,
Jeſus ſhall ſpread it wide abroad,
Thou ſhalt with joy glad praiſe repeat,
And own thy Saviour and thy God.

PART II.

Confidence in God, with Praiſe.

THY name, my God, is not forgot!
In ev'ry ſtate I think of thee,
Where'er thy will ſhall caſt my lot,
There, Lord, thou ſhalt remember'd be.
Tho' deep reſoundeth to the deep,
Whilſt hollow tempeſts roar around,
And o'er my head diſtreſſes ſweep,
And anguiſh my beſt thoughts confound.

2 Still confident, thy will ordains
I ſhall unbounded goodneſs prove,
Thro' *ſorrow's night* this ſong remains,
"*God is my life*, him will I love."

I ſay

I ſay, my Rock, wilt thou forget?
Why mourn I 'neath th' oppreſſor's rod?
My bones with bitter taunting ache,
Whilſt they cry out, "Where is thy God?"

3 Be ſtrong my ſoul, and never faint,
Nor in thy ſpirits be caſt down,
Should ſuff'ring make a Chriſtian pant?
Should he for light afflictions groan?
Firmly for thy ſalvation wait,
Soon ſhall thy Saviour's kingdom ſpread,
Thro' Chriſt thou ſhalt glad praiſe repeat,
To thy Reſtorer, and thine Head.

PSALM XLIII. 8.

Confidence and Prayer in Diſtreſs.

1 JEHOVAH try, and plead our cauſe
With mortals that no mercy have;
From them who dare to break thy laws,
O may thy goodneſs deign to ſave.
Thou, O Jehovah, art our God,
Why wilt thou caſt us then away?
We mourn the perſecutor's rod,
Whilſt round us ſhades of darkneſs lay.

2 Our ſouls on Chriſt thy light abide,
That he will lead us to thy Mount,
Safe to thine Holy Temple guide,
And all thy providence account.
Then at thine altar we ſhall bleſs
Our God, the ſpring of ev'ry joy,
With dances ſhall thy name confeſs,
Whilſt love ſhall all our thoughts employ.

3 Confirm our faith, nor let us faint
Before us place the conq'ror's crown,
For glory cauſe our ſouls to pant,
Nor let us for afflictions moan,

But

But firmly for Meſſiah wait,
To ſpread thy truth o'er earth abroad,
And teach us praiſes to repeat
To our Reſtorer and our God.

PSALM XLIV. 8.

Prayer for the Jews.

1 LORD, we have heard our fathers tell,
What thou perform'd in ancient days,
How mighty nations by thee fell,
Planting thy people in their place.
The nations ſmall as duſt were broke,
Whilſt Iſrael ſpread wide abroad,
Not ſword, or pow'r, the kingdoms took,
But thy right hand and favour, Lord.

2 Jehovah God! thou art their King,
Jacob muſt thee his Saviour own:
Their foes to ruin thou didſt bring,
In thy great name they trod them down.
Let them not truſt to bow or ſword,
Thou only canſt their foes confound,
Tho' blind, yet ſtill they own thee Lord,
Thou as their King, O God, art crown'd.

3 By thee rejected, thou doſt check
Thy ſons, and will not with them go,
They in the battle turn the back,
Plunder'd they are by ev'ry foe;
Conſum'd like ſheep for ſlaughter bred,
Or made the ſlaves of heathen lands;
They're ſold for nought, and thou, their head,
Art not enriched by their bands.

4 They are reproach'd by all mankind,
Treated with ridicule and ſcorn,
All who paſs by them ſhake their heads,
Their name they to a bye-word turn;

Confounded

Confounded all the day with ſhame,
Cover'd with ſorrow and diſgrace,
Their foes reproaching blaſt thy fame,
With rage and folly in their face.

5 Lord! all theſe griefs have on them come,
Yet they have not forgotten thee,
Though dark their mind, thou art their home,
They will not from thy cov'nant flee.
They honour thee ſtill as their King,
Nor have to heathen falſehoods ſtray'd,
Tho' oft oppreſſed to deſpair,
Made by the arm of pow'r afraid.

6 If they had thee, their God, forgot,
And madly worſhipp'd a ſtrange God,
Searcher of Hearts, ſay thou not
Have made them ſelf-condemned ſtood.
Their inmoſt thoughts before thee lay,
Thine eye beholds their grief and pain,
For thy bleſs'd name they all the day
Feel as appointed to be ſlain.

7 Ariſe, O Lord! why ſleepeſt thou?
Behold thy people helpleſs ſtand,
Make them, O Lord, no longer bow
Beneath each vile oppreſſor's hand,
Why wilt thou hide thy gracious face?
Wilt thou forget their bitter foes?
Behold thy people in diſgrace,
They have from ſorrow no repoſe.

Cho. Ariſe, O God! ſtretch forth thine hand,
That they may thy ſalvation prove,
Not for their merits we demand,
But for thine own unbounded love.

PSALM

PSALM XLV. 8.

The Glory and Proſperity of Chriſt.

1 MY heart with light from God o'erflows,
Jeſus, my King, I celebrate;
My ready tongue the joyful theme
Eagerly haſt'neth to relate.

2 My Lord in beauty far excels
The excellence of Adam's race;
Jehovah hath anointed thee
With wiſdom, truth, pow'r, light, and grace.

3 The Aleim hath bleſſed thee,
That thou may'ſt all his love diſpenſe;
Thy ſword he girds upon thy thigh,
Majeſtic and Almighty Prince.

4 Thy majeſty and glory ſhall
Rule till ſubdu'd are all thy foes,
Thy dignity ſhall never ceaſe
Till all creation to thee bows.

5 Upon the word of truth ride on,
And humble by thy righteouſneſs,
And awfully thy pow'r direct
The nations to ſubdue and bleſs.

6 The winged arrows of thy word
Shall pierce thro' ev'ry human heart,
And all ſubdu'd, ſhall own thee Lord,
And from iniquity depart.

7 Thy throne, O Saviour's, for the age,
And ſtill beyond it ſhall endure;
The ſceptre of the kingdom is
A rod that ſhall diſorder cure.

8 Juſtice thou lov'ſt, injuſtice hates,
Thy God will therefore thee anoint,
To rule among his firſt-born ſons,
And unto each his work appoint.

9 Sweetly

9 Sweetly thy wedding garments ſmell,
Prepar'd to meet the Church, thy bride;
The Gentile Saints attending ſtand,
Thy righteouſneſs, their dreſs, their pride.

PART II.

Invitation to the Gentile Church.

1 HEARKEN to Chriſt, thou Gentile Church,
Sprang from the Jewiſh Church of old,
Incline thine ear, thy Lord to hear,
The greatneſs of his love unfold.

2 The King thy beauty ſhall deſire,
And praiſe with words of tend'reſt grace,
Thy ſov'reign Lord thy Saviour is,
Receive with joy his kind embrace.

3 He over all the earth ſhall reign,
Merchants to him rich gifts ſhall bring,
And wealthy nations gladly own,
By tribute, Chriſt their lawful King.

4 Thine heart, O Gentile Church is fair,
Glorious with ſpotleſs purity,
In righteouſneſs thou ſhalt appear,
Cleanſed from all iniquity.

5 Unto thy Lord thou ſhalt be brought,
Virgins attending in thy train,
With ſongs of joy and muſic's ſtrains,
As Queen o'er all the earth to reign.

6 Thy fathers' faith thou canſt not boaſt,
Inſtead, thou ſhalt thy children bring,
And ſhalt appoint them over earth,
Under thy Lord, thy ſov'reign King.

7 When all creation are reſtor'd,
Their Great Creator to confeſs,
To know, to love, and ſerve the Lord,
Their grateful hearts thy name ſhall bleſs.

PSALM

PSALM XLVI. 8.

The Millenium, &c.

1 GOD is our refuge, ſtrength, and tow'r,
We in diſtreſs have found his aid;
When earth ſhall tremble at his pow'r,
We ſhall be calm and undiſmay'd.

2 The lofty mountains ſhall remove,
The turbid deep ſhall roar around,
And earth its ſwelling waves ſhall prove,
Expand, and burſt her ſolid ground.

3 Then peaceful ſtreams around thee flow,
Thou holy city of our King,
There God Moſt High as Sov'reign ſits,
From thence he will ſalvation bring.

4 The nations fear, the kingdoms ſhake,
Melteth the earth to hear his voice,
Whilſt our glad ſouls their refuge ſeek,
Our hearts in Jacob's God rejoice.

5 Come, and Jehovah's works behold,
How bright the Heav'n he makes below,
Glorious, his nature doth unfold,
Whilſt peace and plenty from him flow.

6 His arm the warlike bow will break,
And ſnap in twain the pointed ſpear,
War ſhall no more a famine make,
Burnt are her weapons in his fire.

7 Earth ſhall ſubmit, and own her God,
All nations ſhall confeſs his name,
Wide ſhall they ſpread his truth abroad,
And with loud ſongs his praiſe acclaim.

8 Jehovah, God of Hoſts is ours,
His ſure defence we always prove,
He is our refuge, all our pow'rs
Shall bow ſubjected to his love.

PSALM XLVII. 8. 6.

All the Earth ſhall praiſe Jehovah.

1 O All ye peoples clap your hands,
Make Heaven's concave ring,
Awful is God, the Great Moſt High!
The univerſal King.

2 He will earth's various tribes ſubdue,
Beneath his people's feet,
And chooſe for their inheritance
His much-lov'd Jacob's ſeat.

3 Behold our God with ſhouts aſcend,
Whilſt trumpets rend the air,
Glad earth with joyful ſhouts attend,
And in his courts appear.

4 Meſſiah's King o'er all the earth,
He maketh wiſdom known,
The nations all his laws obey,
Subjected to his throne.

5 Earth's rulers ſhall their peoples lead
To worſhip Abra'm's God,
For he all nations ſhall unite,
And ſpread his fame abroad.

PSALM XLVIII. 8.

The Millenial Jeruſalem.

1 GREAT is Jehovah cauſing praiſe,
In the glad city of our God,
On Sion he her walls will raiſe,
And ſpread thro' earth her fame abroad.

2 The city on the north ſhall ſtand,
Bleſs'd capital of Earth's Supreme,
God in her Palaces is known
Her Great Exalter is his name.

3 Earth's

3 Earth's monarchs ſhall together join,
To ſtorm her ramparts they prepare:
But when they ſee her walls divine,
Away they fly on wings of fear.

4 Trembling each guilty ſoul alarms,
Like women that in travail roar,
Or merchant ſhips, by eaſtern ſtorms,
Shatter'd upon the rocky ſhore.

5 As in thy word, the Prophets tell,
Thus by our eyes it ſhall be ſeen,
Jehovah ſhall in glory dwell,
Thro' ev'ry age in glory reign.

6 We for Meſſiah's coming wait,
We in his Temple long to ſtand,
And hear mankind his praiſe repeat,
Thro' the wide earth's remoteſt land.

7 Mercy and pardon fill thine hand,
Therefore ſhall Sion ſee thy worth,
Whilſt Judah's daughters ſhall exult,
And praiſe the judgments of thy mouth.

8 Ye Gentiles, round Mount Sion go,
Her lofty tow'rs enumerate,
And ev'ry ſplendid palace know,
Her ſtrength and beauty contemplate.

9 That you may tell unto your ſons
Their greatneſs who in God confide,
For he is people always owns,
And will o'er ev'ry danger guide.

PSALM XLIX. 8. 6.

Providence.

1 HEARKEN, ye feeble ſons of men,
Whoſe days will ſoon be o'er,
Ye ſtrong, ye weak, ye old, ye young,
Ye wealthy and ye poor.

2 My mouth ſhall wiſdom only teach,
My heart ſhall think aright;
My ſong ſhall parables explain,
And bring their truths to light.

3 Why ſhould I fear in evil days,
When hypocrites ſurround,
Who in their wealth and pow'r confide,
For they in both abound?

4 Not all the wealth which men poſſeſs
A brother can reprieve,
God will not man's atonement have,
And bid the ſinner live.

5 The ranſom price that God demands,
That man may life receive,
Is Jeſus, his anointed Son,
'Tis thro' his death they live.

6 Meſſiah ſuff'ring came, and dy'd,
And uncorrupted roſe,
And lives, and ſhall for ever live,
To conquer all his foes.

7 The ſkilful, proud, and ſtupid die,
And leave their works with pain,
They think their lands call'd by their names
Shall ever ſo remain.

8 The wealthy man, who will not mark
Jehovah's conſtant care,
Is but a beaſt by paſſion led,
And ſhall be rul'd by fear.

PART II.

The Certainty of Death, and the End of it.

1 THE thoughtleſs wealthy will rejoice,
Proud of ſtupidity;
Yet they have the approving voice
Of their poſterity.

2 Like

2 Like ſheep appointed to be ſlain,
Death humbles all their pride,
And over them thy Saints ſhall reign,
Thy firſt-born juſtify'd.

3 Their boaſted beauty waſtes away
Within the ſilent tomb,
Corruption ſhall their parts diſſolve,
And ev'ry nerve conſume.

4 My God, my Saviour did redeem
From out the loathſome grave,
And cloath'd him in immortal fleſh,
And pow'r o'er all things gave.

5 Fear not when mortals wealthy grow,
If riches ſhould increaſe,
Nought can he carry to the grave,
There all his glories ceaſe.

6 Tho' in his life his name was bleſs'd,
For grov'ling ſouls adore,
The man poſſeſs'd of earthly good,
Of grandeur, wealth, and pow'r.

7 When life is o'er, he ſhall deſcend,
And to his fathers go,
Nor till his ſoul's by pain ſubdu'd,
Truth's ſacred light ſhall know.

8 The mighty man who will not mark
The hand by whom he's bleſt,
Shall like a ſtupid beaſt be rul'd,
For he is but a beaſt.

PSALM L.

Judgment.

1 LORD, I believe! thy Son as Judge ſhall come,
And all the earth ſhall hear his awful doom
From dawning morn, bright with conflicting fires,
To where earth into thickeſt ſhade retires,

All ſhall their Judge behold with glory crown'd,
From Sion come, and ſpread his ſplendour round.

2 He will not ſilently to judgment come,
Tempeſt and fire before him ſhall conſume,
Expanding airs ſhall burſt earth's vaſt concave,
With awful earthquakes rending ev'ry grave,
Whilſt loud the Heav'ns his righteouſneſs declare,
And earth cries out, "Behold! the Judge is near."

3 Thus will he ſpeak, "Iſr'el, my people, hear,
"And ſee thy crucified Lord appear;
"I have beheld thy conſtant ſacrifice,
"And will not for remiſsneſs thee chaſtiſe,
"But will no more thy lowing heifers take,
"Nor ſhall thy rams again burnt off'rings make.

4 "All living creatures that in foreſts breathe,
"Or range the mountains, life from me receive;
"Should I be hungry, would I ſpeak to thee,
"When animated nature lives thro' me;
"From me this vary'd globe its fulneſs owns,
"My mercy form'd it, and my goodneſs crowns.

5 "Shall carcaſes of bulls become my food,
"Or ſhall I quaff their ſacrificed blood?
"Offer unto your Saviour public praiſe,
"And to your God perform your ſacred vows,
"Then ſhall your invocations in diſtreſs
"Be always heard, and you my name ſhall bleſs."

6 But with the guilty thus will Chriſt debate:
"How dared you my judgments to relate,
"Or dar'd to take my cov'nant in thy mouth,
"And yet avoid the teachings of my truth?
"All my commandments were behind thee caſt,
"Thy whole life long was in oppreſſions paſs'd.

7 "Deceit and folly dwelt within thy mouth,
"Whilſt thy tongue haſt'ned wide away from truth;

"Thy

" Thy words thou wouldſt againſt thy brother turn,
" Againſt thy mother's ſon thy wrath would burn;
" Becauſe ſuch things I did in ſilence ſee,
" Thy treach'rous heart has thought I was like thee.

8 " Now your oppreſſions ſhall before you riſe,
" And I will your iniquities chaſtiſe."
Learn this, ye Chriſtians, who forget his care,
Leſt wrath ariſe, and none to help be near.
Whoever praiſeth God proclaims his ſway,
And ſhall his pow'r behold, if they obey.

PSALM LI. 7, 6, 8. *Clark's.*

Penitence.

1 PARDON, O my God beſtow!
Vaſt as thy boundleſs love,
If to me thy yearnings flow,
My ſins far off remove;
Wholly from perverſions cleanſe,
From all my wand'rings purify,
My tranſgreſſions I confeſs,
My ſins before me lie.

2 Only againſt thee I ſin,
Wand'ring from thee aſtray,
Trod the path of vice unclean,
Where guilt and ſorrow lay:
Juſtified is thy word,
Thy ſentence, Lord, is juſt and right,
In ſin my mother me conceiv'd,
My ſoul was dark as night.

3 Source of happineſs! in thee
The ſons of men ſhould ſtand,
Hear thy voice, thy goodneſs ſee,
And lean upon thine hand.

My

My ſtrength was all from thee alone,
Yet I have bade my honours flow,
But check'd I all thy pow'r will own,
And all my weakneſs know.

4 Fictitious hopes with me have ſtood,
But I my folly ſee,
Joyful own a Saviour's blood
By faith hath cleanſed me.
Now glad ſongs of praiſe I'm taught,
Again my broken bones rejoice;
And from ſin and ſorrows brought,
Shall fear no chiding voice.

5 A clean heart, O God create,
An healthy mind reſtore,
Blot perverſeneſs from my will,
Nor ever leave me more:
Left no more unto myſelf,
Nor thy good ſpirit loſt again,
Peace and joy ſhall be reſtor'd,
And freedom ſhall ſuſtain.

PART II.

Pardon.

1 COME, ye ſinners, learn of me
To obey Jehovah's will,
Chriſt behold, unto him flee,
He ſaves from ev'ry ill;
Wand'ring ſheep who thoughtleſs ſtray,
Far from your Saviour, ſhepherd, guide,
Hear his voice, and now obey,
And in his fold abide.

2 Behold the Chriſt for thee accurs'd,
Streameth for thee his blood,
Now let grateful ſongs aſcend,
And bleſs thy pard'ning God.

O that

O that thou would looſe our lips,
Then would we haſte to ſpeak thy praiſe,
Grateful joy to thee our God
Should high thy triumph raiſe.

3 No more legal ſacrifice
Wilt thou deſire or take,
But the contrite, humbled heart,
That ſhame and ſorrow break.
The ſubdued, empty'd heart
Is now the only ſacrifice
Which my Lord can offer up,
Or thou, my God, wilt prize.

4 Cauſe thy Sion to rejoice,
Thro' thy o'erflowing love;
Soon rebuild bleſt Salem's walls,
Her rubbiſh far remove:
Then unto thy juſtify'd
Thou wilt thy gracious ear incline,
Praiſe ſhall flow a ſacred tide,
And hail thy love divine.

PSALM LII.

The Deſtruction of the Wicked.

1 SUCCESSFUL ſinner, why wilt thou
Exult thyſelf in ill?
Daily Jehovah's flowing love
Protecteth from thy will!

2 Miſchievous things thy tongue invents,
A razor is thy mouth;
Thou loveſt evil more than good,
And falſehood more than truth.

3 Deceitful tongue, great ſwelling words,
Are all thy boaſt and joy;
But Chriſt ſhall all thy pride confound,
And all thy pow'r deſtroy.

4 For he will ſweep thy tent away,
No more thy root ſhall bear,
The juſtified this ſhall ſee,
And ſhall Jehovah fear.

5 In God thou wouldſt not put thy truſt
Thy riches to prolong,
But only would in wealth confide,
In thine oppreſſions ſtrong.

6 But I ſhall like an olive grow,
Beneath thy roof, my Lord;
In thine abounding love I truſt
To have a full reward.

7 I ſhall confeſs thee in the age,
I ſhall thy works proclaim,
And with thy Saints ſhall gladly ſpread
The glories of thy name.

PSALM LIII.

The Hope of the Unbeliever ſhall periſh.

1 THE worthleſs ſay within their heart,
The name of God's an empty ſound,
Therefore they from his laws depart,
And in them no good thing is found.

2 God, the Reſtorer from above,
Look'd on the ſons of Adam's race,
To find a man of truth and love,
Enquiring for a Saviour's face.

3 But all from truth had turned back,
They were corrupt, they did no good:
But truth perverted to deſtroy,
And eat my people as their food.

4 Revealed truth they will not know,
But will pervert the ſacred word,
Deceitfully the knee they bow,
But not to invocate the Lord.

5 Their

5 Their guilty hearts with terror ſhake,
When all is peace, and nought to fear,
Then ſhall my God their ſpirit break,
And they ſhall tremble with deſpair.

6 The Saviour ſhall from Sion come,
And all the faithleſs ſhall reject,
But call his Saints unto their home,
And Isr'el, his firſt-born protect,

7 When the Redeemer ſhall reverſe
His people's long captivity,
Glad Jacob ſhall his praiſe rehearſe,
And Isr'el ſhall exult in thee.

PSALM LIV.

Confidence in God.

1 ALMIGHTY God, thro' thy great name,
May I ſalvation prove,
And ſee thine arm for me ſtretch'd out,
And feel, and know thy love.

2 Bountiful Parent, hear my pray'r,
Attend unto my word,
Behold my ev'ry riſing care,
And ſave me, O my Lord!

3 Thou, O Jehovah, art my friend,
Thine arm my life ſuſtains,
And will my enemies reward
For their oppreſſive pains.

4 Thy faithfulneſs ſhall them deſtroy,
But I with willing heart,
With ſacrifice ſhall praiſe thy name,
And ſhew how good thou art.

5 For thou wilt full ſalvation cauſe
From all my ſad diſtreſs,
And midſt of trouble I ſhall find
Thou, God, art near to bleſs.

PSALM LV.

The Complaint of Chriſt.

1 JEHOVAH God, attend my pray'r,
Nor hide from me thy face,
But liſten to my earneſt cry,
And anſwer thro' thy grace.

2 Thro' intenſe thinking I bow down
My ſpirit to the duſt,
Whilſt I the perſecutor hear,
United with th' unjuſt.

3 Soft as the breeze, they cauſe to glide
Their miſchiefs on my head,
Till they can wound my trembling heart,
That ſhakes with ſolemn dread.

4 Death on my life ſhall ſurely ſeize,
Whilſt terror ſhakes my frame,
I ſhall be cover'd o'er with dread,
My face be cloath'd with ſhame.

5 Give, give me wings, ſwift as the dove,
Then would I fly away,
And ſeek ſome lonely diſtant land,
Where I might ſafely ſtay.

6 Salvation then ſhould come as ſwift
As the impetuous wind:
But I am helpleſs! O my God!
May I thy mercy find.

PART II.

1 JEHOVAH riſe, my foes confound,
Their ſtrife and rapine ſee,
Behold them Salem's walls ſurround
With their iniquity.

2 Behold

2 Behold how dire oppreſſions rage
In ev'ry public place,
Crafty deceit and wickedneſs
Are thron'd in ev'ry face.

3 Such foes as theſe are no diſgrace,
They call my pity forth,
I would not hide myſelf ſhould they
Exalt themſelves on earth.

4 But when a man I thought my friend,
My Guide, who knew me well,
With whom I oft ſweet counſel held,
Our inmoſt thoughts to tell.

5 With whom I to the Temple went,
And join'd in ſacred pray'r,
When he deceives, death ſhall o'ertake,
And anguiſh and deſpair.

6 He to the pit ſhall ſurely go,
For ſin directs his heart,
Whilſt I ſhall on Jehovah call,
Nor from my rock depart.

7 When darkneſs from the light retires,
To God my voice I raiſe,
With dawning morn and ſultry noon
I tune the ſong of praiſe.

PART III.

1 WHEN threat'ning enemies aſſault,
Jehovah gives me peace,
Altho' by pride or wrath inflam'd,
He makes their madneſs ceaſe.

2 The judge of all ſhall hear their voice,
And humble and repay,
His pow'r alone their hearts can change,
And take their guilt away.

3 Fearleſs of God they will attack
Thoſe bound by friendſhip's ties,
And will profane the Purifier,
Slain for their ſacrifice.

4 Their words flow ſmooth, and ſoft as oil,
But with deceit abound,
Keen as a ſword the heart they pierce,
And all the vitals wound.

5 On thee, my God, I caſt my care,
Thou wilt my ſteps ſuſtain,
For thou, my God, wilt not permit
The juſt to loſe his reign.

6 By thee upheld, from thy bleſt age
His feet ſhall never ſlide,
His hopes all center in thy love,
He will in thee abide.

7 But bloody and deceitful men
Shall not live half their days,
Vengeance ſhall ſweep them from the earth,
'Till periſh'd are their ways.

PSALM LVI. 8. 6.

Confidence though ſurrounded by perſecuting Enemies.

1 MY gracious God, my ſorrows view,
For wretched ſons of ſtrife
Daily in battle me purſue,
Seeking to take my life.

2 Invidious foes pant after me,
Stirr'd up by their own pride,
Aloud they threat to make me flee,
But I on thee confide.

3 On thee, my God, I will rely,
Nor fear what man can do,
One look of thine, or angry word,
Can humble ev'ry foe.

4 Daily

4 Daily my foes pervert my words,
Their ev'ry thought is ill;
They lurk in ſecret for my ſteps,
Eager my life to kill.

5 To thee with fainting heart I flee,
Subdue their fury, Lord,
And treaſure up my flowing tears,
And all my groans record.

6 When in diſtreſs on thee I call,
In haſte thou wilt ariſe,
And humble all my haughty foes,
And ſtill their madd'ning cries.

7 By thee, my kind Creator, taught,
I ſhall obey thy word,
And be a ſervant of my Lord,
To make it known and fear'd.

8 In my Redeemer's death I truſt,
Fearleſs what man can do,
And own I'm purchas'd by his blood,
And will his glory ſhew.

9 Sav'd by thy mighty hand from death,
I will confeſs thy name,
And thro' the remnant of my life,
Thy wond'rous love proclaim.

PSALM LVII. 8.

Praiſe to, and Confidence in God.

1 JEHOVAH, unto thee I flee,
Have mercy, Lord, and pity me!
Then when I find my ſoul afraid,
Safe ſhall my fainting ſpirit reſt,
Until th' oppreſſive ſtorm is paſt,
Beneath thy wings protecting ſhade.

2 Whene'er I call on God Moſt High,
And thro' the Mediator cry,

He will from his Moſt Holy Place
Salvation ſend, as ſwift and bright
As dancing beams of active light,
And give me glory for diſgrace.

3 God the Preſerver will ſend forth
O'erflowing love, unſhaken truth,
And I 'midſt lions ſafe ſhall dwell,
Kindlers of miſchief, Adam's race,
Whoſe words are ſmooth, with poliſh'd grace,
But ſharpen'd by the pow'r of hell.

4 Exalt thyſelf, creation's Lord,
Thro' the wide Heav'ns be thou ador'd,
Make Satan's rebel hoſt bow down;
Exalt thyſelf, immortal King!
Then ſhall glad earth her praiſes bring,
And all thy works their Maker own.

PART II.

To the Subduer.

1 AROUND, their ſnares, my foes may ſpread,
Whilſt I my ſteps with trembling tread,
But in their ſnares they ſhall be caught,
Therefore my heart ſhall be prepar'd
To ſing the mercies of my Lord,
And men ſhall by my ſong be taught.

2 Ariſe my ſoul, ariſe and praiſe,
Strike the loud ſtrings to joyful lays,
Grateful at early dawn ariſe,
Jehovah's ſacred name confeſs,
Creation call, its God to bleſs,
The Maker of both earth and ſkies.

3 His flowing mercies have no end,
But far beyond the Heav'ns extend,
Subduing all beneath his pow'r:
Thy truth, thy faithful, mighty word,
Is far beyond theſe Heav'ns heard,
And ſhall immortally endure.

4 Exalt, O Lord, thy lofty throne,
Make thine unbounded glory known,
Beyond the Heav'ns thy fame extend;
O'er all the earth thy glory pour,
Till glad creation thee adore,
The willing knee of homage bend.

PSALM LVIII. 8 and 6.

The Deſtruction of Oppreſſion.

1 DECLARE, ye rulers of the earth,
Will ye uprightly ſpeak?
In ev'ry ſentence that ye give,
Is juſtice all ye ſeek?

2 Or covetous, do you contrive
Extortions ev'ry day,
And to the market bring your ſpoils,
And without bluſhing weigh?

3 Sinners are from the womb eſtrang'd,
And wander far from truth,
Like ſerpents poiſon are their words,
Corrupting ev'ry youth.

4 Deaf as the aſp, their ears are clos'd
To truth's enliv'ning voice,
Their hearts will not her muſic hear,
Nor in her light rejoice.

5 Their venom'd teeth thou wilt deſtroy,
And cruſh all human pow'r,
Their ſtrength ſhall like the water flow
When vengeance they endure.

6 Thine arrows ſhall like light'nings fly,
To ſweep them from the earth,
Soon, ſoon, ſhall dire oppreſſion die,
Like an untimely birth.

7 Like the dry thorns upon the fire,
My God, thy wrath ſhall burn;
Here they will ſow each wrong deſire,
Then o'er its fruit they mourn.

8 Then ſhall thy joyful Saints exult,
And hail their coming Lord,
And with him march, and ſee th' unjuſt
Deſtroyed by his ſword.

9 Then ſhall the nations ſay, "Thy Chriſt
"Shall pour his glory forth,
"And we ſhall know Jehovah God
"Is Governor on earth."

PSALM LIX. 8. and 6.

Jehovah a God of Judgment.

1 MY God, thou doſt ſalvation cauſe
From ev'ry threat'ning foe,
Thy mighty arm thou doſt exalt,
And make them proſtrate bow.

2 Thou art the refuge that I ſeek
From all iniquity,
And hitherto have found thee nigh,
To ſet from danger free.

3 My foes laid ſnares to take my life,
They rais'd the legal arm,
To thee my innocence was known,
And I was ſav'd from harm.

4 'Twas not for hatred of my ſins
They would my death prepare;
Their malice, O my God, behold,
And break their ev'ry ſnare.

5 Jehovah, thou art God of Hoſts,
Thy voice the Heav'ns obey;
Our Sov'reign and our God thou art,
With joy we own thy ſway.

PART

PART II.

Prayer for Unanimity.

1 WHEN thou, my God, ſhall viſit earth,
Thou with thy rod will ſmite,
And pour corrective vengeance forth,
And hypocrites requite.

2 Behold they break thy people's peace,
Like barking curs they go;
Diſguis'd beneath a Chriſtian's name,
Vice is in all they do.

3 Their lips with falſehood overflow,
They add unto thy word;
Revenge and malice to thee give,
And thus blaſpheme their Lord.

4 Self-righteous as the Phariſee,
They others treat with ſcorn,
But they ſhall find how weak they be,
And ſhall their errors mourn.

5 Thy people, humbled and ſubdu'd,
Shall own thy mighty hand,
Then ſhall all ſects and parties ceaſe,
For all ſhall underſtand.

6 Now, Lord, commence that joyful day
Of peace and liberty,
All pride ſubdue in ev'ry heart,
And make us love like thee.

PART III.

Jehovah the Subduer.

1 LORD, thou my great exalter art,
My ſtrength, and all my truſt,
My God, whoſe vaſt unbounded love
Supports my feeble duſt.

2 Thy

2 Thou doſt behold thy people's foes,
  But wilt not quite deſtroy,
Left in their ſafety they forget
  Thou only giveſt joy.

3 But in thy ſtrength, O Lord, our ſhield,
  Thou wilt dread vengeance take,
Until they at thy feet ſhall yield,
  And to thy truth awake.

4 Falſehood and pride is in their hearts,
  Deſtruction's on the wing,
And by their own unrighteous deeds
  They ſhall their ſorrows bring.

5 Like ſolar flames thy wrath ſhall burn,
  And ſhall their pride conſume,
Until to thee they humbled turn,
  Then wilt thou end their doom.

6 Then ſhall they own Jehovah's pow'r
  In Jeſus ſhining forth,
And with glad ſongs of praiſe adore
  The Sov'reign of the Earth.

PART IV.

1 MY God, how awful 'tis to ſee
  Diſciples of the Lord,
Fond of oppreſſion, hatred, ſtrife,
  Contrary to thy word.

2 Behold them on injuſtice bent,
  Cloyed with filthy gain,
Loud murmurs mark their diſcontent,
  In curſes they complain.

3 Chriſtians, for ſhame, your Lord obey,
  By love his truth proclaim,
By words and actions own his ſway,
  Your lives ſhould ſpread his fame.

4 Your refuge is the living God,
The Saviour in diſtreſs;
He is your ſtrength, his praiſes ſing,
Your Great Creator bleſs.

5 Jehovah our exalter is,
By him we live and move,
Source of our life, our peace, our pow'r,
Immortal fount of love.

PSALM LX. 8.

Jehovah will reſtore his People.

1 THINE ancient people, O my God!
By thee were ſcatter'd o'er the earth,
Their ſins awoke thy chaſt'ning rod,
And call'd thine awful vengeance forth;
But now all lands thy wrath ſhall feel,
Thine arm ſhall ev'ry kingdom break;
Return, thy people's breaches heal,
Return for thine own glory's ſake.

2 Rebellious as the ſtubborn ſwine,
Thy people, Lord, thou haſt beheld,
And made them drink the turbid wine
Of wrath, until their pride was quell'd.
But now for them who fear thy name,
Thou haſt a flaming banner rear'd,
Bold ſhall they march, and loud proclaim,
"By all Jehovah ſhould be fear'd."

3 Jeſus, my Saviour, by thine arm,
Shall be deliver'd from his foes,
Whate'er he aſks, thou wilt perform,
And overturn all who oppoſe:
Thou haſt declar'd he ſhall abide
Thro'out the age upon thy throne,
And Shechem *ſhall* again divide,
And Succoth's vale his ſway ſhall own.

4 Gilead

4 Gilead too ſhall boaſt his ſway,
Manaſſeh own his ruling hand,
Ephraim's Princes him obey,
With thoſe who rule o'er Judah's land.
Moab ſhall join his ſtandard too,
Turn'd from apoſtacy aſide,
Edom ſhall to his ſceptre bow,
With bands of love to Jeſus ty'd.

5 Philiſtia ſhall the triumph join,
Proud of the croſs and Jeſu's name,
And gladly with his Saints combine
To ſpread their Great Reſtorer's fame.
Earth's ſtrongeſt cities ope their gates,
To let death's mighty conq'ror thro',
Victory on his hoſt awaits,
Jehovah humbling ev'ry foe.

6 But caſt off in this evil hour,
Thou wilt not with their armies go;
Vain is their courage, wealth, or pow'r;
O that they might thy goodneſs know:
In thee alone made bold and ſtrong,
They matchleſs wonders ſhould perform,
And ſoar on wings of faith along,
And tread beneath them ev'ry ſtorm.

PSALM LXI. 8.

Jehovah the Preſerver and Rewarder of his People.

1 HEAR, all-redeeming God, my cry,
And liſten to my earneſt pray'r;
In my diſtreſs to thee I fly,
And caſt my ſoul upon thy care.

2 Thou wilt exalt me when diſtreſs'd,
Thy wiſdom ſhall my ſpirit guide;
My refuge is the ever bleſs'd,
Where I in ev'ry danger hide.

3 Safe

3 Safe in thy tent my ſpirit ſings,
There I ſojourn, and ſafety find;
Beneath the covert of thy wings,
Shelter'd from ev'ry ſtormy wind.

4 I know thou hear'ſt my Saviour's pray'r,
And will for all who fear thy name,
With him an heritage prepare,
With glory and immortal fame.

5 Eternity's unending days,
Thou wilt to thine anointed give,
He ev'ry nation's ſceptre ſways,
And they ſhall to thy glory live.

6 Thy love, and faithfulneſs, and truth,
Shall be his all-protecting guard;
Pow'r, wiſdom, and immortal youth,
Shall be his ſervants great reward.

PSALM LXII.

Jehovah giveth Peace to his People.

1 IN the bleſt preſence of my God,
Serene I calm my mind,
On me he ſheds his love abroad,
My rock, my Saviour kind.

2 Jehovah is my ſure defence,
Nor ſhall I greatly fear,
Tho' men with an unjuſt pretence,
Spread for my life the ſnare.

3 Sinners oppreſſion love, and blood,
They are a tott'ring wall,
Whoſe bending top hangs o'er the head,
To cruſh with ſudden fall.

4 Their crafty words I dare not truſt,
For bleſſings fill their mouth,
Whilſt their deceitful hearts, unjuſt,
Pour awful curſes forth.

5 Truly

5 Truly, my God, my waiting heart
In thee finds ſweet repoſe,
For thou my rock and Saviour art,
The conq'ror of my foes.

6 Thy purpoſes ſhall never fail,
My glorying is of thee;
My ſtrength and fortreſs thee I hail,
To thee for refuge flee.

PART II.

The Folly of Man.

1 BEHOLD the ſons of Adam's race,
Light as the paſſing air,
None can their ſecret thoughts out trace
Of folly, pride, and care.

2 Light in the balance they aſcend,
Wanting truth's ſolid weight,
Like ſmoke, their words in nothing end,
A vapour of deceit.

3 Man ſhould not in oppreſſion truſt,
Nor be of plunder vain,
For pride becomes not mortal duſt,
When wealth, or pow'r, they gain.

4 All pow'r is thine, O Lord, alone
'Tis thou diſperſeſt fear;
Our ſtrength we from thy goodneſs own,
Creator ever near.

5 Our inmoſt thoughts thine eyes ſurvey,
Juſtice from thee proceeds;
Therefore thou wilt to man repay
According to his deeds.

PSALM LXIII.

The Word of God giveth Light.

1 MY kind preſerver, Lord, thou art,
For whom with diligence I ſeek,
Panteth for thee my longing heart,
Ere dawning morn thro' darkneſs break,

2 Should the dry land no ſprings afford,
Thirſty for want of flowing grace
Yet will I look to know thy word,
For there thy goodneſs I ſhall trace.

3 Glory and ſtrength from thee proceeds,
Thy word proclaims thy boundleſs love,
And proves thy favour life exceeds,
That all may to thy glory move.

4 My ſoul eſtabliſh'd in thy word,
Shall thee by ſtrict obedience bleſs,
And bow before thee as my Lord,
And with my heart and hands confeſs.

5 With truth divine, immortal food,
Thou wilt my fainting ſpirits raiſe,
I ſhall exult in ſov'reign good,
And all my heart ſhall ſhout thy praiſe.

PART II.

They who know Jehovah will praiſe him.

1 WHEN on my bed my limbs repoſe,
My thoughts, O Lord! ſtretch after thee;
All my ſalvation from thee flows,
Thy wings my joy and ſhade ſhall be.

2 To thee cloſe cleaves my trembling heart,
For thy right hand my king ſuſtains,
And all who from his laws depart
Thou wilt ſubdue with awful pains.

3 In hell's dark priſons, far from day,
They ſhall become all deſolate,
With ſcarce of hope one glimm'ring ray,
Of ranſom from their awful ſtate.

4 But Jeſus ſhall in thee rejoice,
My King ſhall prove how good thou art,
And all who love him, with loud voice,
Shall ſhout thy praiſe with grateful heart.

5 They ſhall be taught thy ſacred word,
And thro' the ſtedfaſt pow'r of truth,
Creation teach to fear their Lord,
And ſilence every lying mouth.

PSALM LXIV.

The Rejection of Iſrael.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, who deigns to hear
His people's cry when danger's near;
Their life he guards from ev'ry ſnare,
Nor lets them of his love deſpair.

2 When Chriſt, my King, took mortal birth,
Diſperſing truth's bright rays o'er earth,
My God! thine arm reſtrain'd his foes,
Who hating truth, againſt him roſe.

3 Their ev'ry work was dark as night,
Their ſecret councils ſhunn'd the light,
Their tongues were keen as murd'ring ſwords,
Sharp as the barbed ſhaft their words.

4 With guileful ſearch they look'd around,
Sudden they aim'd the deadly wound,
Then ſtrove in malice, but in vain,
The glory of my Lord to ſtain.

5 They to each other would relate
Their fears, their wiſhes, and their hate,
And when they join'd to ſpread the ſnare,
Would crafty talk, if help was near.

6 Th

6 They would with civil pow'r controul,
To daunt, and then to ſearch his ſoul,
To ſtrip, if poſſible, each thought,
That he might to diſgrace be brought.

7 Thus they rejected, Chriſt, thy Word,
And owned Cæſar as their Lord;
Then wrath aroſe, thy vengeful dart
Pierced at once each guilty heart.

8 Thus Iſr'el fell by their own hand,
And were caſt out of Canaan's land,
With ſacred awe, ye Chriſtians, hear,
Hear all ye ſects, and trembling fear.

9 Ye ſhould make known the word of God,
And ſpread his boundleſs love abroad,
Then would he make you underſtand
The wonders of his mighty hand.

10 Thy ſaints, my God! thy name will praiſe,
And truſt thro' life's uncertain ways;
Safe ſhall they paſs death's ſhades of night,
Unto the realms of endleſs light.

PSALM LXV. 8.

Chriſt the Univerſal King and Judge.

1 ALTHO' the ſound of grateful praiſe
Is now unheard on Sion's hill,
My Saviour there his throne ſhall raiſe,
And all that he hath ſworn fulfil.

2 O Lord Jehovah hearing pray'r!
All fleſh ſhall come and ſay to thee:
"Perverted words once made us fear,
"But thou wilt not tranſgreſſion ſee.

3 "For we are cleans'd in Jeſu's blood,
"And cloathed in his righteouſneſs,
"*And thro'* him have continu'd good,
"*For* thou his ways will greatly bleſs.

4 " With him thou always wilt abide,
" Thy courts ſhall be his bleſs'd abode,
" And he ſhall there be ſatisfy'd
" With the vaſt fulneſs of his God.

5 " Awful he ſhall in juſtice ſit,
" And anſwer pray'r, and ſafety bring,
" Whilſt earth ſhall worſhip at his feet,
" And bleſs Jehovah for their King."

PART II.

The Millenial Age.

1 HAIL, Great Meſſiah, Heav'n-born Prince,
Thee by obedience all ſhall praiſe,
Thou art of earth the confidence,
And glory of the diſtant ſeas.

2 At thy command the mountains riſe,
Fix'd on their baſis by thine arm;
Thou haſt obtain'd the conq'ror's prize,
Thy word can calm the riſing ſtorm.

3 When multitudes of nations roar,
Tumultuous as the raging ſeas,
Thy voice their madneſs ſhall o'erpow'r,
And huſh them into ſilent peace.

4 Therefore the nations of the earth,
Trembling, thine awful ſigns ſhall own,
When thou ſhalt pour thy vials forth,
They ſhall with ſacred awe bow down.

5 Then thou wilt cauſe the ſolar light
To make revolving earth rejoice;
And the concreted airs of night
Shall echo back each joyful voice.

6 When thou ſhalt viſit earth again,
It ſhall pour forth its full increaſe,
Whilſt new-born rivers thro' each plain
Bear on their ſwelling boſoms peace.

7 Th' un-

7 Th' unnumber'd bleſſings of thy word
Shall be performed by thine hand,
All for thy kingdom are prepar'd,
Thy promiſes unſhaken ſtand.

8 Then ſhall glad earth thy bleſſings find,
Drench'd with thy fertilizing ſhow'rs,
And ſoften'd by thy genial wind,
Cloath'd with gay verdure, fruits, and flow'rs.

9 Plenty from earth pale famine ſweeps,
Enriching ev'ry year with food;
For miſts aſcending from the deeps,
Shall with them bear unbounded good.

10 The deſert ſhall with joy abound,
And laugh to ſee her gay increaſe,
Whilſt mountain tops, with verdure crown'd,
Echo the merry ſongs of peace.

11 Then grateful praiſe ſhall man employ,
Whilſt bleating flocks each paſture fill;
And all the airy tribes with joy,
Cover each dale and riſing hill.

PSALM LXVI. 8. and 6.

The Knowledge of the Lord ſhall cover the Earth.

1 PRAISE, my God! ſhall fill the earth,
All hearts and tongues ſhall ſing;
Praiſe ye Jehovah's matchleſs worth,
Obey th' immortal King.

2 Think of his acts of providence,
In all his dealings ſhewn,
And own your Maker's great defence,
And bow before his Throne.

3 Jehovah, thro' thy love and pow'r,
Men ſhall their hatred ceaſe,
And proſtrate at thy feet adore,
With the loud ſong of peace.

PSALM LXVII. 8.

All the Earth ſhall praiſe Jehovah.

1 GOD will be gracious, and look down
On us with ſmiling face,
And by his bleſſings will make known
The greatneſs of his grace.

2 Then thee, Jehovah, Great, and Good!
Earth's various tribes ſhall ſee,
And by the Saviour's ſtreaming blood,
Shall come and worſhip thee.

3 Then ſhall the peoples thee confeſs,
All ſhall confeſs thy name,
Exulting nations thee ſhall bleſs,
And triumph in thy fame.

4 Then ſhall the Lord the Saviour rule
Uprightly all mankind;
He dire oppreſſion ſhall controul,
And all ſhall mercy find.

5 Then ſhall the peoples thee confeſs,
Rejoicing in thy name,
And earth ſhall yield her full increaſe,
And thy great love proclaim.

6 Then God, our God, his Saints will bleſs,
And will to us be near,
Earth's utmoſt bounds ſhall him confeſs,
And in his courts appear.

PSALM LXVIII. 8.

Jehovah merciful and gracious.

1 GOD will ariſe, and ſhake his foes,
Then ſhall they trembling flee away,
Like ſmoke when the loud tempeſt blows,
Or wax before the ſolar ray;
Thus in thy preſence ſhall th' unjuſt
Again be mingled with the duſt.

2 Then

2 Then ſhall thy Saints with ſacred joy
Behold their Great Reſtorer's face,
Whilſt gratitude ſhall ſongs employ
Thro' the abundance of thy grace;
They all ſhall praiſe Jehovah's name,
His pow'r and matchleſs love proclaim.

3 Exalt him whoſe Almighty arm
Rules over all, the Great Supreme,
Whoſe word directs the raging ſtorm,
In Jah, Jehovah is his name.
To him your ſongs triumphant raiſe,
Shout, all ye Saints, Jehovah's praiſe.

4 The parent of the deſtitute,
The widow's kind protecting friend,
Art thou, Jehovah, generous King,
Thy ſtreams of bleſſings have no end;
Thro' thee great nations ſpring from one,
Deſpiſed, friendleſs, ſcarcely known.

5 All whom the chains of juſtice bind,
Shall, when their ſtubborn pride's brought down,
The fulneſs of ſalvation find,
And mercy ſhall thy juſtice crown;
For all who 'gainſt thy love rebel,
Thy dread ſubduing wrath ſhall feel.

PART II.

Chriſt ſhall come, and all his Saints with him.

1 O Lord, how awful was the ſight,
When Iſr'el out of Egypt came!
Thou went'ſt before, enthron'd in light,
Whilſt melting ethers dropped flame,
And dreadful thunders roll'd around,
Earth ſhook at their tremendous ſound.

2 A plen-

8 A plenteous ſhow'r of ſacred grace
Thou, O Jehovah, wilt pour down
Upon thy bleſs'd inheritance,
And all thy ſpirit's gift ſhall own;
Then ſhall thy Saints in glory move,
Spreading the triumph of thy love.

9 Jeſus the King ſhall give the word,
Onward they march in dread array;
His voice ſhall by his foes be heard,
Who with their Kings ſhall flee away.
Damſels and matrons laughing toil
Beneath the weight of gorgeous ſpoil.

10 Bright as the azure ſpeckled dove,
Whoſe lovely wings are tipp'd with gold,
Shall the rich ſcatter'd plunder prove,
Which the glad people ſhall behold:
The ſcatter'd garments of the foe
Are bright as Salmon crown'd with ſnow.

11 Baſan ſhall be the mount of God,
Riſing with its protub'rant head,
Honour'd to be his bleſs'd abode,
For there earth's mighty Monarch's fled.
Envy not Baſan, ye high hills,
For there our God his wrath fulfils.

12 Twenty thouſand thouſand are
The horſemen who my God attend,
Or when on Sinai they appear,
My Saviour guides them with his hand;
They hear his voice and do his will,
Rejoice his orders to fulfil.

PART

PART III.

Chriſt aſcended to the right hand of God, there to intercede for us.

1 THOU, Lord, aſcended up on high,
With thy redeemed captive train,
At thy command hell's portals fly
Open, to ſend them forth from pain:
The vaſt, the grateful happy throng
With ſongs exulting march along.

2 Behold my Saviour, Prieſt, and King,
Now ſtands before his Father's throne:
Now he deſcends his gifts to bring,
And make to rebels mercy known,
That they no more may turn aſide,
But freely with their God abide.

3 Bleſſed be the Almighty Lord,
For Jeſus, his exalted Son,
Who by his life, his death, his word,
Hath made Jehovah's kindneſs known:
Flow'd from his ſide the ſacred ſtream,
Which only could our ſouls redeem.

4 Jehovah will his foes deſtroy,
And ſmite each guilty ſinner's pow'r,
But unto Sion's Mount with joy,
The deep ſhall his bleſt Saints reſtore:
With him they ſhall to battle go,
And tread beneath them ev'ry foe.

PART IV.

Chriſt worſhipping at Jeruſalem.

1 THE Saints ſhall ſee their Maker, God,
In all his mighty works and ways,
Inhabiting that bleſs'd abode,
Where Chriſt his glory wide diſplays,
When he Jehovah's court attends,
Or to his holy houſe aſcends.

2 Firſt ſingers march with ſongs of praiſe,
Tun'd to the harp's reſounding ſtring,
Damſels between, their tab'rets raiſe,
And loud Jehovah's glories ſing:
They bleſs the ſource of all their good,
Proud of the croſs and Jeſu's blood.

3 Great Judah's rulers ſhall be there,
And Governor of Zabulon,
Naphtali's Princes ſhall appear,
With them the Saviour's pow'r to own.
They ſhall enforce Meſſiah's will,
Happy his orders to fulfil.

4 To lofty Salem's regal ſeat
Earths mighty Monarchs ſhall repair,
And in thy Temple ſhall proſtrate
And leave their richeſt off'rings there;
There liſt'ning to th' inſtructive word,
They ſhall learn wiſdom from their Lord.

5 Thou, Lord, wilt Egypt then ſubdue,
With ev'ry hoſt of mighty men,
And thro' the nations conq'ring go,
Till all ſubmit unto thy reign:
The ſoldier then from earth ſhall ceaſe,
And ev'ry land be bleſs'd with peace.

PART V.

Chorus.

1 TO God who on the Heav'ns will ride,
And ſpeak whilſt awful thunders roar,
Confounding all the ſons of pride,
Aſcribe ye wiſdom, love and pow'r.
Thy praiſe ſhall ev'ry heart employ,
Thou endleſs ſource of hope and joy.

2 Thy ſtrength is in the ethers plac'd,
They by thy word all nature rule,
Thee they obey with awful haſte,
Thou only canſt their pow'r controul:
All thy commands by them are heard,
They fight the battles of their Lord.

PSALM LXIX. 8.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

His Perſecution.

1 "SAVE me, O God, my Saviour cries,
Whilſt roaring billows o'er him beat,
Around o'erwhelming tempeſts riſe,
Sink in the mire his trembling feet.
Parch'd was his throat, his loudeſt cries,
Scarce to a dying whiſper riſe.

2 His eyes with earneſt longing fail'd,
In waiting till his God appears;
Whilſt the proud foes that him aſſail'd,
By far outnumbered his hairs,
Prieſts, with proud rulers of the land,
To miſchief led the wicked band.

3 By lying evidence they ſtrove
To prove that he blaſphem'd thy name,
But thy bleſt name more could he love?
Or more thy matchleſs pow'r proclaim?
Thou ſaw'ſt his ſoul, thou canſt declare
No ſin or folly enter'd there!

4 Their hopes ſhall never be caſt down,
Who earneſt wait my Lord to ſee,
All who the Lord of Hoſts ſhall own,
Thro' Chriſt, ſhall not aſhamed be;
Tho' like him ſcorned for thy name,
Caſt out to vile reproach and ſhame.

5 A ſtranger 'midſt his countrymen,
His brother's offspring knew him not,
Zeal for thine houſe conſumed him,
And mark'd his name with falſehood's blot,
Whate'er he did men ſtrove to turn
To ridicule, reproach, and ſcorn.

6 He oft his body would afflict
By faſting, and in ſackcloth mourn,
But men his ſacred humblings mock'd,
Whilſt him they to a bye-word turn.
And jeered as he paſs'd along,
The burthen of the drunkard's ſong.

PART II.

His Interceſſion.

1 OFT would he ſupplicate thy name,
Thy kind protection to receive;
" In thy unbounded love," he cry'd,
" To me a gracious anſwer give,
" Aſſurance of thy goodneſs prove,
" And cauſe ſalvation thro' thy love.

2 " Then ſhall I riſe above my foes,
" Snatched from ev'ry enemy,
" From dire affliction's ſwelling woes,
" Where billows beat no more o'er me.
" I ſmile at death and all its pains,
" I know my God will burſt its chains.

3 " Anſwer my pray'r, All-bounteous Lord,
" For vaſt is thine abounding love;
" Kind as the yearnings of thy word,
" May I thy tender mercies prove,
" And know thou wilt not turn away
" From thoſe who dare thy laws obey.

4 " Since,

4 " Since, O my God, I am diſtreſs'd,
" Haſte, and a gracious anſwer ſend,
" In mercy have my griefs redreſs'd,
" And to my ſcorned ſtate attend:
" For all my foes before thee ſtand,
" And all ſhall flee at thy command."

PART III.

The Death of Chriſt and Puniſhment of his Perſecutors.

1 SICK of reproach which broke his heart,
No good eſcape my Lord could find,
No friend to quench the burning ſmart,
Or ſoothe the torture of his mind,
But mad'ning hyſſop with his food,
And vinegar to cool his blood.

2 But ſoon, O Lord, thy vengeance roſe,
Their friendſhips made thy wrath appear,
The mirthful table made them foes,
And reconcilement was a ſnare:
Dark to their intereſt was their ſight,
All was amazement, doubt, and fight.

3 Thine awful vengeance on them pour'd,
All their iniquities o'ertook,
Slain were their children by the ſword,
And all their pleaſant tents forſook:
Becauſe with malice they purſu'd
Him thou hadſt ſmitten for their good.

4 To ev'ry wound thy wiſdom gave,
Freſh wounds to add they daily ſtrove;
Therefore increaſed ſtripes they have,
Great as their crimes, and as thy love:
None with thy juſtify'd ſhall reign,
None the Millenial Age ſhall gain.

5 From life they all are blotted out,
Nor written 'mongſt the juſtify'd,
Whilſt the deſpiſed, humbled Chriſt
In thy ſalvation ſhall abide.
Jeſus exalted to redeem,
O'er Heav'n, and earth, and hell ſupreme.

PART IV.

The Conſequences of the Death of Chriſt.

1 CHRIST ſhall thy name irradiate,
O thou Jehovah, with his ſong;
He ſhall proclaim thee good and great,
Merciful, holy, juſt, and ſtrong,
And this, my God, will better pleaſe,
Than the moſt noble ſacrifice.

2 The humbled ſouls ſhall be made glad,
They ſhall their Maker's goodneſs ſee,
In Chriſt behold a pard'ning God,
And in his ſtrength ſhall vig'rous be:
For thou, Jehovah, wilt draw near,
Thy meek ſubjected ones to hear.

3 Thoſe whom thy chaſt'ning arm reſtrains,
E'en them, my God doth not deſpiſe,
But views their ſorrows, griefs, and pains,
And they ſhall to thine image riſe:
Heav'n earth, and ſeas, ſhall praiſe thy name,
And all that moves thy love proclaim.

4 Sion thy matchleſs pow'r ſhall ſave,
And Judah's cities build again,
And they inhabitants ſhall have,
Thy ſervants children o'er them reign:
Whilſt all who love thy name draw near,
With holy joy t' inhabit there.

PSALM

PSALM LXX. 8. 6.

Jehovah will bleſs thoſe who love the Lord Jeſus, the Meſſiah.

1 "HASTE to my help," my Saviour cry'd,
"Redeem me from my foes,
"Confound all them who ſeek my life,
"Their folly, Lord, expoſe!"

2 They from their folly ſhall return,
O'erwhelmed with their ſhame,
Who ſought to take away his life,
And blaſt his ſpotleſs fame.

3 Thro' deep abaſement ſhall they turn
With horror from their ways,
Who by their mockings, as he walk'd,
Oft ſtrove the laugh to raiſe.

4 But all who ſeek him ſhall rejoice,
They ſhall exult in thee,
And always ſay, "Jehovah will
Their full ſalvation be."

5 Tho' in the world they are oppreſs'd,
In confidence they pray,
And thou, attentive to their cry,
Will not thine aid delay.

PSALM LXXI.

Confidence in Prayer.

1 MY God! on thee I caſt my care,
Oh! let me ne'er be put to ſhame;
Save me from ſorrow, guilt, and fear,
Thro' my all conq'ring Saviour's name.

2 Oh! ſave me for my Saviour's ſake,
For his dear ſake thine ear bow down!
Liſt to my cry! my ſpirit take,
And mould it like unto thy own.

3 Save

3 Save me, my God! from cruel men,
Save me from their oppreſſive pow'r,
From the unjuſt, the proud, and vain,
Oh! ſave me in temptation's hour.

4 O Lord, my God! thou art my hope,
My confidence, from earl'eſt youth,
E'en from the womb thou held'ſt me up,
And ſtill ſupporteſt by thy truth.

5 Let mortal men my name deſpiſe,
Thou my ſtrong fortreſs art, O God!
Thro' thee I ſhall obtain the prize,
And ſpread all day thy fame abroad.

6 I'll ſing the glories of my Lord,
My ſong ſhall his uprightneſs tell,
And all his faithfulneſs record,
Whilſt love ſhall the loud chorus ſwell.

PART II.

Praiſe to Jehovah for his Providence.

1 'TWAS love divine that taught my youth
The boundleſs glories of thy name;
Now riper years confirm the truth,
I love to ſpread my Maker's fame.

2 In age extreme, my hoary years,
Thou never, never wilt forſake;
And brighter ſtill thy light appears,
When death's chill hand my life ſhall take.

3 Then ſhall I make thy wonders known
To generations now unſeen,
Till all the conq'ring Saviour own,
And know he can from death redeem.

4 The greatneſs of my Saviour's love
O'erleaps the bounds of loftieſt praiſe,
Onward it ſhall in wonders move,
And daily ſhall new trophies raiſe.

5 Who

5 Who is a God like unto thee,
Bringing thy creatures to diſtreſs,
That all the light of truth may ſee,
And with glad ſongs thy love confeſs.

6 Thy ſmiling face deſtroys their cares,
And bids their pains and ſorrows ceaſe,
Wipes from their eyes the falling tears,
And to their boſoms whiſpers peace.

7 Then ſhall ſurrounding ſtreams of light
Cauſe all thy Saints to praiſe thy name,
Array'd in garments pure and white,
They ſhall thy faithfulneſs proclaim.

8 Jehovah, Iſr'el's holineſs
They on the harp thy name ſhall ſing,
With grateful ſongs thy love confeſs,
And hail their Prophet, Prieſt, and King.

9 Becauſe thou haſt their lives redeem'd,
Their tongues proclaim thy righteouſneſs,
But deſtitute are they and ſham'd,
Who lov'd thy children to diſtreſs.

PSALM LXXII.

For Solomon, Prince of Peace.

1 COV'NANT God, beſtow
Thy wiſdom on the King,
On Jeſus let thy fulneſs flow,
May he thy glory bring.
He on thy Throne ſhall ſit,
He will uprightneſs love,
The humbled ſhall his laws relate,
And his decrees approve.

2 The mountains cloud-capt heads
Shall peaceful ſongs acclaim,
Whilſt laughing hills and joyous meads
His juſtice ſhall proclaim.

The

The humbled he will judge,
Thoſe abject made by want,
And cruſh th' oppreſſor 'neath his feet,
And full ſalvation grant.

3 From the firſt ſpread of light
To night's reflected rays,
Thy name, my Saviour, ſhall be fear'd,
And men ſhall ſhout thy praiſe.
Like dew on eaten graſs,
Or ſhow'rs on fertile earth;
Thy juſtify'd thro' thee ſhall ſhine,
And pour thy glories forth.

4 Beneath this mingled orb,
In hell's dark priſon, where
The lunar light cannot concrete
The pent expanding air.
The juſtified ſhall
Make reconcilement known,
Till myriads ſhall come forth, and bow,
Subjected to thy throne.

5 Thy pow'r ſhall all ſubdue
From the dread wat'ry deep,
To where old Ocean's billows roar,
Or clouds tempeſtuous ſweep:
From where the ſolar light
Attracts earth's mazy ring,
To the impelling weight of night,
All ſhall adore thee King.

6 Before thee, wiſe and juſt,
Arabia's ſons ſhall bow,
Whilſt earth's proud Monarchs lick the duſt,
Who perſecute thee now.
European Kings reſtor'd,
With Britain ſhall maintain,
Thine off'rings pure, for over them,
Thy firſt-born ſons ſhall reign.

7 Sheb:

7 Sheba's and Seba's Kings
Approach unto thy Throne,
Each in his hand a tribute brings,
And ſhall thee Sov'reign own.
All Monarchs of the earth
Shall homage thee as Lord,
And ev'ry nation own no law,
But thy enlight'ning word.

8 When the ſubmiſſive cry,
Thou wilt deliv'rance ſend,
When none to aid th' oppreſs'd is nigh
Thou wilt their reſcue ſtand.
Th' exhauſted, humbled ſoul
Shall be thy tender care,
Thy name he loves, obeys thy word,
And finds thee always near.

9 From ſin's deluſive pow'r,
From ev'ry unjuſt deed
Thou wilt redeem, thy blood once ſhed
Shall always intercede.
Continual ſhalt thou live,
And earth her tributes bring,
Daily for thee her grateful ſons
Shall thank th' eternal King.

10 When thy glad reign begins,
Earth's cleanſed ſons are few,
Like fertile graſs they ſhall puſh forth,
And Nature's face renew:
Then ſhall the mountains ſhake
Like Leb'non's branchy pride,
For Peace leads up her ſmiling train
To Plenty's flowing tide.

11 Beyond this happy age
Thy name ſhall ſtill endure,
Long as the ſource of chearful day
His ſtreams of light ſhall pour.

By thee, their Great High Prieſt,
Men ſhall their homage pay,
And gratefully thy name ſhall bleſs,
And gladly own thy ſway.

12 Bleſs'd be Jehovah's name,
Iſrael's cov'nant God,
Performing wonders by his arm,
He ſpreads his fame abroad.
By all for ever bleſs'd
Beyond this joyful age,
Soon ſhall thy glory fill the earth,
And ev'ry heart engage.

15 Amen! ſo be it Lord,
This ſong compleats each pray'r,
Which much-lov'd David breathed forth
For Chriſt, his Lord and heir.
Amen! our hearts reply,
Come quickly, gracious Lord,
Our natures change, our hopes confirm,
Accompliſh all thy word.

PSALM LXXIII.

The Pride and Puniſhment of the Wicked.

1 THOU to thine Iſr'el, Lord, art good,
For they are cleans'd in Jeſu's blood,
But all my thoughts were ſcatt'ring wide,
My feet had nearly turn'd aſide.

2 Th' unjuſt I ſaw bleſs'd with increaſe
Of children, plenty, wealth, and peace;
In ſtrength complete, no fear of death,
Nor anxious ſighs, diſturb'd their breath.

3 No grievous labour will they know,
The meek they ſcorn, as poor and low,
Their hearts are compaſſed with pride,
And they behind fierce rapine hide.

4 Their

4 Their ſlumb'ring eyes thro' fatneſs ſtart
They by their deeds declare their heart;
They cauſe corruption, and their pow'r
In loud, oppreſſive ſpeech will tow'r.

5 Their lofty thoughts by pride are dreſs'd
In language 'gainſt the ever-bleſs'd;
When their lips pour their wiſhes forth,
We ſee they pant to rule the earth.

6 Thy people ſhall to thee return,
And all the proud of heart ſhall mourn,
Wrath ſhall into their cup be preſs'd,
And make their haughty ſouls diſtreſs'd.

7 For thus they ſay, "Can Jeſus learn?
"Or the Moſt High our deeds diſcern?"
Behold thou curſed on a tree,
And all their vile injuſtice ſee.

8 Their minds on wealth ſecurely range,
Not ſubject like thy ſaints to change,
Who eager from all ſin depart,
And bleſs thee for a cleanſed heart.

PART II.

The Conduct of God, correcting and humbling Man.

1 IF, Lord, from ſin I waſh my hands,
Yet ſelf-condemn'd thy ſervant ſtands,
Chaſten'd by thee with morning light,
And weeping o'er my guilt by night.

2 Thus, if my lips of thee ſhould ſpeak,
I ſhould in unjuſt murm'ring break,
And thy weak children, who believe
My falſe complaints would but deceive.

3 I on thy ways will meditate,
And ſtrive to know, and to relate,
And all my thoughts ſhall ſoaring riſe,
With all thy dealings, 'fore mine eyes.

4 But till I to thine altar came,
And ſaw inſcrib'd love's ſacred name,
In vain I ſtrove to comprehend,
But then with eaſe could underſtand.

PART III.

Concluſion of the above Subject.

1 TRIALS I round the wicked trac'd,
In ſlipp'ry paths I ſaw them plac'd,
Their uſeleſs wealth and pow'r increaſe
Their horrors, when this life ſhall ceaſe.

2 They from their pleaſures waſte away,
All their deſires, like phantoms, ſtay,
As out of an haraſſing dream,
O Lord, thou wilt awaken them.

3 I fretted much my fooliſh heart,
My reins did with cloſe thinking ſmart,
But now I ſee my ignorance,
Scarce higher than a brute in ſenſe.

4 To be upheld by thy right hand,
Permitted in thy courts to ſtand,
To have thy word inſtructing me,
Hereafter glorify'd with thee.

5 What more in Heav'n can I deſire?
Or what on earth but this require?
Should health or life conſume away,
Thou art a rock on which to ſtay.

6 My God, thou art my heritage,
I ſhall poſſeſs thy promis'd age;
But lo! thou wilt all thoſe deſtroy
Who hate thy Chriſt, the ſource of joy.

7 And whoſoever will bow down
To any God but thee alone,
Againſt him ſhall thy wrath aſcend,
And he ſhall periſh from thy land,

8 My

8 My chief delight is in thy word,
My ſtrength, my confidence, my Lord!
I love thy works t' enumerate,
And all thy mercies to relate.

PSALM LXXIV. 7.

The Deſtruction of the Temple.

1 LO! thine humbled people, Lord!
'Neath the threat'nings of thy word,
Wilt thou not regard thy flock?
Shall thy wrath for ever ſmoke?

2 See the wonders in thy word,
How thine Iſrael thou haſt heard,
How thou didſt their foes affright,
Marching with their hoſts to fight.

3 At thy word the ſtandard rear'd!
All the nations ſaw, and fear'd,
Then to thee, bleſt Salem fell,
Where thine honour lov'd to dwell.

4 Now behold her ruin'd walls,
Hark! how mournfully ſhe calls!
For thy glory's ſake ſubdue
All the miſchief of the foe.

5 Who moſt wickedneſs expreſs,
Him thy foes their head confeſs,
Revelation they deſtroy,
Ev'ry hope of future joy.

6 Where thy ſervants us'd to meet,
Hear the warrior's ſounding feet,
Loud thine adverſaries roar,
Whilſt deſtruction round they pour.

7 Hear their blaſphemies aſpire,
Whilſt they ſet thine houſe on fire,
They *defy thy* threat'ned pain,
They thy houſe of pray'r profane.

3 " When quite ſubdu'd, creation ſtands,
" Gladly obeying God's commands,
" Then will he judge, and greatly bleſs,
" Confirming all in uprightneſs."

4 Diſſolved then ſhall be the earth,
With all that is of earthly birth,
Jeſus ſhall all things regulate,
High throned on the Judgment Seat.

5 Then ſhall he ſay to the profane,
No more ſhall ye be proud and vain,
And ſhall to the unjuſt declare,
Your horns of pow'r ye ſhall not rear!

6 Nor ſhall ye turn the neck aſide,
Speaking with contempt, or pride;
For pow'r, or pomp, or wealth, or fame,
Cannot exalt a creature's name.

7 But God the juſt, the poor can raiſe,
And crown the humbled ſoul with praiſe,
And 'tis his hand the cup ſuſtains,
Turbid with hell's infernal pains.

8 The thickeſt dregs from out the cup
All the unjuſt ſhall ſwallow up;
The thickeſt dregs ſhall be ſqueez'd forth
For ſinners unſubdu'd on earth.

9 Rejoicing in Jehovah's name,
Chriſt ſhall his boundleſs love proclaim;
And ſin's deſtructive pow'r deſtroy,
And fill his works with peace and joy.

PSALM LXXVI.

The Second Coming of Chriſt.

1 IN Judah God is known,
In Iſr'el glorify'd,
On Sion's Mount, his lofty Throne
Shall there abide;

The

There will he break the bow,
The ſhield and glitt'ring ſword;
Magnificent in pow'r art thou,
Almighty Lord!

2 There are the mighty ſpoil'd,
And ſtupify'd with fear,
The conq'ror is in battle foil'd,
If thou appear.
O Lord, thy dread rebuke
The warlike horſe o'erturns,
And terrified at thy look,
His rider mourns.

3 Awful thy judgments riſe,
Who can before thee ſtand,
When over earth dread vengeance flies
At thy command?
When thou as Judge ſhalt come,
The airs thy voice ſhall hear,
And trembling earth expect her doom
In ſilent fear.

4 Thou, Lord for ever bleſs'd
Wilt pour ſalvation forth,
For all who are by man oppreſs'd
Upon the earth.
Then ſhall the wrath of man
Confeſs thee great in pow'r,
For thou oppreſſion wilt reſtrain
For evermore.

5 Vow unto God, your King,
And all your vows perform;
For all the earth ſhall tribute bring,
And own his arm.
Trembling their leaders flee,
Their ſpirits are pour'd forth,
Awful to Monarchs thou wilt be,
O'*er all the* earth.

PSALM LXXVII.

The Goodneſs of God in anſwering Prayer.

1 MY pray'r ſhall to my God aſcend,
Who will to my complaint attend;
For in diſtreſs I ſought the Lord,
That gracious he would help afford;
My hands by night to him I ſpread,
And would not any comfort heed.

2 O Lord, I will remember thee,
Thou haſt from trouble ſet me free:
I was diſtreſs'd, my ſpirits faint,
My eyes ſoft peaceful ſlumbers want,
My panting heart was near to break,
Whilſt that I ſtrove in vain to ſpeak.

3 Then I look'd back on former days,
How in the night I ſang thy praiſe.
Hence! ev'ry trifling thought, begone!
And leave me to my God alone;
My ſpirit ſhall unclouded be,
Whilſt, O my God! I think of thee.

PART II.

Communion with God upon the Diſpenſations of his Providence.

1 WILT thou, O Lord! thy wrath extend
Till all the ages have an end?
Or ſhall thy mercy flow no more?
Is ended all its conq'ring pow'r?
Shall promiſes, I thought ſo great,
A few ſhort fleeting years compleat.

2 Can I in Chriſt no mercy find
Sufficient to reſtore mankind?
For no compaſſion now appears,
But wrath alarms thy people's fears:

Shou'

Should I thus ſpeak, my words were vain,
I ſhould thy boundleſs love profane.

3 Chriſt holds the ages in his hands,
Th' appointed end before him ſtands;
Therefore I ſearch thy ſacred word,
Where Prophets thy great deeds record;
On all thy works I meditate,
And know thee good as thou art great.

4 Thou in thy ſanctuary art
Waiting to bleſs each upright heart,
Who like my Saviour's magnify'd,
When faith points to his ſtreaming ſide;
He the bleſt Saviour is alone
By his increaſing wonders known.

PART III.

The mighty Pow'r of God.

1 THE nations, Lord! thy ſtrength have ſeen
Riſing thy people to redeem,
Jacob's and Joſeph's ſons to free
From cruel Egypt's ſlavery;
Then mighty Ocean own'd thy pow'r,
His rolling billows thee adore.

2 The Deep again ſhall feel thy pow'r,
Again with awful anguiſh roar,
Whilſt clouds condenſed ſhall pour forth
Thine indignation on the earth;
Whilſt claſhing ethers wide reſound,
And livid lightnings flaſh around.

3 Whirlwinds ſhall awful thunders roll,
And ſhake the earth from pole to pole,
Blue lightnings blazing, fierceſt flame
Shall the Almighty Judge proclaim,
Whilſt frighted earth by trembling fear,
Confeſſed that her Creator's near.

4 Myſterious

4 His God the baſket took,
And eas'd his burthen'd back,
And when they called in diſtreſs,
Swift the obedient air
Made his vaſt pow'r appear,
Their woe's avenging, them to bleſs.

5 At Meribah he ſtrove
To try their faith and love,
And thus to Iſr'el teſtify'd:
If ye my laws obey,
Own not an idol's ſway,
Nor let them in your tents abide.

6 Jehovah is my name,
All Nature's Great Supreme,
Who Iſr'el have from Egypt brought:
Let now your ſouls dilate,
I will your pray'rs complete,
If carried to your utmoſt thought.

7 But they would not attend,
Rejecting his command,
Therefore he yielded to their will;
Iſr'el he let depart,
Each after his own heart,
And ev'ry evil thought fulfil.

8 O had they been content,
And in his laws have went,
Tho' few they ſhould in pow'r have roſe,
My vengeance from them turn'd,
Should awfully have burn'd,
To the deſtruction of their foes.

9 Dread vengeance ſhall await,
All who Jehovah hate,
They ſhall chaſtiſing flames abide:
This paſt, a Jubilee,
Proclaiming liberty,
Shall uſher in joys endleſs tide.

PSALM

PSALM LXXXI.

Chriſt addreſſing the unrighteous Governors of the Earth.

1 JESUS amongſt his Saints will ſtand,
And of earth's Governors demand:
"Will ye oppreſſively condemn
"The poor and helpleſs ſons of men?
"Will ye exalt to pow'r th' unjuſt,
"To tread their brethren in the duſt?

2 "Attend the poor man's humble ſuit!
"Uprightly judge the deſtitute!
"Juſtice unto the injur'd give!
"Let the oppreſs'd ſalvation have!
"The poor and the ſubjected ſave
"From rich bad men their cauſe retrieve.

3 "Ye will not know, nor will diſcern,
"Nor from injuſtice will ye turn,
"Tho' your eſtabliſhment of pow'r
"To pieces fall to join no more:
"I ſaid ye did my image bear,
"That ſons of the Moſt High ye were.

4 "But ye ſhall die, like mortal men,
"As one, ye rulers ſhall be ſlain."
Saviour ariſe to judge the earth,
And bring thy full ſalvation forth,
Earth, thine inheritance obtain,
And King o'er all the nations reign.

PSALM LXXXIV.

The Pleaſure and Reward of ſerving Jehovah.

1 HOW lovely are thy tents,
Jehovah, Iſr'el's God!
For thee, my ſpirit pants
I long for thine abode:
My fleſh and heart with ſhouts of praiſe,
To God, my life! the ſong ſhall raiſe.

3 Prosp'rous is Christ the man,
Whose strength was plac'd on thee;
Now rais'd o'er all to reign,
Like him his Saints shall be;
Altho' they sorrow bear and strife,
They are refresh'd with streams of life.

From strength to strength they go,
Till all in Sion meet,
Where they the Saviour know,
And worship at his feet.
Each in Jehovah's Temple stands,
And serves with holy heart and hands.

5 See thou, O God! our shield,
Jesus and King regard,
That we may him behold,
And have a full reward:
For then one day more sweet will prove
Than thousands whilst thro' earth we r

6 The threshold of thine House,
Where I can hear thy word,
Than grandeur, wealth, or pow'r,
My soul more joys afford;

PSALM LXXXV.

The Reſtoration of Iſrael.

1 LORD, thou loveſt Iſr'el's lands,
There thine holy city ſtands,
There thy ſons captivity
Soon ſhall be revers'd by thee.

2 Thou doſt for thy people care,
Thou wilt their perverſions bear,
All their wand'rings cov'ring o'er,
Never ſhall they leave thee more.

3 Thou wilt all thy wrath collect,
Caſting it behind thy back;
Wrath on them no more ſhall ſtay,
Thou wilt turn it all away.

4 Thou wilt ſave them, and wilt cauſe
Iſr'el to obey thy laws;
Then ſhall vengeance melt away,
Like the ſnow before the day.

5 Wrath till Jeſus comes, ſhall burn,
And thine Israel ſhall mourn;
Soon thou wilt no more contend,
O make haſte the years to end!

PART II.

Conſequences of the Reſtoration of Iſrael.

1 WHEN bright mercy ſhall return,
And thine Iſr'el ceaſe to mourn;
They, enliv'ned by thy voice,
Shall in thee, their God, rejoice.

2 They ſhall ſee thy flowing love!
They ſhall thy ſalvation prove!
They ſhall hearken to thy word!
Jeſus they ſhall own as Lord!

3 They ſhall peace and joy obtain,
Never ſhall they ſin again;
Now ſalvation draweth near,
Soon ſhall they Jehovah fear.

4 Then thy Saints, thy glorify'd,
Shall within thy land reſide;
Faithfulneſs ſhall mercy meet,
And thy promiſes complete.

5 Peace and righteouſneſs ſhall kiſs,
Join to fill the world with bliſs;
Chriſt uniting Heav'n and earth,
Gives a new creation birth.

6 Then, Jehovah, ſource of good,
Shall puſh forth its vary'd food:
Ev'ry tree its fruit ſhall yield,
Conſtant verdure deck each field:

7 Sacred truth before ſhall go,
And lay ev'ry error low;
Point the path by which thy feet
Shall creation's joys compleat.

PSALM LXXXVI.

Prayer to, and Confidence in God.

1 INCLINE thine ear, almighty Lord,
Behold my pain and grief,
Some conſolation now afford,
Some peace, ſome ſweet relief.

2 Thou art my God! thy ſervant ſave!
Thou only art my truſt;
May I thy tender mercies have,
Strengthen my feeble duſt.

3 Now cauſe thy ſervant to rejoice,
I look to thee, my Lord;
O might I hear thy gracious voice
Speak now the pard'ning word.

4 For thou art bountiful to all
Who bow before thy Throne,
Therefore on thee ſtill will I call,
And all my wants make known.

5 Continually when in diſtreſs
I invocate thy name,
O may thy mercy deign to bleſs,
That I may thee proclaim.

PART II.

The Power of God ſhould call forth our Praiſe.

1 AMONGST the Monarchs of the earth,
Whoſe power is like to thine?
Their mighty'ſt works, how ſmall their worth,
Compar'd, my God, with thine!

2 Thine hands all nations did create,
And they ſhall ſpread thy fame;
Before thy Throne all ſhall proſtrate,
And glorify thy name.

3 For great and wonderful art thou,
A Saviour thou alone!
Inſtruct me all thy word to know,
And make thy conduct known.

4 My heart ſhould love and fear thy name,
My God! I thee would praiſe,
And would thy gracious power proclaim,
Who lengthen'd out my days.

PART III.

The Goodneſs of God ſupporting Chriſt.

1 PROFESSORS 'gainſt my Lord ariſe,
With heathens they unite,
And caſting off all fear of God,
His love with death requite.

2 Jehovah, merciful art thou,
Affectionately kind!
Love, faithfulneſs, and truth abound
In thy capacious mind.

3 By thee my Saviour was made ſtrong,
Death boldly to endure,
And from the dead by thee was rais'd,
And crowned with all pow'r.

4 And now ordain'd the ſign of good,
His enemies ſhall ſee
Their malice ſhed the Saviour's blood,
And ſhall confounded be,

5 But thou, Jehovah, wilt uphold
All who in him believe:
Thou wilt to them thy ways unfold,
And they ſhall comfort have.

PSALM LXXXVII.

The Word of God ſhall go forth from Jeruſalem.

1 ON Calv'ry's holy mount, my Lord
Confirmed his revealed word;
There Jeſus dy'd to ſave the earth,
From thence he ſent his Goſpel forth.

2 Bleſs'd Sion's gates my Saviour loves,
Her lofty tow'rs my Lord approves,
More than all Jacob's ſacred tents,
The habitations of his Saints.

3 Holy Jeruſalem, of thee
Speaks Great Jehovah glorioufly;
His word from thee ſhall be ſent forth
Unto the utmoſt bounds of earth.

4 Thence Rahab's ſons ſhall be made ſtrong,
And tune to God the grateful ſong,
Thence Babylon his name ſhall know,
And gladly to Jehovah bow.

5 All

5 All Paleſtine, with wealthy Tyre,
With Afric's ſons, ſhall Chriſt require;
All, all, begotten by thy word,
Shall hail the Saviour ſov'reign Lord.

6 Mankind ſhall them of Sion ſay,
She turns the earth from ſin away;
We all to love our God are brought,
Her name ſhall never be forgot.

7 But fixed by Jehovah's arm,
Firm ſhall ſhe ſtand 'midſt ev'ry ſtorm,
And to her praiſe he will record,
That ſhe hath taught the world his word.

8 All Kings who on the earth ſhall reign,
And all who of their ſin complain;
They all of Sion ſhall declare,
Jeſus, the ſpring of life, is there.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

The Sufferings of the Saviour's Mind.

1 MY Saviour I would call to mind,
And in his doubts and fears would find
How much he lov'd, and what endur'd,
To have my evil nature cur'd.

2 Behold how he on God rely'd,
How he with praiſe in pray'r apply'd;
His ſupplications reach'd the Throne,
And made his joys and ſorrows known.

3 Behold his frame with pain oppreſs'd,
But more by mental griefs diſtreſs'd,
Like thoſe deſcending to that grave,
From which no human arm can ſave.

4 How oft would ſtagg'ring doubts ariſe,
And cloud the ſight of future joys,
Leſt *he amongſt* the dead ſhould lie,
And by his God forgotten be.

PART

PART II.

The ſame Subject continued.

1 JESUS behold, oppreſs'd with care,
To ſee the day approaching near,
When he from earth his ſteps ſhould bend,
And to hell's loweſt pits deſcend.

2 Where the black, heavy, ſtagnate air,
With horrid ſhade creates deſpair,
Conſuming with anxiety
The multitudes cut off by thee.

3 He bore, my God! thy vengeful wrath
For our rebellion poured forth;
Thy mighty billows roar'd around,
And all his trembling ſoul confound.

4 Each tender friend by him belov'd
Was by thine hand far off remov'd;
Thou madeſt him to all appear
A ſcorn, a danger, and a fear.

PART III.

The ſame Subject continued.

1 THOU ſhook, O God! my Lord with fear,
When death in horrid form drew near;
His eyes thro' his afflictions fail'd,
Whilſt they his ſcorned ſtate bewail'd.

2 In mighty pray'r thro' all the day,
He ſpread his hands, O God! to thee:
"Shall death," he cry'd, "proclaim thy praiſe?"
"Wilt thou from death this body raiſe?

3 "Shall I, indeed, in hell relate,
"That love was always infinite?
"*That love* moſt bright in death appears,
"*And all thy* faithfulneſs declares?

My

4 "My God! ſhall I thy wonders ſhew,
"Where ſtagnate airs could never flow?
"There ſhall thy boundleſs love be brought,
"And cauſe all ſin to be forgot?"

PART IV.

The ſame Subject continued.

1 WITH doubt oppreſs'd, my Lord would cry,
Whilſt blood ſweat out thro' agony,
And groans, and tears, and pray'rs aſcend,
And at thy Throne for ſtrength attend.

2 Sometimes he cried, "Will my Lord
"Now hearken to his ſervant's word,
"Nor haſte my ſpirit far away,
"Beyond the chearful light of day?"

3 Oft when thy mighty hand oppreſs'd,
Diſtracting thoughts his ſoul diſtreſs'd;
His ſpirits dire confuſion feel,
All hurry'd like a whirling wheel.

4 He felt thine awful, humbling fire
Deſtroying ev'ry proud deſire;
All day thy terrors flow'd around,
Whilſt anxious doubts and fears confound.

5 Lovers and friends thou put away,
Far off removing ev'ry ſtay;
All were reſtrain'd, not one appear'd,
That could his innocence have clear'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

The Goodneſs, Power, and Majeſty of Jehovah.

1 JEHOVAH, of thy love,
Shall be my lofty ſong,
And ages as they onward move
Shall the glad theme prolong;

Thy truth it ſhall make known,
Till all thy name adore,
And love's endearing golden age,
Thou ſhalt again reſtore.

2 Thou haſt a cov'nant made,
Thy Purifier's ſlain,
And David, Iſr'el's much-lov'd King,
Shall o'er all nations reign.
When this vile age ſhall end,
His ſeed upon thy Throne,
For ages ſhall all earth command,
And make thy glories known.

3 Then at thy voice the air
Shall mighty works perform,
It thy wiſdom ſhall declare,
And glory of thine arm.
Thou only canſt array,
And make the ethers fight,
None, O Jehovah, can diſplay
Such wiſdom, love, and might.

4 Thou the Great Saviour art,
By all thy Saints rever'd,
Almighty Lord! by ev'ry heart
Shall thy great name be fear'd.
Jehovah, Great Supreme,
Who is there like to thee?
Cauſer of ſtrength! with truth thy name
Encompaſſed ſhall be.

5 He rules the raging ſea,
And calms its ſwelling waves,
And by repeated acts of pow'r,
His Saints oppreſſed ſaves.
With thy ſtrong arm thou wilt
Oppreſſion overthrow,
All nature ſhall thy battles fight,
Subduing ev'ry foe.

PART II.

The Goodneſs and Power of Jehovah honouring his Saints.

1 O Lord! the ether's force,
With earth belongs to thee;
Aloud all nature in its courſe
Proclaims thy majeſty.
Each quarter of the globe
Shall in thy name rejoice,
With the arch'd ſky's beſpangled robe,
Created by thy voice.

2 Strong is thy mighty hand
Thy judgments to perform;
When Jeſus ſhall exalted ſtand,
Supported by thine arm.
His juſtification and
His judgment are prepar'd,
As the foundation of thy throne,
To make thy nam'd rever'd.

3 Truth and abounding love
March on before thy face,
And all that own thy pow'r ſhall prove
The wonders of thy grace;
They in thy light ſhall walk,
Exulting in thy name,
And of Jehovah's mercies talk,
And ſpread his matchleſs fame.

4 Their glory and their might,
Thou, O Jehovah, art,
And they ſhall ſhine with glory bright,
And rule earth's utmoſt part.
They ſhall protected be,
And Chriſt o'er them ſhall reign,
And make them nightly viſions ſee,
That they may wiſdom gain.

PART

PART III.

The Promiſes of Jehovah made to Chriſt.

1 LORD, by thy Prophets, thou
Haſt of Meſſiah ſaid,
" I all my pow'r on him will place,
" Who ſhall be conquered!
" All ſhall his ſceptre own,
" Elected from mankind,
" I will my Son, my ſervant, crown,
" The image of my mind.

2 " He will my word perform,
" And I will fix his Throne,
" And him invig'rate by my arm,
" To make my glory known.
" No pride in him ſhall rule,
" No wiſh to diſobey,
" Nor Satan, ſon of pride, controul,
" Or bow beneath his ſway.

3 " As in a mortar, I
" His enemies will pound;
" His haters ſhall before him fly,
" I will their pride confound.
" My truth with him ſhall be,
" And my abounding love,
" Earth thro' my name ſhall proſtrate lie,
" And at his orders move.

4 " His pow'r the Deep ſhall rule,
" And regions of the dead,
" To where the ſtars the airs repel,
" My ſon ſhall be obey'd.
" He ſhall, 'My Father,' ſay,
'My Saviour! and my God,'
" *The firſt*-born's birth-right he ſhall have,
" *And* earth obey his nod.

" K

" Kings at his word ſhall move,
" For all ſhall own his reign,
" For him I will preſerve my love,
" My covenant maintain.
" I will his ſeed prepare,
" To teach my love and pow'r,
" His lofty Throne ſhall, like the air,
" For endleſs years endure."

PART IV.

The Promiſes of Jehovah made unto Chriſt continued.

1 SHOULD Jeſu's ſons forſake
" The laws my words ordain,
" Or ceaſe in my decrees to walk,
" Or ſhould my types profane.
" Or ſhould they not preſerve,
" Unalter'd my commands,
" I will chaſtiſe whene'er they ſwerve,
" But with a parent's hands.

2 " But will not take away
" My overflowing love,
" Nor ever lead his ſons aſtray,
" My cov'nant not remove.
" I will not change my word
" I by myſelf have ſworn;
" I will unto his ſeed be Lord,
" And never from them turn.

3 " The kingdom's for his ſeed,
" His Throne, like ſolar light,
" Thro' ages prosp'rous ſhall proceed,
" Supported by my might.
" As the bright lunar orb
" Reflects the ſolar ray,
" So ſhall his kingdom o'er the age,
" The time when all obey."

4 Beyond the ſolar orb,
Or planetary ſphere,
To where the ſtellar lights reflect
The ſwift conflicting air.
That Chriſt o'er all ſhall reign,
Jehovah hath ordain'd,
Confirmed by his oath, which muſt
For ever be maintain'd.

PART V.

The Myſteriouſneſs of that Wiſdom of God, which mitted Chriſt to ſuffer.

1 WHO thy decrees foreknows,
Or fathoms thee, O Lord?
Or could foretel thy Son ſhould be
As if by thee abhorr'd?
Thou hid'ſt thy face from him,
And trampled on his crown,
To pieces ev'ry ſhelter broke,
And hurl'd each refuge down.

2 Strangers that paſſed by
Oft ſmit him with their tongues,
And thoſe who his uprightneſs knew
Revil'd him in their ſongs.
Thy mighty arm uprais'd
His enemies on high,
But poor, and weak, and helpleſs made
The Son of Deity.

3 Upon his innocence
Vile ſlanders were pour'd forth,
The glory of the Heav'n-born Prince
Was caſt unto the earth.
His flow'r of life was cropp'd
In youth's moſt chearful days,
And his head with ſhame was crown'd,
Inſtead of joyful praiſe.

6 But with their eyes they ſhall behold
The wicked's recompence,
And know that thou Jehovah art,
Their refuge and defence.

PART II.

God both the Protector and Rewarder of his People.

1 NO evil ſhall thy Saints befal,
Nor plague approach their tent,
For holy angels ſhall by thee
Be for their reſcue ſent.

2 Safe in their hands they will them bear,
From dangers to protect,
And always in their trials near,
They will their paths direct.

3 On the fierce lion, and the aſp,
They ſhall uninjur'd tread,
And trample the young lion down,
And bruiſe the ſerpent's head.

4 Since their deſire thou only art,
Thou wilt from ill redeem,
And high to great command exalt,
Becauſe they know thy name.

5 Thee, only thee, they invocate!
Therefore, in their diſtreſs,
Thou wilt redeem and glorify,
And they thy name ſhall bleſs.

6 If long or ſhort the life thou giv'ſt,
They ſatisfy'd ſhall be,
For paſt, they with their Saviour dwell,
And full ſalvation ſee.

PSALM XCII.

Praiſe to God.

1 GOOD it is, and right to bring
Thanks to our all-bounteous King,
With the dawn his love declare,
Thro' the day, his name to fear.

2 With the organ's ſolemn ſound,
Let the airs vibrate around,
Whilſt muſic all her pow'rs brings,
Flowing notes and ſounding ſtrings.

3 Men ſhall in thy works rejoice,
Praiſe ſhall tune their grateful voice,
All thy works ſhall ſhout thy name,
All ſhall ſpread their maker's fame.

4 Vain is human grov'ling ſenſe,
When it bounds thy providence,
Which, myſteriouſly profound,
Traces all the ages round.

5 Brutes are they who own no God,
Who ſee not thy ways abroad;
Pride will not thy ways diſcern,
But they ſhall their folly mourn.

6 The unjuſt like graſs ſhoot forth,
Flouriſhing they ſpread the earth,
But they to deſtruction haſte,
Till thy kingdom ſhall be paſt.

PART II.

The Kingdom of Chriſt.

1 GREAT is my Saviour's name,
He over all ſhall reign,
Earth's Great Supreme:
His foes his name have heard,
They periſh at his word,
No arm can help afford,
None can redeem.

2 Who love iniquity,
Shall ſeparated be,
When he ſhall reign;
All Kings ſhall him adore,
And bow before his pow'r;
But all his foes ſhall roar,
And loud complain.

3 His name to Heav'n aſcends,
His reign o'er earth extends,
All ſhall him fear;
He ſhall his Saints reward,
Who liſten to his word.
And make his fame be heard,
His image bear.

4 They flouriſh ever fair,
And conſtant fruit they bear,
Enthron'd in light:
Wherever they ſhall move,
They ſhall his judgments prove
To ſpring from boundleſs love,
A King upright.

PSALM

PSALM XCIII. 8.

The Power of Jehovah in the new Creation.

1 JEHOVAH King ſhall ſit enthron'd,
With glorious majeſty array'd,
His might by ev'ry creature own'd,
And gladly all his laws obey'd.

2 Then ſhall his voice the globe machine,
To feel his dread rebuke no more,
And fix his Throne o'er all to reign,
Whilſt glad creation him adore.

3 Lightnings ſhall glare, and thunders ſound,
And ſeas into the deep be hurl'd,
Their waves tumultuous roar around,
Whilſt ſwift they roll from off the world.

4 In vain ſhall raging billows roar,
Whilſt to the deep they roll away,
And as they leave th' uncover'd ſhore,
Confeſs God mightier is than they.

5 Firm are the tokens of his word,
Each various type ſhall be fulfill'd,
Each promiſe giv'n by thee, my Lord!
Each by my Saviour's blood is ſeal'd.

PSALM XCIV. 8.

Prayer to Jehovah to deſtroy Injuſtice.

1 GOD the avenger! ſhine thou forth,
Thyſelf exalt, Judge of the earth!
All human injuſtice regard,
And with juſt recompence reward.

2 How long ſhall the unjuſt rejoice?
When wilt thou check their boaſting voice?
When wilt thou bid oppreſſion ceaſe,
And give thy creatures endleſs peace.

3 The proud afflict thine heritage,
And wrathful 'gainſt thy widows rage;
Terror the ſtranger drives away,
The weak and deſtitute they ſlay.

4 They ſay Jehovah will not ſee,
Tranſgreſſion will not heeded be;
Ye human brutes! Jehovah's hand
Behold ſtretch'd out, and underſtand.

5 Shall not God hear, that hearing gave?
Or make the eye, and not perceive?
Who leſſens nations by his word,
Can he not uſe the chaſt'ning ſword?

PART II.

All the Works of Jehovah ſhall obey him.

1 JEHOVAH, thou who ſearcheſt man,
Thou know'ſt his ev'ry thought is vain,
Happy the man chaſtis'd by thee,
He ſhall for ever proſp'rous be.

2 Taught by thy law, his ſoul ſhall reſt,
When life's afflictive days are paſt;
Till the corruptions of th' unjuſt
Are bury'd in their native duſt.

3 For thou thy creatures wilt not leave,
But their iniquities forgive,
And Jeſus, thro' thy mighty pow'r,
Shall judgment to the earth reſtore.

4 Then ſhall iniquity depart,
And man ſhall be of upright heart;
Then wilt thou rule with boundleſs ſway,
And gladly ſhall thy works obey.

PART

PART III.

Jeſus ſupported under his Trials.

1 JESUS, the conq'ror, overthrew
On earth each fierce malicious foe;
Supported by Jehovah's arm,
He brav'd the battle's fierceſt ſtorm.

2 When anxious thoughts his ſoul would move,
He caſt his cares on boundleſs love,
And comforts felt that could not cloy,
Whilſt all his ſpirit leap'd for joy.

3 My God! thine awful hand divine,
Seem'd with th' oppreſſive pow'rs to join,
Who form'd vile ſtatutes to enſlave,
Or haſte my Saviour to his grave.

4 Whilſt malice ſought to ſhed his blood,
Unſhaken as a rock he ſtood;
And caſt on thee, O Lord, his care,
And found his ſhield and refuge near.

5 But ſoon, dread Sov'reign of the world,
On them was awful vengeance hurl'd;
Hated by all, caſt off by thee,
They fell thro' their iniquity.

PSALM XCV. 8.

The Manifeſtations of Jehovah's Power call for Man's Obedience.

1 ADORE Jehovah all ye lands,
Before his ſacred Throne rejoice;
Come, and your loud thankſgivings bring,
Declare your love with chearful voice,
Earth ſhout aloud your Maker's name,
For ever ſpread his matchleſs fame.

2 Great

PART II.

Prayer for the Reſtoration of Jeruſalem.

1 THOU art eternal, O my God!
Inhabiting each various age:
Thy ſtrength, and love, ſpread wide abroad,
Shall all mankind to thee engage.

2 Sion, O Lord! again embrace,
Surely her day of mercy's come;
To view thee in Meſſiah's face,
And hail her Great Redeemer home.

3 For all thy ſervants love her name,
Her ſcatter'd ſtones delight the Juſt;
They long to ſpeak her mighty fame,
Their ſouls take pleaſure in her duſt.

4 Then ſhall the nations fear thy name,
And all their Kings thy glorify'd,
When thou, reſtoring Sion's fame,
Shalt with thy Chriſt in her abide.

PART III.

Chriſt in the Millenial Age reſtoring his afflicted, puniſhed Creatures.

1 JEHOVAH, in Meſſiah ſeen,
Unto the deſtitute will turn,
Who bound by miſery's dark chain,
Repenting ſhall their follies mourn.

2 That thou wilt not deſpiſe their pray'r,
Stands firm recorded in thy word,
That all may to their God draw near,
And claim Jehovah for their Lord.

3 Then ſhall the people, by thee form'd,
Exalt to Jah the ſong of praiſe,
Becauſe thou from the Heav'ns haſt turn'd,
To mark on earth thy creatures ways.

4 To

4 To hear thy pris'ners mournful groan,
To free the ſoul by death enſlav'd,
To make thy name in Salem in known,
Thy praiſe on Sion's tow'rs engrav'd.

5 When the aſſembled peoples meet,
With deputies from all the earth,
To worſhip at Jehovah's feet,
And pour their grateful praiſes forth.

PART IV.

The Hopes of the Saints founded upon the Eternity of Jehovah.

1 SURELY, my Saviour's ſtrength was try'd,
Then ſwept from life in youth away,
Yet oft to thee, his God, he cry'd,
" Shall I on earth no longer ſtay?

2 " Shall I in youth be ſacrific'd?
" Thy length'ning years for ever roll,
" Long ſince has thine almighty hand
" Formed creation's wond'rous whole.

3 " Thou fix'd the faces of the earth,
" The Heav'ns declare thy forming hand,
" Like garments they ſhall wax away,
" Whilſt thou, O God! unchang'd ſhall ſtand.

4 " Eternally thou wilt abide,
" Thy countleſs years cannot decay,
" Thy ſervants children by thy ſide
" Stand firm, and never wear away."

PSALM CIII. 7.

Praiſe to Jehovah for redeeming Love.

1 ALL my ſoul Jehovah bleſs!
My whole heart his name confeſs!
To thy God my ſoul proſtrate,
Thou ſhalt not his love forget!

He

PART II.

The Providence of God.

1 BY paths unſeen the waters creep
Again into the ſtorehouſe deep,
Beyond their bounds they come not forth,
To roll a deluge o'er the earth;
But by thine appointment flow
In rills, and 'twixt the mountains go,
Roll down in torrents, or in fountains burſt,
And quench each living creature's thirſt.

2 The ſwift, wild aſſes there appear,
And airy birds inhabit there;
In the green ſhade their mellow ſong
They pour in grateful notes along.
From the abyſs ſoft dews ariſe,
Pierce thro' the earth, and ſeek the ſkies,
In clouds they to the mountains tend,
Burſt, and in genial rains deſcend.

3 By them made pregnant, mother Earth
Shoots all her vig'rous offspring forth,
And beaſts herbaceous nurture gain,
With herbs that human life ſuſtain;
With fruits and flow'rs her lap abounds,
And chearful wine that care confounds,
Raiſes the drooping lab'rer's ſoul,
And makes his tired ſpirits whole.

4 Upward the flowing ſap aſcends,
And to the utmoſt branches tends;
Lebannon's cedars fed by thee,
Bow grateful praiſe to Deity:
My God! thy tender care is bleſt,
By birds who build the loneſome neſt,
And ſtorks who on tall firs reſide,
And ſtem the torrent's fierceſt tide.

5 The goat the rugged mountain loves,
And o'er its precipices roves;
To craggy rocks the jerboa takes,
And in their clefts ſafe ſhelter ſeeks:
Thy providence is ev'ry where,
And all thy works beneath thy care,
All things the place appointed fit,
The place for them, and they for it.

6 The varying moon as ſhe appears,
To all the change of time declares;
She marks the times of joy or fear,
Of grief, of labour, hope, or care;
The ſolar light her ſetting knows,
And from earth's darken'd ſurface flows;
It, with all Nature, owns thee Lord,
And moves obedient to thy word.

7 By thy command night's ſtagnate airs
Heavy on earth's dark ſurface bears,
Onward it ſprings the rolling ſphere,
And days ſucceeding days appear:
Earth always ſpringing from dark night
Into the day's bright ſolar light,
Doth its unceaſing circle run
In yearly courſe around the ſun.

PART III.

The ſupporting Providence of Jehovah.

1 A Tender parent's anxious cares,
For all thy creatures, Lord, appears,
The fierce wild beaſts at night come forth,
And prowl around the woodland earth;
Young lions roar aloud for prey,
And aſk their food, my God, of thee;
But when the dawning light flows in,
Each ſeeks for reſt his darkſome den.

2 Then

2 Then man to labour goeth forth,
Toiling till night upon the earth;
He beholds thy works, O God!
Scatter'd o'er all the earth abroad;
He views thy wiſdom in them ſhine,
Forc'd to confeſs thine hand divine,
He owns that earth filled by thee,
Aloud proclaims the Deity.

3 There is the ocean wide and deep,
Where things innumerable creep,
Reptiles and fiſhes, ſmall and great,
Thy pow'r and love they all relate,
There mighty Leviathan laves,
Whilſt num'rous fleets dance on her waves,
All look to thee, their God, for food,
Whoſe care proclaims thee wiſe and good.

PART IV.

The Hand of Jehovah manifeſted in the Preſervation, Deſtruction, and future Reſtoration of the whole Creation.

1 THY hand, my God! is open'd wide,
And ev'ry creature's wants ſupply'd,
But thou thy face wilt hide, and they
Shall all by death be ſwept away;
Let them be merry, grave, or mourn,
All creatures muſt to death return,
But thou wilt ſend thy ſpirit's wind,
And life renewed all ſhall find.

2 Thou wilt earth's faces 'gain reſtore,
Never to be deſtroyed more;
In thee ſhall all thy works abide,
And thou, my God, be glorify'd.
Thou, Lord, wilt in thy works rejoice,
For earth ſhall hear thy mighty voice;
Her mountains ſmoke and melt away,
Whilſt thy fierce light'nings blaze bright day.

3 Whilſt

3 Whilſt I exiſt, the ſong I'll raiſe,
The joyful ſong of grateful praiſe,
Still mingling it with rev'rence low,
Whilſt I thy pow'r and goodneſs ſhew.
Praiſe to my God, who on this earth
Will give creation a new birth;
But now, my ſoul, Jehovah bleſs,
With grateful ſongs his praiſe confeſs.

PSALM CV. 8.

Praiſe to Jehovah for the Covenant he made with Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob.

1 JEHOVAH! we addreſs thy name,
And with loud ſongs thy praiſe proclaim,
Thro' the wide earth with joy make known
What thou haſt for thy people done!
Raiſe the loud ſong, and ſound the ſtring,
Its ſweeteſt ſtrains let muſic bring,
Jehovah's glorious deeds relate,
And on his wonders meditate!

2 Wide ſpread the mighty Saviour's fame,
And thro' him praiſe Jehovah's name,
For he will ev'ry heart rejoice
Who to Jehovah lift their voice;
Therefore his ſaving ſtrength deſire,
And of his holy name enquire,
Continually his preſence ſeek,
And of his wond'rous doings ſpeak.

3 Remember oft his matchleſs deeds,
Know! wiſdom from his name proceeds;
All ye of faithful Abr'am's ſeed,
With Jacob's choſen ſons, give heed;
His word your God remembers well,
His covenant ſhall never fail;
The ſacred word his oath ordain'd,
Thro' ev'ry age ſhall be maintain'd.

4 His

4 His purifier with Abram ſlain,
With Iſaac was cut off again,
And with Jacob and his ſeed
Again by oath continued,
That he Canaan's land would give,
A reſt wherein their ſeed ſhould live,
Altho' they few and ſtrangers were,
And ſcarce a nation's name could bear.

PART II.

Jehovah the Protector of Iſrael, becauſe of the Covenant made with their Fathers.

1 A Feeble tribe, without an home,
Iſrael did thro' nations roam;
But thou, O God! wouldſt not permit
Any to tread them 'neath their feet,
But Kings on their account chaſtiz'd,
Who madly his anointed ſeiz'd;
For none ſhall touch Jehovah's ſons,
Or dare to injure whom he owns.

2 Jehovah ſpake, and famine ſpread,
Deſtroying the whole ſtaff of bread;
But Joſeph, for thy ſons defence,
Was ſent by thy kind Providence;
Like a vile ſlave to Egypt ſold,
The Prince in galling chains behold,
Severe the iron pierc'd his ſoul,
Till thy truth came, and made him whole.

3 Thy chearing, purifying word,
Did ſweet relief to him afford;
Pharo unchain'd, and ſet him free,
And honour gave with liberty,
Over his palace made him Lord,
And rul'd his kingdom by his word;
He taught his ancients wiſdom's ſkill,
And Princes, trembling, did his will.

4 Then

4 Then Iſr'el into Egypt came,
And Jacob ſojourned in Ham;
Thy bleſſing made thy ſons increaſe,
Out-numbering their enemies;
Thro' this dread jealouſy they feel,
And with thy ſons deceitful deal,
Until thy prophets ſent by thee,
Call'd Iſr'el's tribes to liberty.

PART III.

Jehovah puniſhing the Enemies of his People.

1 JEHOVAH, God! the Great Moſt High!
O'er earth, and hell, and ſea, and ſky!
Thy mighty pow'r thou madeſt known,
Whilſt Egypt's Gods bow'd to thy Throne;
They heard their Maker's great commands,
And bow'd ſubmiſſion to thine hands,
Puniſh'd the fools who them ador'd,
And by obedience own'd thee Lord!

2 Thy ſervants ſpeaking ſigns diſplay'd,
And Egypt with thy deeds diſmay'd;
When air ſtagnated dark became,
They fear'd, they trembled at thy name,
Waters they ſaw to blood were turn'd,
Whilſt their fiſh ſlain the rivers mourn'd,
And hoarſe frogs innumerable,
Pollute the land, and palace fill.

3 Gnats and mix'd inſects next appear,
And ſhake their trembling ſouls with fear;
Thy lightnings flame, thy thunders roar,
Whilſt hail and rain in torrents pour,
Their vines uproot, their fig-trees tear,
Nor let one boundary appear;
Locuſts and lice thy ſummons heard,
And onward march beneath thee, Lord.

4 Sor

4 Soon the green herbage they conſum'd,
With ev'ry fruit from off the ground.
At laſt thy fulleſt vengeance roſe,
And ſlew the firſt-born of thy foes;
But brought thy ſons triumphant forth,
Crown'd with the riches of the earth;
Amongſt thy tribes none feeble were,
But all were ſtrong fatigue to bear.

PART IV.

The Protection of Jehovah intended to call forth the Praiſe and Obedience of his People.

1 EGYPT thy ſons departures heard,
Their joy proclaim'd how much they fear'd,
Thy cooling cloud, a ſacred ſhade,
By day was o'er thy people ſpread;
Whilſt flames of fire ſpread dazzling light
O'er the thick gloom of ſtagnate night;
At their requeſt the quails were giv'n,
Fed by thine hand with bread from Heav'n.

2 Cool waters from the rock guſh'd forth,
And with ſweet ſtreams refreſh'd the earth;
Thou more than kept thy cov'nant word,
And Abram's ſons praiſed their Lord.
Becauſe with joy he brought'ſt them forth,
Their ſhouts triumphant ſhook the earth;
They bleſs'd the hand that made them free,
And hail'd the God of Liberty.

3 Thus didſt thou Iſr'el's ſons redeem,
And gave the nations lands to them,
And bade thy ſervants call their own
The works the Heathens hands had done;
That they thy ſtatutes might preſerve,
And never from thy precepts ſwerve,
O Iſr'el bleſs Jehovah's name,
His pow'r and love let all proclaim.

PSALM

PSALM CVI. 8.

The Forbearance and Kindneſs of Jehovah contraſt with the Ingratitude of his People.

LET us rejoice with grateful praiſe,
And to our God thankſgivings raiſe,
For he is good, and hath made known
His boundleſs love, through Chriſt his ſon;
Wide will he ſpread Jehovah's fame,
And all his victories proclaim,
Loud ſhall it be by him declar'd,
God hath in ev'ry age appear'd.

2 Ride on, my Saviour, proſp'rous be,
For judgment is preſerv'd by thee,
Thou haſt in ev'ry age prepar'd
Pardon for all who God have fear'd.
Jehovah, Lord, remember me,
With thine acceptance, kind, and free;
Make me thy full ſalvation prove,
O make me know thou, God, art love.

3 I long thy choſen's good to ſee,
Thoſe firſt-born ſons of Liberty,
With that full joy that they poſſeſs
Thee in thine heritage to bleſs.
Our fathers ſinn'd againſt thee, Lord,
Perverſely diſobey'd thy word,
Unjuſtly robb'd thee of thy name,
And idol Gods their God proclaim.

4 Like Iſr'el's ſons that would not know
The hand that made their mercies flow,
They daily boundleſs goodneſs prov'd,
But would not know that they were lov'd.
At Egypt's Sea they diſobey'd,
And oft from thy commandments ſtray'd;
But for the glory of thy name,
Thy love ſalvation did proclaim.

5

5 At thy rebuke, old Ocean's flood,
Like a vaſt wat'ry bulwark ſtood,
Under thy care they thro' th' abyſs,
As thro' a barren deſert paſs;
Salvation marched at thine hand,
And them from ev'ry foe redeem'd,
Iſr'el triumphant reach'd the ſhore,
Whilſt thou, their Leader, march'd before.

6 Arrived on the deſert coaſt,
Th' indignant waves by fury toſt,
With loud tumult'ous hurry ſweep
Men, chariots, horſes, in the deep;
Then Iſr'el thee as King receiv'd,
And gladly all thy words believ'd,
Thy pow'r they ſang made manifeſt,
And joyful their Jehovah bleſs'd.

7 But ſoon the works Jehovah wrought
Were like the paſſing ſhade forgot;
From thy commands they turn'd aſide,
And would not in thy laws abide,
Their luſtful hearts from wants exempt,
Dar'd in the deſert thee to tempt,
Therefore thou granted their requeſt,
But curs'd thoſe bounties which they bleſs'd.

PART II.

The Ingratitude and Perverſeneſs of Iſrael.

1 HOW prone to folly are mankind,
To gratitude not oft inclin'd,
They envy'd Moſes' high command,
And long'd in Aaron's place to ſtand;
They ſank into the pit unbleſs'd,
Whilſt cloſing earth their power confeſs'd:
Thy flaming fire ſeiz'd on th' unjuſt,
And ſmote their bodies to the duſt.

2 But ſtill ungratefully they ſtray'd,
And a young bull at Horeb made,
An idol for their God they plac'd,
And worſhipping, themſelves diſgrac'd,
As if they could their Maker trace
In a dull, graſs-fed, ox-like face!
Jehovah's ſons their God forgot,
That God who them from Egypt brought.

3 Then, Lord, thine awful vengeance roſe,
And would have ſlain thy graceleſs foes,
But in the breach thy ſervant ſtood,
And turn'd aſide the wrathful flood;
For they deſpis'd thy promis'd land,
And murmur'd at thy bounteous hand;
They gave no credit to thy word,
They would not hearken to the Lord.

4 Therefore uplifted was thine hand,
To ſlay them in the deſert land,
Their ſons to foreign nations led
Were ſlaves amongſt the Heathens ſpread,
Forſaking thee, the truth, the light,
To Baal they themſelves unite,
To their dead heroes victims ſlay,
And all thine homage to them pay.

5 Then plagues at thy command aroſe,
And burſt with fury on thy foes,
Till Phineas, with holy zeal,
Made them his indignation feel:
He ſeiz'd his ſpear, and furious flew,
And thruſt the foul apoſtate through;
Therefore his ſeed thou didſt ordain
Prieſts thro' all ages ſhould remain.

6 Again they try'd thy jealous love,
And at Meribah's waters ſtrove,
In his own ſpirit Moſes ſpoke,
And the hard rock in paſſion ſtruck.

If humbled Moſes then could ſpeak,
If words unguarded from him break,
Keep me, Jehovah, leſt that I
Should ceaſe thy name to glorify.

PART III.

The continued Perverſions of Iſrael.

1 THINE arm, my God, their conqueſts gain'd,
And Can'an for thy ſons obtain'd,
Yet froward, thee they diſobey,
And would not all the nations ſlay,
But mingled with them, learn'd their ways,
And ſang their ſenſeleſs idols praiſe,
Their God forſook, and were enſnar'd
To worſhip what their hands prepar'd.

2 Again, they idols fondly priz'd,
And human off'rings ſacrific'd;
They poured forth an horrid flood
Of their own guiltleſs children's blood:
Thus they polluted all around,
Jehovah's gift, his holy ground,
By fornicating thoughts beguil'd,
They were by their own works defil'd.

3 Then, Lord! thy wrath with fury burn'd,
With vengeance 'gainſt thy people turn'd;
Thine heritage, by thee abhorr'd,
Was made to feel the Heathen's ſword;
Their haughty foes that hated them,
Their tyrants and their Kings became;
Beneath their hands they were cruſh'd down,
Till humbled they their folly own.

4 They oft to own thy love were brought,
By thy ſalvations for them wrought;
Tho' their perverſions oft were heal'd,
They ſtill deliberately rebell'd;

But when chaſtiſements brought them low,
Then humbled to thy name they bow,
And found continual mercy nigh,
To hear and anſwer ev'ry cry.

5 Rememb'ring of thy purifier,
Thou breath'd in them ſweet freedom's fire,
Made them thy great protection prove,
Th' o'erflowing bounty of thy love;
Unto their foes compaſſion gave,
That they thy ſons from death might ſave,
The captives galling chains might eaſe,
And from their bondage them releaſe.

6 Jehovah, now ſalvation bring,
And make thy people joyful ſing;
Collect them by thy mighty hand
From out of ev'ry diſtant land,
That they may all confeſs thy name,
Thy pow'r, thy love, thy truth, proclaim,
O make thy ſons rejoice in thee,
From ſlav'ry and from vice ſet free.

7 Bleſs'd be Jehovah, Iſr'el's God,
Who ſpreads his bounties wide abroad,
Let age to age his name confeſs,
And him thro' all the ages bleſs;
The whole creation thee ſhall know,
And with glad praiſes to thee bow,
Thy name ſhall be by all ador'd,
And glad creation hail thee Lord!

PSALM CVII.

The Loving-Kindneſs of Jehovah.

1 SONS of men, Jehovah bleſs,
God the ſource of Good confeſs;
Hail to view the riſing day,
When redeemed ſouls ſhall ſay,

Broken

Broken are Death's awful chains,
King o'er all Jehovah reigns,
We his boundleſs bounties prove,
Drink thro' Chriſt redeeming love.

2 Thus ſhall the redeemed ſay,
Who were the oppreſſors prey,
Gathered from ev'ry land
By their Saviour's conq'ring hand;
From the ſpreading dawn of Eaſt,
From the mingling ſhades of Weſt,
From the Northern frozen ſtores,
And the South, where Ocean roars.

3 Thro' the dark abyſs they ſtray
Deſolation's dreary way,
Where no friends beloved meet
In ſweet intercourſe to greet;
For the food of life they faint,
For a Saviour's blood they pant;
They are darken'd by diſtreſs,
Heart-felt ſighs their wants confeſs.

4 When they to Jehovah cry,
Swift he makes ſalvation fly,
Wide he opens mercy's gates,
Brings them forth from all their ſtraits:
They ſhall in uprightneſs walk,
They ſhall of the Saviour talk,
They ſhall in his city dwell,
Never more ſhall they rebel.

5 They Jehovah ſhall confeſs,
Him for his Meſſiah bleſs,
Whilſt they of his dealings tell,
Love ſhall all their triumph ſwell;
How Chriſt the fainting ſoul redeems,
Waters him with living ſtreams;
Gives the hungry heav'nly food,
Fills the thirſty ſoul with good.

PART II.

Continued.

1 THOSE who in thick darkneſs dwell,
Dreary ſhades of death and hell,
Where Affliction Monarch reigns,
Binding ſouls in iron chains;
They would not Jehovah fear,
Never would his precepts hear,
Oft they would his pow'r defy,
They rejected the Moſt High.

2 Therefore ſorrow bows them down,
They beneath affliction groan,
Thro' anxiety they cry,
But ſalvation is not nigh;
In diſtreſs they proſtrate fall,
Humbled, to Jehovah call;
Glad he opes ſalvation's gates,
Brings them out of all their ſtraits.

3 They with joyful ſongs come forth
From the caverns of the earth;
Jeſus breaks the pris'ner's chains,
Frees from death and all its pains,
Frees from ſorrow, frees from care,
Wipes away their ev'ry tear;
They from God no more depart,
Love and ſerve with perfect heart.

4 Thee Jehovah they confeſs,
Jeſus hail the Prince of Peace,
Sound the trump of jubilee,
Shout aloud creation's free.
Jeſus breaks the gates of braſs,
Bids us all to freedom paſs,
Snaps the iron bars in twain,
Quite deſtroys oppreſſion's chains.

PART

PART III.

Continued.

1 SINCE mankind will fooliſh be,
Proud of their ſtupidity;
Dire affliction grinds them down,
Till they for their folly mourn;
Since they loath ſalvation's food,
Hating thee, the ſource of good;
Dread chaſtiſement them awaits,
Far beyond death's darkſome gates.

2 When they to Jehovah cry,
Swift he brings ſalvation nigh,
Bids ſweet peace upon them wait,
Saving them from ev'ry ſtrait;
Chriſt the truth, the word, the light,
Shews true wiſdom ſwift and bright,
From corruption's cauſe redeems,
By its pure, all-cleanſing beams.

3 That Jehovah deigns to bleſs,
They triumphantly confeſs;
Glad their Saviour's praiſe repeat,
All his wond'rous love relate.
They ſhall own Jehovah's God,
They ſhall ſpread his praiſe abroad,
All his works enumerate,
Triumph in each wond'rous feat.

PART IV.

The Goodneſs of God leadeth Men to the Knowledge an Love of Him, inſtanced in a Mariner.

1 TO Jehovah praiſe belongs,
Hail him in immortal ſongs,
For his providential care
Unto all is ever near;

Thoſe who plough the mighty deep,
Where hoarſe winds tempeſtuous ſweep;
They Jehovah's works behold,
They his wonders can unfold.

2 Tempeſts at his bidding riſe,
And ſeem to ſtorm the diſtant ſkies,
They the lofty Heav'ns aſcend,
'Neath its weight the timbers bend;
Then to the abyſs they go,
And death's horrors fully know;
They like ſtagg'ring drunkards reel,
And no ſtrength or wiſdom feel.

3 In diſtreſs they proſtrate fall,
"Help us, Lord!" they eager call,
Mercy at their cry awaits,
And redeems them from their ſtraits;
He old Ocean's fury breaks,
Silence to the tempeſt ſpeaks,
All his rough, hoarſe billows ceaſe,
All is huſh'd to calmeſt peace.

4 At the calm their hearts rejoice,
Gratitude exalts their voice,
Safe they reach the wiſh'd-for port,
Worſhip in Jehovah's court;
They his great ſalvation prove,
Hail the pow'r of ſaving love;
Praiſe him 'mongſt the ſons of men,
With his Saints exalt the ſtrain.

PART V.

The Providential Conduct of Jehovah towards Nations to bring them to know, love, and obey him.

1 WE Jehovah's name adore,
Matchleſs in almighty pow'r,
Who can by his dread command
Deſert make the fruitful land;

Salt

4 His wife ſhall find a widow'd home,
His offspring fatherleſs become,
Vagabonds, beggars ſhall they be,
And to deſerted places flee.

5 The uſurer ſhall ſpread his toils
To plunder his ill-gotten ſpoils;
The tempeſt ſhall his labours ſweep
Into the vaſt, unbottom'd deep.

6 Not one ſhall ſoothe his grief with love,
No kindneſs ſhall his orphans prove,
But ev'ry one be ſwept away,
Nor ſhall their name behind them ſtay.

7 For his great ſin, Jehovah will
Vengeance on all his ſeed fulfil;
Nor ſhall their mothers errors be
Forgotten, O my God! by thee.

8 Their memory, by thy command,
Shall rot and periſh thro' the land,
Since he remember'd not to ſhew
That kindneſs which from him was due.

9 Since he with eager ſpeed would run
To perſecute thine humbled one,
And from humanity depart,
To cruſh the man of broken heart.

10 Since that he would not bleſſings love,
He ſhall not thy great bleſſing prove;
But malediction ſhall ſurround,
And all his inmoſt thoughts confound.

11 It ſhall like raiment be his dreſs,
And like a girdle round him preſs,
Bind up his heart, his thoughts controul,
And harrow up his inmoſt ſoul.

12 This by Jehovah was prepar'd
For Judas, who our Lord enſnar'd,
And for all ſuch who blaſt the fame
Of the Redeemer's much-lov'd name.

PART III.

Prayer that all Mankind may know the Sufferings and Redemption of Chriſt.

1 JEHOVAH, for thy glorious name,
My Saviour's dying love proclaim,
Shew how his ſoul was bowed down,
How well diſtreſs to him was known.

2 His wounded heart was much diſmay'd,
He wander'd like the length'ning ſhade;
As locuſts agitate the air,
Thus was he ſhook by want and care.

3 His trembling knees thro' faſting ſhook,
And leanneſs all his body took,
Beheld by all who paſſed by,
With ſhaking head and pitying ſigh.

4 For aid he call'd on thee, his God,
To ſave him from the chaſt'ning rod,
And cauſe mankind to underſtand
His ſuff'rings roſe by thy command.

5 Ariſe! make all the nations know
What thou haſt made him undergo,
Teach them that curſe, that thou wilt bleſs,
And for their folly wilt diſtreſs.

6 Jeſus, thy Son, with grateful voice,
In thee his Father ſhall rejoice,
But ſhame ſhall all his foes ſurround,
And his accuſers ſhall confound.

7 He ſhall thy faithfulneſs confeſs,
And teach mankind thy name to bleſs,
To pour the bounding notes along,
And praiſe thee in immortal ſong.

8 He will by the ſubjected ſtand,
Upholding him with his right hand,
From his condemners to redeem,
And cauſe ſalvation thro' his name.

PSALM CX. 6, 8.

The Exaltation of Chriſt.

1 THUS hath Jehovah ſaid,
" At my right hand ſhall ſit
" Meſſiah, till his foes are bow'd,
" A footſtool 'neath his feet.

2 He will his ſceptre ſend,
With ſtrength from Sion's tow'rs,
Till ev'ry foe ſhall humbly bend
Beneath his conq'ring pow'rs.

3 His willing firſt-born ſons
His glory ſhall adorn;
Thick as the dew they ſhall ariſe
On the Millenial Morn.

4 Thus hath Jehovah ſworn,
Nor will my God repent,
Thou, Jeſus, art my ruling prieſt,
And with my word art ſent.

5 Great King of Righteouſneſs,
My Lord, at thy right hand,
Shall in the day of wrath transfix
Monarchs at thy command.

6 Chriſt on his Throne ſhall ſit,
And rule o'er all the earth,
Till her inhabitants increas'd,
Shall numberleſs pour forth.

7 Satan, the nation's King,
Thine hand ſhall deeply wound,
And to the pit his pow'r ſhall bring,
And all his pride confound.

8 Chriſt drinks of wiſdom's ſtreams
As on his way he goes
And therefore ſhall exalt the heads
Of his ſubjected foes.

ANOTHER. 8, 6.

1 UNTO my Lord Jehovah ſaid,
" Sit thou at my right hand,
" Till I thine ev'ry foe have made
" To bow at thy command.

2 " (Jeſus, my ſon, with his firſt-born,
" Upon my Throne ſhall ſit,
" Till all his foes obedient ſtand,
" Subjected at his feet)."

3 Jehovah will from Sion ſend
His ſtrong correcting rod;
Go forth, Almighty Conq'ror, go,
And all ſubdue to God!

4 In the Millenial day of ſtrength
Thy ſons thou wilt make free,
Like fertilizing dews they riſe,
Adorn'd, my Lord, for thee.

5 Jehovah by himſelf hath ſworn,
And never will repent,
" Thou, Jeſus, art my ruling prieſt,
" To ſpread my glory ſent."

6 Jeſus, the juſtifying King,
Accompliſhing my word,
Earth's haughty Monarchs, in his wrath,
Shall feel his vengeful ſword.

7 He thro' the nations of the earth
Shall equal juſtice cauſe,
And crown with plenty, joy, and peace,
By his protecting laws.

8 Deep ſhall he pierce the mighty head
That o'er the nations reigns,
Shall take his pow'r, and wound his pride,
And bind him with his chains.

9 He

9 He from Jehovah's ſtreams ſhall drink,
As on he conq'ring goes,
And therefore ſhall exalt his head
Triumphant o'er his foes.

PSALM CXI. 8.

Praiſe to God for his providential Dealings.

1 LET all the earth Jehovah praiſe,
The grateful ſong my voice ſhall raiſe,
When privately his Saints ſhall meet,
Or ſhall united praiſe repeat.

2 My God, thy works illuſtrious bright,
Fill all who ſearch them with delight,
They with reſplendent beauty ſhine,
And ſpeak their Maker's hand divine.

3 Thy juſtifying deeds endure,
Till they ſhall all creation cure,
Chriſt ſhall thy wond'rous works make known,
Till all the earth thy goodneſs own.

4 Then ſhall thy people underſtand
The works of thine Almighty hand,
That they may pow'r from thee receive
To bid the Heathen nations live,

5 Amongſt the wonders of thine hand,
Judgement and mercy foremoſt ſtand;
The viſitations of mankind
By love alone are all deſign'd.

6 Thy pow'r ſhall all thy laws maintain,
Thro' and beyond my Saviour's reign;
They are eſtabliſhed by thee
On the moſt perfect equity.

7 We bleſs thee for thy ranſom price,
Jeſus, our holy ſacrifice;
Separate, awful is his name,
Him King o'er all let earth proclaim.

8 Thee to revere for all thy deeds,
Our ſouls to trueſt wiſdom leads,
For they who do thy will are wiſe,
Thy praiſe, my God, ſhall always riſe!

PSALM CXII. 8.

Jeſus Chriſt the Saviour.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! Jehovah praiſe!
For Chriſt, his richeſt gift to man;
Creation ſhall the chorus raiſe,
Redeem'd by him from ſin and pain.

2 Succeſs ſhall wait upon my Lord,
Becauſe he fear'd Jehovah's name,
He much delighted in his word,
And by his life proclaim'd the ſame.

3 His ſons are they who do his will,
Becauſe they in his word believe,
All his commandments they fulfil,
And ſhall the victor's crown receive.

4 My Lord will bleſs this upright race,
They in his palace ſhall abide,
And feaſt upon his richeſt grace,
And drink of joy's o'erflowing tide.

5 Plenty and wealth are with my Lord,
And his atonement ſhall endure
Beyond the Age! and ſhall be heard
Till it ſhall all creation cure.

6 In the dark ſhades of death and hell,
Jeſus ſhall ſend truth's ſacred light,
There ſhall it ſhine, and cleanſe, and heal,
And make the wand'rer's ſoul upright.

PART

PART II.

1 WARM is the heart of Chriſt, my Lord,
How he compaſſionates diſtreſs,
And ſends the juſtifying word,
The mourning, drooping ſoul to bleſs.

2 Good and compaſſionate is he,
The gen'rous friend of loſt mankind,
His ſterneſt words ſhall ſoften'd be,
To heal, and not to wound the mind.

3 Fix'd upon God, he ſhall not ſlide,
But make his Saints in glory reign;
The kingdom ſhall thro' him abide,
His pow'r alone ſhall it maintain.

4 No evil tidings ſhall he fear,
His heart eſtabliſh'd truſts in God,
By him ſuſtain'd when danger's near,
Safe ſhall he uſe the chaſt'ning rod.

5 He boldly 'midſt his foes ſhall look,
When the Millenial Age is o'er,
Then ſhall their pride from them be took,
Broken to pieces by his pow'r.

6 He to the humbled ſouls will give
Pardon thro' faith upon his name,
And from the juſt he ſhall receive
Continual and unending fame.

7 The Prince of darkneſs this ſhall ſee,
And gnaſh his teeth with mad'ning rage,
Till all his pride ſhall die away,
Conſum'd in the correcting age.

8 Then all iniquity ſhall ceaſe,
Its priſons then ſhall be no more,
And wide creation, full of peace,
Jehovah ſhall thro' Chriſt adore.

PSALM CXIII. 8.

Praiſe to Jehovah.

PRAISE Jah! ye ſervants of the Lord,
The ſacred name, Jehovah, praiſe;
Jehovah's name ſhall be ador'd,
And ev'ry age his triumph raiſe.

From the bright blaze of ſolar light,
Where day revolves its chearful round
To the compreſſing ſhades of night,
Praiſe to Jehovah ſhall abound.

3 Jehovah is exalted King,
O'er ev'ry nation of the earth;
Ye heav'nly hoſts, your homage bring,
And praiſe the God who gave you birth.

4 Who with Jehovah can compare,
He dwells beyond created ſpace,
And when the Heav'ns and earth he views,
Is humbled by this act of grace.

5 The empt'd ſoul our God will raiſe
To mighty pow'r from out the duſt,
The humbled ſoul ſhall know his ways,
And be enthroned with the juſt.

PSALM CXIV. 8, 7, 4.

The Power of Jehovah ſhould cauſe Men to fear him.

1 WHEN Iſr'el out of Egypt came,
Brought from forth a cruel land,
In Judah was Jehovah's name,
Iſr'el owned his command.
The waters fled,
Jordan's ſtreams aſtoniſh'd ſtand.

2 Like frighted rams the mountains leap'd,
Like young lambs the riſing hills;
Why, Jordan, were thy ſtreams upheap'd,
Ebbing to your diſtant rills?
What ailed ye,
Mountains leaping, ſkipping hills?

3 Tremble, O earth! before the Lord,
Who all Jacob's ſons redeems,
Whoſe voice the flinty rock once heard,
And guſh'd forth in living ſtreams,
Whoſe mighty pow'r
O'er aſtoniſh'd Nature beams.

ANOTHER. 8.

1 WHEN Iſrael from Egypt went,
Jehovah, by thy great command,
From Pharo's cruel bondage ſent,
Guarded by thine Almighty hand:
In Judah was our God enthron'd,
And Iſr'el thee his Sov'reign own'd.

2 Old Ocean from thy preſence fled,
Jordan drove back his ſwelling tides,
Sinai toſs'd his frighted head,
And mountains ſhook their lofty ſides.
Nature, awe-ſtruck, confeſs'd thee Lord!
And bow'd obedience to thy word.

3 Before the Saviour tremble earth,
Before the face of Jacob's God,
Who made the rocks in pools guſh forth,
And ſpread their living ſtreams abroad.
Creation formed by thy word,
Jehovah, Saviour! owns thee Lord.

PSALM CXV. 8.

The Omnipotence of Jehovah, and Chriſt partaking of his Nature.

1 NOT of our ſinful nature, Lord,
Nor following our ſinful deeds,
Was Chriſt, who maketh known thy word,
He from thyſelf, O God, proceeds.

2 Becauſe of thine unbounded love,
He left thy boſom and thy Throne;
His words and deeds thy goodneſs prove,
His death made all thy mercy known.

3 But why ſhould unbelievers ſay,
"Ye Chriſtians, tell us where's your God?"
When all the Heav'ns thy voice obey,
And ſpread thy glories wide abroad.

4 To man inviſible thou art,
Yet doing all thy ſov'reign will,
Not like the idol works of art,
Which can no purpoſes fulfil.

5 They have a mouth which cannot ſpeak,
And uſeleſs eyes that never ſee,
No ſounds upon their ears can break,
No breath can thro' their noſtrils flee.

6 Helpleſs their arms, they cannot feel,
Their feet boaſt not the pow'r to walk,
Their throats exclude the living gale,
Such Saints, or Gods, can never talk.

7 Poor, ſtupid, ſenſeleſs ſhrines are they,
And like themſelves their formers are;
And all who to or by them pray
Make known their folly by their fear.

8 Iſr'el! Jehovah is thy Lord,
He is thy help, He is thy ſhield;
He will remember all his word,
And full protection to thee yield.

PART

PART II.

Praiſe to Jehovah.

1 JEHOVAH Iſr'el's ſons will bleſs,
His love to Aaron's ſons make known,
And all who will his name confeſs
Shall his unbounded bounty own.

2 Jehovah will bleſs them and theirs,
His love ſhall to their ſeed deſcend,
His love who formed Nature's pow'rs,
And bade the earth's foundations ſtand.

3 The regulating airs of Heav'n,
Own, Lord, thy wiſe creating hand,
By whom to Adam's race was giv'n
This hollow globe of ſea and land.

4 Behold, the dead praiſe not thy name,
But ſilent lay within the tomb,
But we can thy vaſt love proclaim,
Until thy ſpirit calls us home.

5 Then ſhall we raiſe the lofty ſong,
And hail that age when all obey,
And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Shout hallelujah, praiſe ye Jah.

PSALM CXVI. 8, 6.

Praiſe to Jehovah for his tender Mercies.

1 I Love thy name, all-bounteous Lord,
For thou haſt heard my pray'r,
Thy name thro' life ſhall be ador'd,
For thou my voice wilt hear.

2 Death's awful cords ſurrounded me,
The grave before me lay;
I cry'd, "My kind preſerver be!"
And danger fled away.

3 Jehova'

3 Jehovah is of tender heart,
The only Juſtifier:
An interpoſer kind thou art,
Who wiſdom canſt inſpire.

4 Thou haſt the haſty man preſerv'd
From his impetuous will,
And the exhauſted, humbled ſoul,
Redeem'd from ev'ry ill.

5 My ſoul, return thou to thy reſt,
Thy God rewardeth thee,
From death redeems, and makes thee bleſt,
From ſin he ſets thee free.

PART II.

Worthy is the Lamb.

1 JESUS behold in glory crown'd,
Before Jehovah's face,
In realms of life, where Saints ſurround,
And ſhout his ſov'reign grace.

2 By his inſtructions made upright,
They of his wiſdom ſpeak,
And own his chaſt'nings kind and right,
Their ſtubborn wills to break.

3 Their erring judgments they confeſs,
Which thought that all deceiv'd,
But now his faithfulneſs they bleſs,
That hath from ſin retriev'd.

4 Now all their grateful hearts exclaim,
What tribute ſhall we pay
Unto that Saviour's glorious name,
That took our ſins away.

5 We will ſalvation's cup extend,
And invocate his name;
Jeſus, Reſtorer, Brother, Friend,
We would thy love proclaim.

PART

PART III.

Jeſus exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.

1 OUR Saviour will his vows complete
Before his people's face;
He will Jehovah's works relate,
And ſhew his boundleſs grace.

2 Right precious in Jehovah's ſight
Was the Redeemer's death,
When he forſook the chearful light,
For man reſign'd his breath.

3 Rais'd from the grave, he mounts the Throne,
Crown'd with unbounded pow'r,
From thence he makes ſalvation known,
And we our God adore.

4 He invocates thy ſacred name,
And doth his vows fulfil,
Before his Saints, and ſpreads thy fame,
Whilſt glad they hear thy will.

5 Haſte, Lord, the day, when Sion's courts
Shall own the Saviour's word;
And Salem, with her countleſs ſons,
Shall join to praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. 8.

Praiſe to Jehovah.

1 YE nations who the globe divide,
Your voices to Jehovah raiſe,
Soothe the kind feelings of his heart,
With joyful ſongs of grateful praiſe.

2 His flowing love ſpreads wide abroad,
And ſhall o'er ev'ry ſin prevail.
We praiſe thee, Jah! the mighty God!
Thy faithfulneſs can never fail.

ז Z. 7.

Chriſt under Affliction ſupported, by the Word of God.

1 ZEALOUSLY my Lord obey'd,
On thy ſacred promiſe ſtay'd;
This was his conſoling hope,
Whilſt he drank the bitter cup;
Quick'ned by thy ſacred word,
Tho' he cruel mockings heard,
Still he own'd thy law divine,
Never would from it decline.

2 Zealouſly he did thy will,
Glad thine orders to fulfill;
All thy diſpenſations Lord,
Comfort to his ſoul afford,
Theſe ſupport his fainting mind,
When th' unjuſt like blaſting wind,
All his ſoul with terror ſhake,
But he would not thee forſake.

3 Zeal for thee was all his joy,
And obedience his employ;
All thy laws were harmony,
Soothing all his miſery;
Thinking on thy name by night,
He preſerv'd thy word in ſight,
And by his obedience prov'd,
How thine holy name he lov'd.

ח H. 10.

Love to God, proved by Obedience.

1 Hail! Great Jehovah! thou my portion art,
Thy word I treaſure up within my heart;
I for thy preſence faint, my God! be kind!
And let me all thy promis'd goodneſs find.
I ſearch my ways, that I my feet may turn,
Where I truth's ſacred evidence may learn.

2 Haſt'ning

2 Haſt'ning my ſteps I ſtrive without delay.
To keep my feet in the appointed way,
Whilſt ſinners with reſtraints my path ſurround.
Yet in thy law I am obedient found;
Therefore, by night, I will ariſe and bleſs
Thy name, and all thy wond'rous love confeſs.

3 How much I love Jehovah's ſacred name,
My friends, and my companions can proclaim;
With thoſe, thy ſervants I aſſociate,
Who love thy num'rous mercies to relate,
Thy love, O Lord! fills the whole univerſe,
And thro' thy law, all ſhall thy praiſe rehearſe.

Th. 6, 8, 4.

The Fruit of Affliction.

1 THOU doeſt well, O Lord!
To all who thee obey;
Relying on thy ſacred word,
They own thy ſway.
Diſcernment to me give,
That I thy truth may learn;
And fully all thy laws receive,
Nor from them turn.

2 Thou ſaw'ſt me go aſtray,
Whilſt ev'ry thought ran wild;
But humbled now, I thee obey,
Thy chaſt'ned child.
Jehovah, God, Supreme!
The cauſe of good art thou,
Thy ſtatutes teach, then to thy name
My heart ſhall bow.

3 Tho' vile malicious men,
Should falſely me aſperſe;
My heart ſhould ſtill, thy laws retain,
Thy praiſe rehearſe.

Their

4 With raging madneſs they ſhall thruſt,
His kingdom to o'erturn,
But vengeance on their heads ſhall burſt,
And they their folly mourn.

5 Jah is his ſtrength, and is his ſong,
He will ſalvation bring,
And all the juſtify'd ſhall ſhout
The goodneſs of their King.

6 Jehovah will his pow'r exalt,
And all ſhall ſee his deeds,
And ſhall confeſs, that matchleſs is
Whate'er from him proceeds.

PART IV.

Chriſt our High Prieſt.

1 MY Saviour laid his body down,
Then roſe from out the tomb,
And now he ſits o'er all enthron'd,
And death ſhall overcome.

2 Upon the earth he was chaſtis'd,
But now thy works relates,
And ſhews his bleeding ſacrifice
Has op'd ſalvation's gates.

3 Into thy holy place he's gone,
And there invokes thy name,
And makes thy great ſalvation known,
And ſpreads o'er earth thy fame.

4 'Tis his delight thy name to bleſs,
Becauſe thou bow'd him down,
And thou his victʼry wilt confeſs,
And give the conq'ror's crown.

5 He is the corner ſtone deſpis'd,
On which redemption ſtands;
Head of the Church, he all ſuſtains,
And by his word commands.

Yet confuſion ſtill ſhall bluſh
On each falſe perverter's face,
When thy wond'rous love they ſee,
All their folly and thy grace.

4 I will therefore meditate
On the coming of my Lord,
When thy Saints enthron'd ſhall ſit,
And proclaim thy ſacred word:
Make, O make my heart upright,
Make me all thy ſtatutes know,
Let me ſee the Prince of Light,
Without ſorrow to him bow.

ℶ. C. 8.

Longing for Jehovah.

1 CONSTANT my ſpirit faints, O Lord!
Whilſt it for thy ſalvation waits;
Nought, O Jehovah! but thy word,
Supports me thro' life's checquer'd ſtates.
My longing eyes in ſearching fail,
When ſhall I hear thy charming voice,
Speak, Lord! ſome comfort to my ſoul,
And bid my drooping heart rejoice.

2 Conſtant deſire has ſhrank me up,
As the hot ſmoke the leather dries,
But thy good word awakes my hope,
And living ſtreams of joy ariſe.
All-bounteous Lord, thy ſervant tell
How many are my tranſient days;
When ſhall thy love ariſe and ſwell
O'er all the perſecutor's ways.

PSALM CXIX.

ℵ A. 8.

They are bleſſed that obey God.

1 ALL thoſe who keep Jehovah's law,
Proſperity attends their way,
And thoſe who will thy ſtatutes guard,
With their whole heart will thee obey.

2 Abhorring all iniquity,
They from thy paths will never ſwerve,
And all thy viſitations they
Will with their utmoſt ſtrength preſerve.

3 And thou, O Lord! their hearts wilt make
Treaſuries of thine holy word:
Aſhamed they ſhall never be,
For they thy precepts will regard.

4 Acknowledging with perfect heart
Jehovah hath ſalvation brought,
As by thy juſtifying deeds,
They in thy ſacred word are taught.

5 All thy commands they will regard,
Thy word they all their ſtudy make,
And they ſhall have this great reward,
That thou wilt never them forſake.

ב B. S, 6.

Directions how to ſtudy the Law of God.

1 BY what ſhall young men, gracious Lord,
Keep pure from ſin their way,
But by regarding all thy word,
And bowing to thy ſway?

2 Becauſe, if they, with perfect heart,
Enquire, O Lord! for thee,
Bleſs'd with thy word, they ne'er depart
Into iniquity.

4 Let me not thy law forget,
But thy comforts oft relate,
Shew thy word, which doth revive,
Shew thy Chriſt, by whom I live.

5 Lo! the Saviour came from thee,
That we might ſalvation ſee;
Thoſe whoſe hearts for him enquire,
He with wiſdom will inſpire.

6 Let the wicked lie in wait,
Shew their malice and their hate,
Humbled I behold thy word,
See the goodneſs of my Lord.

7 Lo! the end of all I ſee,
That thy works may perfect be,
See thy word dilating wide,
Till by all thou'rt glorify'd.

D. M. 10, 11.

Thy Law, O Jehovah, giveth Wiſdom.

1 MY thoughts on thy law the whole of the day,
Delightfully paſs the moments away,
Therefore thou, Jehovah, wilt wiſdom beſtow,
And make me much wiſer than each haughty foe.

2 My heart whilſt it beats thy laws ſhall retain,
For wiſdom from them I only can gain,
Their evidences are my conſtant delight,
By day all my converſe, my ſtudy by night.

3 Much wiſer I grow, and more can diſcern
Than ancient men who thy laws never learn,
For Chriſt's ſecond coming my heart will preſerve,
And from thy commandments ſtrive never to ſwerve.

4 My feet from wrong paths aſſiſt to reſtrain,
Thy word to obey thro' pleaſure and pain,
That I from thy judgments may never recede,
But thro' thy inſtructions ſtill to them take heed.

5 More ſweet is thy word, more pleaſant thy truth,
Than honey's rich ſweets is unto the mouth;
By all thou ordaineſt, I make myſelf wiſe,
All evil I hate, but thy truth highly prize.

J. N. 7, 6.

The Entrance of thy Word giveth Light.

1 NOW all earth in error lies,
The mind is dark as night,
But thy word a lamp ſupplies,
And grinds the dark to light;
Firm, my Lord, thine oath ſhall ſtand,
Affection ſwiftly flies,
Glad creation owns thy hand,
And light o'er all ſhall riſe.

2 Never would my ſoul forget
For me the Saviour dies;
At thy word his ſoul returns,
Behold the conq'ror riſe.
Now his grateful heart o'erflows,
Praiſe iſſues from his mouth,
I would join his lofty lays,
And ſing of all thy truth.

3 Now I would his life retrace,
An outcaſt without home,
With grief written in his face,
See the bleſs'd wand'rer roam:
Never he thy laws forgat,
He would not go aſtray,
Would not turn from thee his feet,
But would his God obey.

4 Now thy promiſe he obtains,
Inheriting thy words,
He a ſacred treaſure gains,
That heart-felt joy affords.

Tear

Teach my heart with him to riſe,
Thy ſtatutes to perform,
With him gain the conq'ror's prize,
Victorious thro' thine arm.

D. S. 8, 7.

I love and tremble at thy Judgments, O Lord.

1 VAIN thoughts, O Lord! thou know'ſt I hate,
But thine holy law I love;
My ſhield thou art, my hiding place,
And my confidence ſhall prove.
Make my deſtroying ſins depart,
Vaniſhing before thy word,
Write thy commands upon my heart,
Never would I grieve thee, Lord.

2 Suſtain me by thy pow'rful word,
Unto thee I then ſhall live,
My voice be to thy glory heard,
Men ſhall all thy word receive:
By thy bleſs'd hand ſalvation cauſe,
In thy ways I then ſhall go,
Whilſt ſuch as wander from thy laws,
Their own falſehoods ſhall o'erthrow.

3 Sure, Lord, thy ſacred word I love,
For thou wilt thy works reſtore,
They ſhall my Saviour's mercy prove,
Shall Jehovah's name adore:
Yet trembleth all my fleſh thro' fear,
Thy dread judgments, Lord, to view,
Behold they haſten, they appear,
All creation to ſubdue.

y. O. 8, 7, 4.

Teach us thy Precepts, then ſhall we keep thy Laws.

1 O'ER all behold Jehovah's pow'r,
In dread judgments drawing near,
Subduing till ſin is no more,
Mercy then ſhall caſt out fear;
Then the Saviour
Shall to juſtify appear.

2 O'er all, Jehovah, great art thou,
Strong to guide thro' ev'ry ill,
Teach us the Saviour's name to know,
Make us all his goodneſs feel.
O Lord, we would
Be obedient to thy will.

3 Our eyes for thy ſalvation wail,
For thy juſtifying word,
With us, thy ſervants, gently deal,
Bow'd by love unto our Lord:
Teach us, teach us,
And thy name ſhall be ador'd.

4 O God! thy waiting ſervants own,
Teach us to diſcern thy will,
And when thy word of truth's made known,
We thine orders will fulfil.
Jehovah riſe!
All thy creatures ſorrows heal!

5 O Lord! behold thine holy word,
More than pureſt gold we prize;
All its commands by us are heard,
Whilſt falſe paths our hearts deſpiſe:
Thee we obey,
Thro' Chriſt, our great ſacrifice.

Teach

D. P. 10.

Teach me, O Lord! then ſhall not my Sins rule over me.

1 PRAISE ye Jehovah for his matchleſs deeds!
Safe treaſure up whate'er from him proceeds,
His word will chace away the mental night,
And fill the teachable with ſacred light.

2 Panted my heart, and open was my mouth,
Whilſt earneſtly I longed for thy truth;
O turn unto me! Be thou, gracious Lord,
As unto thoſe by whom thy name's ador'd.

3 Preſerve my ſteps according to thy word,
Tranſgreſſion then ſhall never be, my Lord:
From all oppreſſion ſet my ſpirit free,
And make thy viſitations dear to me.

4 Pity me, Lord! and cauſe thy ways to ſhine,
And make thy ſervant know thy will divine;
My weeping eyes with ſorrows overflow,
Becauſe mankind ſtrive not thy love to know.

Y. I. 8, 7.

Being found in the Obedience of Chriſt.

1 JEHOVAH, juſtifying God!
Perfect are thy ſacred ways,
Jeſus ſhall ſpread thy word abroad,
All thy faithfulneſs ſhall praiſe.

2 Jealouſy pin'd his life away,
That his foes thy word forgat;
He knew its purifying rays,
If beneath its beams they ſat.

3 Jeſus was mock'd, revil'd, deſpis'd,
Ridicul'd and ſcorn'd by men,
Yet he thy comforts highly priz'd,
Lord, thy preſence chear'd his pain.

4 Jehovah's

4 Jehovah's juſtifying love
Unto man he now makes known,
He ſhews the word of truth ſhall ſtand,
Till its goodneſs all ſhall own.

5 If dangers and diſtreſs ſurround,
In thy word I will rejoice,
In thine appointed ways be found,
With my heart, my life, my voice.

6 Jehovah, now explain the types
That are given in thy word,
O cauſe my heart to underſtand,
Make me live to praiſe thee, Lord.

P. Q. 7, 6, 8.

Hear me, O Jehovah, when I call upon Thee.

1 QUICKLY anſwer me, O Lord,
Crieth my heart to thee,
For I ſtrive to keep thy word,
Thy law ſhall dwell in me;
Let thine arm ſalvation bring,
For I thy teſtimonies keep,
With the dawn thy praiſe I ſing,
And fly the arms of ſleep.

2 Quiet night my ſpirit ſeeks,
To ponder on thy word,
In thy mercy hear my pray'r,
Revive my ſpirit, Lord!
Wicked men my heart approach,
And far away thy law remove,
But all thy commands are truth,
Nigh is the God of love.

3 Quicken'd by thy living word,
I all thy truth ſhall know,
Jeſus ſee, my head, my Lord!
Thro' whom thy bleſſings flow;

All thy great deſigns he knew
Before primœval time began,
He all error will ſubdue,
Complete ſalvation's plan.

ת. R. 8, 6.

O let thy Truth be in me, ſo ſhall I live and keep thy Commandments.

1 REGARD my ſinking ſpirits, Lord,
And chear them by thy ſacred word,
For I thy laws receive;
With all my foes do thou contend,
Be thou my Saviour and my friend,
And by thy word revive.

2 Regarded by thy ſearching eye,
Confounded the unjuſt ſhall lie,
Thy laws they will not ſeek;
But, in thy melting tenderneſs,
My fainting ſpirits deign to bleſs,
Some truth ſupporting ſpeak.

3 Round me my perſecutors are,
My evil nature aids their war,
Yet I thy laws preſerve;
But when the hypocrite I ſee,
My ſoul diſguſted turns away;
He from thy truth will ſwerve.

4 Regard me, Lord! thy name I love!
Let me thy flowing mercies prove,
O bid my ſoul revive!
Teach me thy Chriſt, thy word, thy truth,
For by the judgments of his mouth
Shall every creature live.

ש. Sh. 8.

May the Sun of Righteouſneſs ariſe!

1 SHINE on our heads, immortal Lord,
By the bright influence of thy word,
That we with boldneſs may endure
The perſecuting arm of pow'r:
More joy is by thy word obtain'd
Than by the wealth of kingdoms gain'd;
Thro' it we falſehood loathe and hate,
But oft thy much-lov'd law repeat.

2 Shine on our hearts, immortal Lord,
Then ſhall we praiſe thee for thy word,
There all thy judgments we ſhall ſee,
A ſtream of boundleſs love from thee:
Help us to love thine holy law,
That peace from it our ſouls may draw,
And have our ſteps made firm and bold,
Kept from all wand'ring from thy fold.

3 Shine on our hearts, immortal Lord,
That we may underſtand thy word,
Know Jeſus can our ſorrows heal,
And teach us all to do thy will;
Our hearts thy ſacred precepts love,
And ſhall in ſwift obedience move,
All thy Meſſiah's laws obey,
And know he ſees our ev'ry way.

ת. T. 8, 6.

Inſtruct me, O Jehovah, in thy Word.

1 TO thine high Throne, almighty Lord!
My earneſt pray'rs aſcend,
That I may know thy ſacred word,
Its types may underſtand.

2 To

2 To thy kind ear my pray'rs ſhall come,
O ſave me by thy word!
That I may ſeek my heav'nly home,
And live to praiſe thee, Lord.

3 Then ſhall my joyful lips make known
That good are thy commands,
And by obedience homage own,
And lean upon thine hands.

4 Thy great ſalvation I deſire,
Thy law is my delight;
My heart with grateful praiſe inſpire,
With truth all beaming bright.

5 Thou doſt a wand'ring lamb behold,
O ſeek thy ſervant, Lord!
And bring me now into thy fold,
To feed upon thy word.

PSALM CXX. 8, 6.

Prayer in Diſtreſs.

1 UNTO Jehovah in diſtreſs
I will pour out my pray'r,
His tender love delights to bleſs,
And ſave from ev'ry ſnare.

2 The falſe, diſſembling, crafty tongue
Shall feel the vengeful ſword,
When Chriſt in mighty pow'r ſhall come,
To reign creation's Lord.

3 Ah! woe is me! becauſe I dwell
In ſin's contracted place,
Where ſighs my heaving boſom ſwell,
And tears flow down my face.

4 Lovers of ſtrife around me riſe,
Who find no joys in peace;
My mourning ſoul their madneſs flies,
Lord! make their malice ceaſe.

PSAL

PSALM CXXI. 8, 6.

Jehovah the Protector of his People.

1 TO Sion's God I lift mine eyes,
For he is all my aid,
My ſtrength doth from my Maker riſe,
My truſt on him is laid.

2 My feet thro' him will never ſlide,
Jehovah me will keep,
My God! my fortreſs! where I hide,
My watchman will not ſleep.

3 See how my God his people keeps,
His eye-lids never cloſe,
He never for refreſhment ſleeps,
Nor ſlumbers for repoſe.

4 The ſolar light's directeſt rays
He will forbid to ſmite,
And will protect from noxious damps
When flows the lunar light.

5 He from all evil will protect,
And keep my life from harm,
And will my ev'ry ſtep direct,
Upholding with his arm.

6 He will thro' life my ways attend,
And guard my ſoul from pain,
And be in death my tender friend,
And I with him ſhall reign.

PSALM CXXII. 8.

Pray for the Peace of Jeruſalem.

1 I Long to hear the nations ſay,
Let us unto Jehovah pray;
Unto Jeruſalem aſcend,
And in his ſacred courts attend.

2 Ther

2 There all thy ſervants ſhall agree,
All ſhall be joy and harmony,
When Iſr'el's tribes ſhall there reſort,
To worſhip in Jehovah's court.

3 Iſr'el's tribes, Jehovah's ſons,
All gladly then Meſſiah owns,
To all mankind his praiſe proclaim,
And in him own Jehovah's name!

4 In judgement David's Houſe ſhall ſit,
And earth lay proſtrate at their feet;
Haſte, O Jehovah! Salem bleſs!
And give to her thy promis'd peace.

5 All thoſe who love her ſhall rejoice,
And praiſe thee, God, with thankful voice,
For peace within her walls ſhall be,
Sweet peace, and full proſperity.

6 I for my brethren's ſakes will ſay,
And all their ſakes who Chriſt obey,
Who long Meſſiah's reign to ſee,
May peace within Great Salem be!

7 And for the glory of my God,
To ſpread thy ſacred truth abroad,
That men may of thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thy Salem's good I'll always ſeek.

PSALM CXXIII. 8.

Save me, O Lord! I beſeech thee.

1 O Thou who dwell'ſt above the ſkies!
We will to thee lift up our eyes,
As ſervants watch their maſter's hand,
And maidens by their miſtreſs ſtand.

2 Thus ſhall our eyes our God behold,
Till he ſhall all his will unfold:
Mercy, Jehovah, deign to ſhew,
And make us all thy goodneſs know.

3 Lo! infidels thy name deſpiſe,
And ridicule thy ſacrifice,
With eaſe grown fat, they proudly ſneer,
And mark thy ſervants who thee fear.

PSALM CXXIV.

Jehovah a preſent help in the Day of Diſtreſs.

1 UNLESS our God had for us been,
All who believe in Chriſt may ſay,
Unleſs our God had for us been,
Our foes had ſwept us clean away.

2 On tempeſt's wings their vengeance flew,
O'erwhelming as the raging ſea,
They ſoon made us our weakneſs know,
And would have ſwallow'd up their prey.

3 Bleſs, ever bleſs Jehovah's name!
His arm hath our ſalvation wrought,
He quench'd the fierceneſs of their flame,
And hath our full deliv'rance brought.

4 Like the poor bird by fowlers took,
Who 'ſcapes from out the fallen ſnare,
Jehovah all their toils hath broke,
And we are reſcu'd from deſpair.

5 Thy name alone ſalvation brings,
Reſtorer of the univerſe!
Former of all created things,
Thy guardian care we would rehearſe.

PSALM CXXV. 8, 6.

Jehovah our Refuge.

1 WHO in Jehovah's name ſhall truſt,
Strong as Mount Sion are,
Which in my Saviour's kingdom ſtands,
Eſtabliſh'd by his care.

2 High are the mountains which ſurround
Great Salem's ſacred town,
Which, ſtrong with native bulwarks crown'd,
Is for a refuge known.

3 Jehovah thus his people will
Encompaſs, and will guard,
From this time forth, till in the Age
He ſhall them all reward.

4 Then ſhall the wicked ceaſe to reign
Over the juſtify'd;
And then the juſt no more ſhall turn
To unjuſt paths aſide.

5 For then ſhall the upright in heart
Good from the Lord receive,
Whilſt all who from my God depart
Juſt retribution have.

6 Peace be to all of Iſr'el's name,
True worſhippers of God,
In pray'r they wreſtle and prevail,
And ſpread his truth abroad.

PSALM CXXVI. 8.

The Joys of the Millenial Morning.

1 WHEN our Jehovah ſhall return,
His people from captivity,
Isr'el ſhall ſcarcely ceaſe to mourn,
But think a pleaſant dream they ſee.

2 But ſoon ſhall laughter fill each mouth,
And exultation ev'ry tongue,
Whilſt ev'ry nation hails thy truth,
And praiſe thy deeds with grateful ſong.

3 Quick as the torrents which deſcend
To cool Arabia's parched land,
Thus ſudden ſhall their bondage end,
Made free by thine Almighty hand.

4 Then thoſe who weeping bore thy word,
And water'd it with pray'rs and tears,
Shouting ſhall hail their Saviour Lord,
And ſhew their ſons where he appears.

PSALM CXXVII. 8.

The Bleſſing of Jehovah cauſeth Proſperity.

1 VAIN is our labour, vain our fear,
To plant, or build, or ſow thy word,
If Iſr'el's watchman will not care,
Will not his ſpirit's aid afford.

2 In vain we riſe with dawning morn,
Or weary'd, late return to reſt;
But ſurely all who to him turn
Shall be with peace and ſafety bleſt.

3 The youth who fear him ſhall be crown'd
Oft with a parent's honour'd name,
And dart their honours wide around,
And put their ev'ry foe to ſhame.

4 His Saints ſhall onward conq'ring go,
Whilſt riſing ſhoots their ſtems ſurround,
And dauntleſs ſpeak to ev'ry foe,
For none ſhall ever them confound.

ANOTHER. 8.

The univerſal Providence of God.

1 MY God, thy providential care
Is conſtant, and is ev'ry where;
Without thee vain is human toil
To build, or plant, or plough the ſoil.

2 Nations and empires may combine,
Proud fleets with num'rous armies join,
But vain their march, in vain they ſail,
Without thine arm, their pow'r muſt fail.

5 We

3 We may uſe thy appointed ways,
A num'rous progeny to raiſe,
To bleſs our hopes, to eaſe our cares,
And crown with joy our hoary hairs.

4 The womb and all its fruits are thine,
The bleſſings of thine hand divine;
Happy that man, and greatly bleſs'd,
Who is with many ſons increas'd.

5 Like arrows in a warrior's hand,
A firm, compacted, conq'ring band,
The offspring of our youth ſhall grow
Strong to repel each threat'ning foe.

6 Happy the man whoſe loins my Lord
Hath with a num'rous offspring ſtor'd,
Tho' hoſts of foes ſhould rage around,
He ſhould their utmoſt rage confound.

PSALM CXXVIII. 8, 6.

All the Bleſſings of Life are the Gift of Jehovah.

1 COME ye who fear Jehovah's name,
And walk in all his ways,
Succeſs ſhall all your ſteps attend,
And crown your mortal days.

2 You of the labour of your hands
With grateful joy ſhall eat,
Your undertakings ſhall ſucceed,
For God will them compleat.

3 Your wives ſhall be like fruitful vines,
Which all the houſe ſurround,
Their vig'rous ſhoots ſhall flouriſh fair,
With fruit and verdure crown'd.

4 Your ſons, like healthy olive plants,
Shall in juſt order ſtand,
To pleaſe your eyes, to eaſe your cares,
And liſt to each command.

ANOTHER.

Ye Servants of the Lord, praiſe ye the Lord!

1 BEHOLD, ye ſervants of the Lord,
Who love Jehovah's name,
Ye who with praiſes nightly ſtand
Your Maker to proclaim.

2 Lift up to him your holy hands,
And the Jehovah bleſs,
Rejoicing ſpeak of all his love,
And all his pow'r confeſs.

3 Jehovah's bleſſings ſhall on you
From Sion be pour'd forth,
And ye ſhall all his goodneſs view,
Who form'd the Heav'ns and earth.

PSALM CXXXV. 7.

Jehovah, Supreme God.

1 PRAISE ye Jah! Jehovah praiſe!
Shout his name by ev'ry tongue,
Let his ſervants ſtrive to raiſe
The loud chorus of the ſong.
Ye who in his Temple ſtand,
Waiting in his Courts below,
Praiſe ye Jah! by whoſe command
All your earthly bleſſings flow.

2 For the Lord hath Jacob choſe,
The ſupplanter of his ſin;
Iſr'el are his conq'ring ſons,
From inquity made clean.
Great is our Jehovah's name.
Wide creation's mighty Lord,
Who o'er all hath made ſupreme
Jeſus his anointed word.

3 He performeth all his will,
In the Heav'ns, the earth, and ſeas,
And where flames burſt forth from hell,
In the deep's impris'ning caves.
Vapours at his word deſcend,
Thunder clouds their torrents pour,
Whilſt rough winds his voice attend,
And in awful tempeſts roar.

4 Both of man and beaſt he ſmote,
The firſt born of Egypt's land,
Egypt's King, with all his hoſt,
Felt the wonders of his hand.
Num'rous nations he deſtroy'd,
All their mighty Monarchs ſlew,
Sihon, Og, and Can'an's Kings,
His unbounded pow'r laid low.

5 Still ſhall thy great name endure,
Over all Meſſiah reign,
He creation's wounds will cure,
He will break th'oppreſſor's chain.
Tho' the nations now may fall,
To their ſilver, gold, and ſtone,
On things ſenſeleſs, helpleſs call,
Yet all nations thee ſhall own.

6 Houſe of Iſr'el, bleſs the Lord!
Houſe of Aaron, bleſs his name!
Houſe of Levi join to bleſs,
Ye who fear his praiſe proclaim!
Sion ſhall Jehovah bleſs,
Govern'd by his mighty word,
He on Salem's throne ſhall ſit,
Whilſt glad earth ſhall praiſe the Lord.

PSALM CXXXVI. 7.

The ſubduing Mercy and Power of Jehovah.

1 PRAISE Jehovah, great and good,
Over ev'ry good ſupreme,
Nature's uncontrouled Lord,
Who alone can all redeem.
All thy deeds thy mercy prove,
All ſubduing by thy love.

2 Thy great wiſdom form'd the airs,
And on the ſeas o'er arch'd the land,
Yon bright lights, ſun, moon, ſtars,
Shew the wonders of thine hand.
All thy deeds, &c.

3 Egypt's firſt born ſons thou ſmot'ſt,
Bringing Iſr'el from their land,
With thy mighty arm out-ſtretch'd,
And with thine upholding hand.
All thy deeds, &c.

4 Ocean at thy word divides,
Iſr'el ſhouting ſafe march thro',
Then returns her vengeful tides,
And all Pharo's hoſt o'erthrow.
All thy works, &c.

5 Shepherd, who thy people brought
Thro' the lonely wilderneſs,
Smiting Monarchs for their ſakes,
Making nations thee confeſs.
All thy works, &c.

6 Thou haſt ſeen our humbled ſtate,
Sent from Heav'n, and ſet us free,
Made us all our follies hate,
Set our ſouls at liberty.
All thy works, &c.

7 C

7 God our ſouls and bodies feeds,
Gives us all things with our food,
God of Heav'n, from whom proceeds
Preſent, and unending good.
All thy works thy mercy prove,
All ſhall be ſubdu'd by love.

PSALM CXXXVII. 8.

Prayer for the Reſtoration of Sion.

1 OFT by the Babylonian ſtreams,
Jehovah's captive ſervants ſat,
And wept rememb'ring Sion's fall,
Compared with her glorious ſtate.

2 Their harps were on the willows hung,
Their foes of Sion's ſongs demand,
"Of your Jehovah ſing a ſong,"
But could they ſing on heathen land?

3 Bleſs'd Salem, if I thee forget,
Let my right hand its cunning loſe!
Nor words again my tongue repeat,
But all its offices refuſe.

4 If I make not Jeruſalem
Riſe over all my earthly joy:
Thou city of my God and King,
Should all my nobleſt thoughts employ.

5 Remember, Lord, her cruel foes,
Who her foundations would eraſe,
Who have againſt thy ſervants roſe,
Their memory from earth to chace.

6 Let them, like Bab'lon be deſtroy'd,
Succeſs their enemies attend,
Ariſe Jehovah! be employ'd,
Thy people's captive ſtate to end.

PSALM CXXXVIII. 8.

Chriſt ſhall reign until all his Foes are ſubdued.

1 MY heart Jehovah ſhall confeſs,
Before all Gods to him I ſing!
To him I bow! his name I bleſs!
For Chriſt, my Saviour, and my King!
Faithful thou art, Jeſus thy WORD,
Shall be o'er all, exalted Lord!

2 What he requeſts, thou, Lord, wilt give,
He ſhall in all thy ſtrength ariſe,
Then ſhall earth's Monarchs him receive,
And ceaſe to be thine enemies.
For they thy ſacred word ſhall hear,
And ſhall in all thy ways appear.

3 They ſhall be taught mankind to rule,
By Chriſt, Jehovah's glorious Son,
Who wide creation ſhall control,
And make his Father's greatneſs known;
He will the meek, ſubjected, raiſe,
But humble all aſpiring ways.

4 For this he ſuffer'd dire diſtreſs,
Surrounded by o'erbearing foes,
But found Jehovah near to bleſs,
And over all triumphant roſe.
Thine out-ſtretch'd arm was near to ſave,
And ſnatch'd him from the cloſed grave.

5 Jehovah, therefore, will compleat,
All he hath promis'd in his word;
My Saviour, on his regal ſeat,
Shall ſoon appear creation's Lord.
Not to deſtroy, but to correct,
To govern, and by laws protect.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXIX. 8, 6.

Jehovah the omnipreſent Searcher of Hearts.

1 THOU doſt, O Lord! my heart explore,
Me thou wilt thro'ly know;
Thou markeſt every riſing thought,
And try'ſt each path I go.

2 Thou doſt my hopes and fears ſurvey,
Recording all my ways,
And ev'ry word my lips would ſay,
Ere ſpoke, before thee lays.

3 I am by thee enclos'd all round,
Thy hand is o'er me plac'd,
Such knowledge all my thoughts confound,
And can't by me be trac'd.

4 Where from thy ſpirit can I hide?
Where from thy preſence flee?
Should I upon the ethers ride,
I there ſhould meet with thee.

5 If in the grave my bed I make,
Lo! there, O Lord, thou art:
Or if the morning's wings I take,
From thee I can't depart.

6 Or ſhould earth's fartheſt ſhores be gain'd,
E'en there thine hand muſt guide,
By thy right hand alone ſuſtain'd,
And ev'ry want ſupply'd.

7 In vain ſhall night's thick ſtagnate airs
In blackeſt ſhades ariſe;
Bright as noon day the dark appears
Before thy ſearching eyes.

3 What are the helpleſs ſons of men,
That thou ſhould'ſt deign to know them, Lord?
Sons of infirmity and pain,
Canſt thou a thought on them afford?

4 Bow down the Heav'ns, and all control,
Let the earth tremble at thy pow'r,
Let lightning's flaſh from pole to pole,
Whilſt loud thine awful thunders roar.

5 Now ſend Meſſiah from above,
And from increaſing ſorrows ſave,
Now let him all thy creatures prove,
And caſt oppreſſion in the grave.

6 The proud, with falſehood's empty ſound,
Behold, with pow'r they boaſting ſpeak,
Ariſe! their craft and pow'r confound,
And let my Lord his kingdom take.

PART II.

The Millenium.

1 TO thee, my God! ſhall be my ſong
Of Chriſt's millenial, happy reign;
Flow, ſweetly flow, my notes along,
To God, who will his throne maintain.

2 When earth's embattled Kings ſhall riſe,
And march againſt him in array,
Dread and diſmay ſhall on them ſeize,
And they ſhall ſwiftly flee away.

3 Him thou wilt ſave from human pow'r,
Of falſehood, pride, and vanity;
And tyranny ſhall be no mote,
But at his coming die away.

4 Then ſhall our ſons increaſe and thrive,
Like youthful trees in gardens plac'd,
Our daughters ſhall freſh bloom receive,
With ev'ry lowly virtue grac'd.

5 Then

5 Then ſhall our well-built gran'ries ſhake,
O'erloaded with th' autumnal ſtore,
Whilſt in the ſtreets our healthy flocks
Shall their unnumber'd thouſands pour.

6 Our vig'rous oxen then ſhall bear
A weight immenſe with ſteady pace,
Our markets ſhall no bell'wing hear,
A ſtrong, laborious, gentle race.

7 Proſp'rous muſt ſuch a people be,
Thus bleſs'd with ev'ry earthly good,
Such glory all the earth ſhall ſee,
When thou, Jehovah, art their God.

PSALM CXLV. 8.

The Wiſdom and Goodneſs of God.

8 I WILL extol my Lord and King!
Thy name I will for ever bleſs,
And daily gratetul thanks will bring,
And with loud praiſe thy name confeſs.

2 Great is Jehovah! great in pow'r!
Exceeding great in cauſing praiſe;
Not one minutely can explore
His pow'r, his wiſdom, or his ways.

3 Age unto age ſhall praiſe thy deeds,
And ſhall make known thy conq'ring arm,
The work that from thine hand proceeds
With all thy words my ſoul ſhall warm.

4 Thy matchleſs deeds thy might beſpeak,
And ſtrike the thoughtful ſoul with dread,
In all thy works thee will I ſeek
And own thy Chriſt, my King and Head.

5 Thine unnumber'd acts of love,
Loud ſhall my grateful ſoul proclaim;
Come, ſinners, now his goodneſs prove,
And join to triumph in his name.

PART II.

The Office of the First-born.

1 KINDLY compaſſionate is God,
Behold him ſlow to anger move,
Whilſt mercy ſpreads his ſtreams abroad,
Increaſing to a flood of love.

2 His kindneſs reacheth unto all,
All, all thy tenderneſs ſhall prove;
My God! thy works on thee ſhall call,
And join thy Saints to praiſe thy love.

3 Thy Saints ſhall ſhew Meſſiah's reign,
They ſhall proclaim his conq'ring pow'r,
And ſhew the conqueſts he ſhall gain,
Till he ſhall all thy works reſtore.

4 The nature of thy kingdom they
Will to the ſons of men make known,
The grand ſabatic, Goſpel day,
When earth ſhall bow before thy Throne.

PART III.

All ſhall know the Lord.

1 THRO'OUT the Great Millenial Day,
Thy name, Jehovah, ſhall be known,
The humbled then thy face ſhall ſee,
And ſhall thy vaſt compaſſion own.

2 The crooked mind thou wilt make ſtrait,
And turn the wand'rer from his ways,
Then ſhall thy works thy love relate,
And all ſhall ſhout their Saviour's praiſe.

3 The eyes of all ſhall look to thee,
By whom their ev'ry want's ſupply'd;
Thy bounty ſhall their portion be,
And all be fully ſatisfy'd.

4 My God! thy providential ways
Shall to thy works perfection bring,
Heav'n, earth, and hell, ſhall join to praiſe,
And own the crucified King.

5 Thou, Lord, art near to ev'ry one
Who truly invocates thy name;
And all who fear thee, thou wilt own,
They ſhall thy faithfulneſs proclaim.

6 For thou wilt liſten to their cry,
And they ſhall full ſalvation find,
When the unjuſt thy vengeance fly,
Calm wilt thou keep each faithful mind.

7 My mouth Jehovah's praiſe ſhall ſpeak,
All fleſh ſhall bleſs his holy name,
No more to wander ſhall they ſeek,
But by obedience ſpread his fame.

PSALM CXLVI.

The Power of Chriſt.

1 PRAISE Jah! my ſoul, Jehovah praiſe,
Thro' life I will his triumph raiſe,
Whilſt I exiſt, his goodneſs ſing;
Nor truſt the rich, the great, or brave,
Soon ſhall they die, and to the grave
Their gaudy, tinſel honours bring.

2 Succeſs attendeth Chriſt, my Lord,
Him Jacob's God will help afford,
Former of earth, the Heav'ns, and ſea;
Thy word is fix'd, and cannot move,
Thou God of life! Thou ſource of love,
All nature lives and moves by thee.

3 My Lord ſhall in thy ſtrength prepare,
To take the humbled 'neath his care,

And feed the hungry ſoul with food;
He breaks in twain the captive's chains,
Redeeming from infernal pains,
By virtue of his cov'nant blood.

4 He makes the blind his follies ſee,
Then ſets him from all error free,
Exalting him to his right hand:
Subdued, purify'd, and heal'd,
He for peculiar work is ſeal'd,
And with his firſt-born ſons ſhall ſtand.

5 The ignorant he will preſerve,
That from his paths he may not ſwerve;
The deſtitute and widow'd ſoul,
Made ſtrong by him, ſhall firm abide,
But he th' unjuſt will turn aſide,
And by his mighty pow'r control.

6 Jeſus ſhall o'er all nations reign,
Till death's deſtroy'd, and ſin, and pain,
Thy God, O Sion! ſhall endure;
Ye ſons of men the Saviour praiſe,
Who by his life, his death, his ways,
Shall you of all your wand'rings cure.

PSALM CXLVII. 8.

All Things made by and for Chriſt.

1 LET the whole world Meſſiah praiſe,
He is the moſt illuſtrious theme;
All Nature ſhall the chorus raiſe,
Unto the Great Redeemer's name.

2 He will rebuild Jeruſalem,
His Iſrael again collect,
A parent he will be to them,
And from their ev'ry foe protect.

3 He

3 He will the broken-hearted heal,
Bind up their wounds, and make them ſtrong,
Thro' him they ſhall new vigour feel,
And ſing his praiſe with grateful ſong.

4 He tells the number of the ſtars,
And calls them ev'ry one by name,
Jeſus the King for all things cares,
Let all his works his pow'rs proclaim.

3 None can his underſtanding tell,
Exalting each ſubmiſſive ſoul,
But humbling the unjuſt in hell,
For there he will the wicked rule.

PART II.

1 WITH grateful thanks to Chriſt draw nigh,
With the loud harp unto him ſing,
Shew how the vapours cloud the ſky,
And make the earth her produce bring.

2 His verdure decks the mountain's ſide,
To give wild beaſts their daily food;
Young ravens on his care abide,
Guardian of all, the great, the good.

3 The horſe's ſtrength's not his delight,
Nor loves he man for ſwifteſt ſpeed,
But them approves who on him wait,
And unto all his word take heed.

4 Jeruſalem, praiſe thou thy Lord,
Sion, thy mediator praiſe;
Thy gates by him are ſtrongly barr'd,
And he ſhall teach thy ſons his ways.

5 He to thy coaſts will peace ordain,
And feed thee with wheat's fineſt flour,
Thro' the wide earth thy praiſe maintain,
And give thee o'er the nations pow'r.

PART III.

1 JESUS all nations ſhall command,
Swifter than thought his words ſhall run,
They ſhall behold his forming hand,
And be to free obedience won.

2 His hand the ſnowy fleece creates,
By him the hoary froſt is ſpread,
The polar ice his praiſe relates,
And owns him Nature's King and Head.

3 Who can abide his northern cold,
Which at his word ſhall melt away?
His wind ſhall blow, and we behold
The flowing hills his voice obey.

4 None hath like Jacob known his word,
Like Iſr'el have his goodneſs ſeen;
They alone his voice have heard,
And have his choſen ſervants been.

5 Let all the earth Jehovah praiſe,
Exalt o'er all Meſſiah's name;
From pole to pole the triumph raiſe,
And Jeſus King o'er all proclaim.

PSALM CXLVIII. 8.

Let the whole Creation praiſe Jehovah.

1 CREATION, your Great Maker praiſe,
Ye airy Heav'ns his triumph raiſe,
Ye pow'rs on high the ſong ſhall join,
And in Jehovah's praiſe combine.

2 Ye angels pure that hear his voice,
In your Creator's name rejoice;
Roll to his praiſe, ye hoſts above,
Thro' all your ſpheres reſound his love.

3 *Thou* ſolar light, bright ſoul of day,
Join with yon moon's reflected ray,

Ye

Your Maker's matchleſs praiſe to bear,
As ſwift ye flow thro' liquid air.

4 Machining ethers ye ſhall join,
Where'er ye flow the ſong divine;
Ye clouds, your Maker's name adore,
In rain, ſoft dew, and miſty ſhow'r.

5 Join all to own your Maker's hand,
Proud to obey his great command,
Who, when he form'd you, laws ordain'd,
By which your order is maintain'd.

6 Ye who now mourn in deepeſt hell,
Loud the glad ſong of triumph ſwell,
Shout his loud praiſes from the earth,
For you ſhall know a Saviour's worth.

7 Fire, hail, and ſnow, with fleecy dew,
O join your Maker's praiſe to ſhew,
Zephyrs and tempeſts hear his word,
With hills and mountains, praiſe the Lord.

8 Ye trees, fruit to his glory bear,
Bow to him cedars high in air,
Birds in your branches ſhall adore,
Whilſt beaſts beneath loud praiſes roar.

10 Ye herds and flocks, in ſofter ſtrains,
As wide ye range o'er hills and plains,
With creeping things and inſects join
To raiſe the ſong of praiſe divine.

10 Ye Kings who o'er the nations rule,
Ye nations whom thoſe Kings control,
Rulers and Judges, join to prove,
By your uprightneſs, how you love.

11 Young men and virgins join the ſong,
Loud flow your bounding notes along,
Whilſt feebler age and infancy
Shout their ſhrill praiſe to Deity.

12 Join all to praiſe to Jehovah's name,
Whoſe voice approving is their fame,
Heav'n, earth, and hell, the chorus raiſe,
The Lord of all, all nature praiſe.

13 Jehovah's Saints his name adore,
Who high exalts his people's pow'r;
Ye firſt-born ſons, the triumph raiſe,
Commence, and cloſe the ſong of praiſe.

PSALM CXLIX. 7.

The Glory of the Firſt-born.

1 PRAISE ye Jah, Jehovah ſing!
Pour the bounding notes along,
Praiſe him with the ſounding ſtring,
Sing a reſtoration ſong.

2 Iſr'el ſhall in him rejoice,
Shall to him their praiſes bring,
Sion's ſons, with mighty voice,
Shall, exulting, own their King.

3 They ſhall praiſe him on the flute,
And the harp's reſounding ſtring,
To merry tabor, plaintive lute,
And pealing organ, praiſe ſhall ſing.

4 He delighteth in his ſons,
Glorifies the humbled ſoul,
With his full ſalvation crowns,
Makes the mourning ſinner whole.

5 In their glorified head
His bleſs'd Saints exulting ſing,
High on lofty thrones abide,
Spread the glories of their King.

6 They to all around will ſpeak
Of the honours of their Lord,
With their ſwords and ſceptres break
All the nations to his word.

They

7 They his vengeance ſhall perform
Thro' the nations of the earth,
Shew the greatneſs of his arm,
Shew a bleeding Saviour's worth.

8 They ſhall Kings with fetters bind,
And their Princes they enchain,
Do his judgements 'midſt mankind,
All his Saints this honour gain.

9 Praiſe the Lord, ye ſons of men,
Praiſe him for his firſt-born ſons,
They from tyranny redeem,
Thro' him earth her Maker owns.

PSALM CL. 7.

Praiſe to Chriſt.

1 PRAISE the Lord, the Saviour praiſe,
High on his exalted throne,
Let the Heav'ns his triumph raiſe,
Make his pow'r and glory known,
Praiſe him for his victory,
Praiſe him with the trumpet's ſound,
Praiſe him in full harmony,
Spread his glory wide around.

2 Ev'ry breath the ſong ſhall ſwell,
All ſhall the glad concert join,
Thro' the heav'ns, the earth, and hell,
All ſhall raiſe the ſong divine.
Ev'ry where his praiſe be heard,
All ſhall his ſalvation prove,
All obey and know the Lord,
Glor'ing in redeeming love.

END OF THE PSALMS.

HYMNS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

SELECTED FROM

DIFFERENT AUTHORS.

7 Then truſt his word, and never fear,
His truth muſt ever ſtand;
The Lord your God is always near
To give an helping hand.

HYMN III. *Wincheſter.* H. 7. 8.

1 JEHOVAH, great and glorious name!
Who can thy boundleſs love proclaim?
Love is thy nature, infinite,
In works of love thou doſt delight.

2 Should we attempt thy love to ſcan,
Thy vaſt unbounded love to man,
We better might attempt to tell
The height of Heav'n, the depth of hell.

3 As thou, O God, art ev'ry where,
And thou art love, thy words declare,
Then where thou art thy love muſt be,
And all thy works are dear to Thee.

4 Thou ſo didſt love the human race,
That of thy free, thy matchleſs grace,
Thy well-beloved Son was giv'n,
Sent from thy boſom, ſent from Heav'n:

5 That all who in his name believe
Might death eſcape, and life receive;
He came the ſinful world to ſave,
That all eternal life might have.

6 Herein our God his love commends,
Chriſt dy'd for foes as well as friends;
So we to all mankind may tell,
God's love can have no parallel.

HYMN IV. *Wincheſter.* H. 8. 8, 6.

1 O The amazing love of God,
What a delightful theme!
Who ſent his Son to ſhed his blood,
Poor ſinners to redeem!

2 Our hearts and tongues ſhall ſound his praiſe,
Who taſted bitter death,
That he our ſouls from ſin might raiſe,
And fill with praiſe each breath.

3 The boundleſs love of God moſt high
We cannot comprehend,
'Tis more extenſive than the ſky,
And doth the Heav'ns tranſcend.

4 The fountain's large, the ocean's wide,
Who can the fulneſs know?
Thence ſtreams of pleaſure ever glide,
And joys for ever flow.

5 The Saints are ſwallow'd in amaze,
Whilſt they thy love behold!
And tune their lofty ſongs to praiſe,
And ſtrike their harps of gold.

6 We're loſt and drowned in the theme,
Whilſt we the ſame purſue,
But whilſt we ſing with joy ſupreme,
We find the pleaſure new.

7 Such wond'rous love was never found
As in Jehovah dwells;
An ocean wide without a bound,
Which all our thoughts excels.

HYMN V. *Wincheſter.* H. 9. 8.

1 I Sing the Majeſty Divine,
Which doth in God Jehovah dwell!
His greatneſs drowns a ſoul like mine,
His ſhining glories who can tell?

2 He holds old Ocean's ſtormy ſeas
Within the hollow of his hand,
And meaſures the vaſt Heav'ns with eaſe,
Or weighs the globe of ſea and land.

3 Infinite

3 Infinite pow'r and matchleſs ſkill,
Each various part exactly weighs;
The God that did creation fill,
O'er all his ruling ſceptre ſways.

4 All nations in his preſence lie
Like ſmalleſt motes, and light as air,
And mighty peoples in his eye
Leſs than a bucket's drop appear.

5 Princes themſelves as worms he deems,
Monarchs as vanity are light;
And proudeſt nations he eſteems
As ſmalleſt inſects in his ſight.

6 He ſits upon earth's circle wide,
And as a curtain Heav'n doth ſpread,
And doth the vaſt expanſe provide,
A canopy to ſhade his head.

7 The Princes he to nothing brings,
He makes the judges vanity;
And if he frowns on loftieſt Kings,
They fall and vaniſh inſtantly.

8 He blows upon them with his breath,
The whirlwind hurries them away,
They periſh in untimely death,
Their glories wither and decay.

9 To whom then will ye liken me?
Saith God, the Lord, the Holy One;
Who may compare, or equal be,
With him that hath ſuch wonders ſhewn?

10 Lift up your eyes to Heav'n's vaſt height,
Survey the num'rous ſhining train;
Who form'd thoſe globes of maſſy light?
And doth with eaſe their orbs ſuſtain?

11 He makes their hoſts in order march,
He numbers them, they dance their round;
And thro' th' immenſe, the ſpangled arch,
None faileth, ev'ry one is found.

12 This is the God whom we adore,
In his great name we ſurely truſt;
His boundleſs wiſdom, goodneſs, pow'r,
Protection gives to all the juſt.

HYMN VI. *Wincheſter.* H. 11. 8.

1 THE Lord deſcended in the cloud,
And on the Mount with Moſes ſtood,
And there his name proclaim'd aloud,
Jehovah, gracious, kind, and good.

2 Jehovah, merciful, and true,
Long-ſuff'ring, faithful, full of grace;
To thouſands he will mercy ſhew,
Great is his love towards our race.

3 He doth our crookedneſs forgive,
Enlightens ſouls that once were dark,
Pardons, and bids the rebels live,
Reclaims the miſſers of the mark.

4 But the Almighty ſtill is juſt,
The ſtubborn guilty will not clear;
True penitents in him may truſt,
But let the bold tranſgreſſors fear.

5 Jehovah is to anger ſlow,
But ſwiftly doth his mercy fly;
His goodneſs ſhines on all below,
His love tranſcends the earth and ſky.

6 His wrath a ſeaſon may endure,
But ages ſhall his mercy laſt;
His truth abides for ever ſure,
His grace ſhall reign when evil's paſt.

HYMN VII. *Cowper.* 8, 6.

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Ye faithful ſaints freſh courage take
The clouds ye ſo much dread,
Are big with mercy and ſhall break,
In bleſſings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his works in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN VIII. *Weſley.* 8.

1 FATHER of all whoſe pow'rful voice,
Call'd forth this univerſal frame;
Whoſe mercies over all rejoice
Through endleſs ages ſtill the ſame;
Thou by thy word upholdeſt all,
Thy boundleſs love to all is ſhew'd,
Thou hear'ſt thy ev'ry creature call,
And filleſt ev'ry mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'ſt enthron'd in light,
Natures expanſe beneath thee ſpread,
Earth, air, and ſea, before thy ſight,
And hell's deep gloom are open laid.

Wiſdom,

Wiſdom, and might and love are thine;
Proſtrate before thy face we fall,
Confeſs thine attributes divine,
And hail thee ſov'reign Lord of all.

3 Thee ſov'reign Lord let all confeſs,
That moves in earth, or air, or ſky,
Revere thy pow'r, thy goodneſs bleſs,
Tremble before thy piercing eye;
All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praiſe your ev'ry hour employ;
Jehovah reigns be glad, O earth!
And ſhout ye morning ſtars for joy.

HYMN IX. *Weſley.* 6, 8.

1 THY cauſeleſs unexhauſted love,
Unmerited and free;
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our miſery.

2 Thou waiteſt to be gracious ſtill;
Thou doſt with ſinners bear,
That ſav'd, we may thy goodneſs feel,
And all thy love declare.

3 Thy goodneſs and thy truth to me,
To ev'ry ſoul abound:
A vaſt unfathomable ſea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd

4 Its ſtreams the whole creation reach,
So plent'ous is its ſtore;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thouſand promiſes declare,
Thy conſtancy of love.

6 Throughout

6 Throughout the univerſe it reigns
Unalterably ſure:
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodneſs muſt endure.

HYMN X. 6, 8.

1 LET all unite to tell,
Jehovah's boundleſs love;
Join the loud ſong, heav'n, earth and hell!
For you his goodneſs prove.
His love corrects our ſin,
Yea, doth o'er juſtice riſe,
To all it endleſs good brings in
Salvation's ſacred prize.

2 One having diſobey'd,
Unnumber'd errors roſe;
And all from God and virtue ſtray'd,
And all became his foes.
But one his God obey'd,
With an unſhaken heart;
And for his ſake thine arm uprear'd,
Shall make all vice depart.

3 Thy tender bowels move,
With pity they o'erflow,
As if thou wouldſt excuſe thy love,
To each rebellious foe.
Unnumber'd millions ſin,
But one obeys thy will,
Thou by that one brought pardon in
All to reſtore and heal.

4 Henceforth let joy abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry'd,
Mercy for all, our God hath found,
Mercy by faith apply'd,

The ſtreams of grace o'erflows,
By one, to all mankind,
'Till love ſubdues Jehovah's foes,
And all ſalvation find.

THE SCRIPTURES.

HYMN II. *Winchester.* H. 19. 8, 6.

1 O WHAT a bleſſing God hath giv'n,
To mortals here below!
His word to be our guide to heav'n,
While through this vale we go.

2 A richeſt mine of truth and grace,
More precious far than gold!
'Tis here that heavenly pearls have place,
Its value can't be told.

3 The words of life are ſweeter found
Than honey to the taſte,
Here's healing balm for ev'ry wound;
Ye needy come with haſte.

4 Here's food and drink, here's life and health,
Here's an exhauſtleſs ſtore,
Here's honour, length of days, and wealth,
What could we wiſh for more?

5 Then let us to this book attend,
And learn our maker's will;
He did this revelation ſend,
And he ſupports it ſtill.

HYMN XI. *Winchester.* H. 25. 8.

1 MY God! my tongue would bleſs thy name,
That ever I the Scriptures knew,
The precepts, which thy lips did frame,
Which thou commandeſt me to do.

'Tis

2 'Tis there that I the Gospel learn,
The mighty plan of saving grace:
'Tis there I read man's great concern,
And there I view my Saviour's face.

3 A book of knowledge 'tis to me,
A treasure vast, its worth untold;
Without this prize I would not be,
For rocks of diamonds, hills of gold.

4 This to mine eyes hath been a light,
To guide me thro' this desert land;
It chases far the shades of night,
And makes me wisdom understand.

5 Thanks, honour, glory, praise, might, pow'r,
I render to the Lord of heav'n,
And hope to praise him evermore,
For his divine instruction giv'n

HYMN XII. *Winchester.* 26. 6, 8.

1 I LOVE thy sacred word,
And thence my comforts draw,
Great joy thy promises afford,
Thy threat'nings strike with awe.

2 With joy thy name I trace,
Throughout the sacred book;
I seem to view my Father's face,
Wherever I can look.

3 Thy word gives such delight,
To my distressed mind;
That when my fears and foes affright,
'Tis there that peace I find.

4 I read, I hear, I pray,
And cast on God my care,
Thus I survive, and day by day;
Am strengthen'd still to bear.

5 Lord

5 Lord be my portion here,
My helper when I die,
Deliver me from ſin and fear,
And raiſe my ſoul on high.

HYMN XIII. *Newton.* 8.

1 THAT was a wonder working word,
Which could the vaſt creation raiſe?
Angels attendant on their Lord,
Admir'd the plan and ſang his praiſe.

2 From what a dark and ſhapeleſs maſs,
All nature ſprang at his command!
Let there be light! and light there was,
And ſun and ſtars; and ſea, and land.

3 With equal ſpeed the earth and ſeas,
Their mighty maker's voice obey'd;
He ſpake! and ſtrait the plants and trees,
And birds, and beaſts, and man were made.

4 But man, the lord and crown of all,
By ſin, his honour ſoon defac'd;
His heart! how alter'd ſince the fall!
Is dark, deform'd, and void and waſte.

5 The new creation of the ſoul
Does no leſs his pow'r diſplay;
Than when he formed the mighty whole,
And kindled darkneſs into day.

6 Tho' ſelf-deſtroy'd, O Lord! we are,
Yet let us feel what thou canſt do;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our hearts create anew.

HYMN XIV.

1 WE praiſe thee Lord, and joyful own,
Thy kindneſs to the human race,
Has true records to man made known;
Where he may peace and virtue trace.

2 Thy

2 Thy word is truth, no lie is there,
To lead aſtray the human heart,
But all we ſee, and all we hear,
Is truth unmix'd in ev'ry part.

3 Bright as the high meridian ſun,
Wide it diffuſes light around,
That man may pains and ſorrows ſhun,
And be of peace and mercy found.

4 Wide it expands the heart to know
The wonders of creating love,
That man may not in darkneſs go,
But in the light of wiſdom move.

5 Truth there records examples bright
Of ſuch as dared God obey,
That we may ſee their glorious light,
And be as wiſe and good as they.

6 There we behold thy truth record,
The ſins and ſorrows of mankind,
That we may cleave unto thee, Lord,
And by thy precepts cleanſe our mind.

7 Jehovah, hail! we bleſs thy name,
And for thy word the ſong would raiſe,
Soon o'er the earth its truths proclaim,
And all thy works their Lord ſhall praiſe.

HYMNS FOR BAPTISM.

HYMN XV. 8.

1 YE who believe in Chriſt the Lord,
Where Providence ſhall bid you go,
Proclaim to all, the gladd'ning word,
And make them Chriſt the Saviour know.

2 All who believing, Chriſt ſhall own,
Immerſe them in Jehovah's name,
And in the name of Chriſt the Son,
And in the Spirit's quick'ning flame.

3 Teach them to have an active love,
And Jeſu's precepts to obſerve,
By words, and deeds, their faith to prove,
And never from his laws to ſwerve.

4 Jehovah's pow'r this faith ſhall own,
The nations ſhall believe the ſign,
Their lives and doctrines ſhall make known,
The hand that ſent them is divine.

5 Father! eternally the ſame,
May all behold Meſſiah's face,
Thy pow'r make known, thy truth proclaim,
Now ſhew the wonders of thy grace.

HYMN XVI. 8, 6.

1 JESUS, inſtructed in thy word,
We now thy law fulfil,
And by it, owning thee our Lord,
Are bound to do thy will.

2 Mortals, our Maſter's ſign behold,
View Jeſus in the tomb!
There death the conqueror enfolds,
The grave becomes his home.

3 Now ſee him riſe from out the grave,
He leaves the bed of reſt;
Jeſus, the conq'ror comes to ſave
His works by ſin oppreſs'd.

4 The eldeſt ſons of Adam's race,
By him redeem'd from hell,
Aſtoniſh'd at redeeming grace,
His loudeſt triumph ſwell.

5 They

5 They ſing the wonders he hath done,
And glad obey his will;
Joyful we join the grateful ſong,
And Jeſu's laws fulfil.

6 Saviour, we now would die with thee,
Be thou alone our Lord,
That we thy Kings and Prieſts may be,
And have a full reward.

HYMN XVI. 8, 6.

1 ETERNAL parent of mankind,
Great ſource of ev'ry good,
Enlight'ned is our darken'd mind
By faith in Jeſu's blood.

2 Sorrow, and doubt, and fear is gone,
We ſee a parent's face,
And all thy boundleſs mercy own,
The wonders of thy grace.

3 We at the Saviour's croſs attend,
Aſtoniſh'd at thy love!
For there ſhall ſin and ſorrow end,
In all that live or move.

4 Now his baptiſmal ſign we take,
Then riſe from out the pool,
And in his ſtrength our ſins forſake,
And are by faith made whole.

5 Sinners, behold your dying Lord!
Believe and be forgiv'n,
Join now his Church with one accord,
And ſtrive to enter Heav'n.

HYMN XVII. 8, 6.

1 ALOUD the Goſpel trump refounds!
Hear all ye ſons of men!
Jehovah's love to all abounds,
Come, and be freed from pain,

2 Come now, he cries to all mankind,
Now own the Saviour, Lord!
Behold his love, his mercy find,
And let his law, be heard.

3 Behold his ſtreaming ſtandard flies,
Take on you now his name,
And o'er the world triumphant riſe,
Its pomp, its pow'r, its ſhame.

4 Take on you now his wat'ry ſign,
Obey your riſen Lord!
Then riſe and learn his laws divine,
And practiſe all his word.

HYMN XVIII. 8, 6.

1 JEHOVAH, hail, thy name I bleſs,
And own thy Chriſt my Lord!
And thus before the world profeſs
Obedience to his word.

2 Ent'ring with him into the flood,
I own he ſav'd from ſin,
And gladly in his ſprinkled blood
Now waſh my conſcience clean.

3 As he was crucify'd for me,
And bore his croſs and ſhame,
Now in his ſtrength my croſs I take,
And boaſt a Chriſtian's name.

4 As in the rocky tomb was laid
My Saviour's breathleſs frame,
Thus in the wat'ry tomb laid down,
I all his praiſe proclaim.

5 As from the grave my Lord aroſe,
In heav'nly dreſs array'd,
Thus from the wat'ry tomb would I
Riſe like my glorious head.

6 Bought

6 Bought by his blood, no longer I
Would in *my* ſpirit move,
But own his pow'r, his laws obey,
And all his precepts love.

HYMN XIX. 8.

1 WHEN Jeſus, at Jehovah's word,
Aroſe from out the rocky grave,
This was the charter from the Lord,
"Go teach mankind I came to ſave."
Jeſus rules o'er all, o'er all his ſceptre ſways,
Heav'n, earth, and hell, ſhall ſhout his praiſe.

2 All pow'r but that deriv'd from thee,
Muſt in its turn to nothing fall,
While thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
And riſe triumphant over all.
Jeſus rules, &c.

3 Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More glorious by each threat'ning foe,
For converts from thine enemies
Shall daily to thy ſceptre bow.
Jeſus rules, &c.

4 Thy foes ſhall glory in thy name,
They by obedience thee ſhall own,
And by immerſion thee proclaim,
And own thy right to wear the crown.
Jeſus rules, &c.

5 To thee belongs their wealth, their pow'r,
Peace, joy, and life, thou wilt them give;
Thro' thee they ſhall their God adore,
And always to his glory live.
Jeſus rules, &c.

6 True wiſdom, with uprightneſs found,
Shall to each faithful breaſt repair,
Thy ſons ſhall be for courage crown'd,
With piety and virtue fair.
Jeſus rules, &c.

7 They on thy lofty Throne ſhall ſit,
Thy laws diſpenſe, thy will make known,
Till all ſhall bow beneath thy feet,
Till all the Great Reſtorer own,
Jeſus rules, &c.

HYMN XX. *Wincheſter.* H. 135. 8, 6.

1 IT is a very pleaſing thing
To follow Chriſt our Lord,
And thus obey our heav'nly King
According to his word.

2 Down to the water-ſide we go!
By Chriſt's example led,
And let the ſtreams around us flow,
As did our glorious Head.

3 Saviour, we bleſs thy wond'rous name,
For thine example giv'n,
We love to imitate the ſame,
And follow thee to Heav'n.

4 Thus baptized, as thou haſt been,
Thine eaſy yoke we bear!
O! by our lives may it be ſeen
That we thy ſubjects are.

5 Lord! may we to thy glory live,
Teach us thy heav'nly ways;
To us thine holy ſpirit give,
And we thy name ſhall praiſe.

6 As we thy ſacred name profeſs,
May we our moments ſpend,
In ways of truth and righteouſneſs,
Until our lives ſhall end.

HYMN

HYMN XXI. *Wincheſter.* H. 137. 8.

1 AMEN! the holy angels cry,
Thus far, O Lord! thy will is done;
Amen! the ſaints on earth reply,
Thy glorious work is now begun.

2 Great is our joy when we can ſee
All thy commands by men obey'd,
When ſouls are turn'd from ſin to thee,
And are obedient children made.

3 Thy ſacred precepts we receive,
O Lord! and bleſs thine holy name,
That thou ſhouldſt ever give us leave,
And charge us to obey the ſame.

4 It is an honour to obey
Thy great commands in ſight of men;
Therefore we trod the wat'ry way,
For in the water Chriſt had been.

5 O Lord! this ordinance we keep,
According to thy wiſe deſign;
O! might we walk amongſt thy ſheep,
We aſk no other fold but thine.

6 Lord! guide us by thy counſel here,
Till we this mortal life have paſt;
Save us from ſin, guilt, grief, and fear,
And bring us to thyſelf at laſt.

HYMNS
FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN XXII. 8.

1 COME let us join our joyful lays,
And ſhout our Great Redeemer's praiſe,
Sav'd by his death, his pow'r we prove,
And thus unite to praiſe his love.

2 Firſt born of all, with God enthron'd,
Creation thee its Maker own'd;
Formed by thine almighty hand,
And proud t' obey thy great command.

3 Yet thou reſign'd thy glorious crown,
Laid ev'ry radiant honour down!
As man with men thou haſt appear'd,
Our ſuff'rings borne, our ſorrows heard!

4 Yes thou didſt all our ſuff'rings bear,
A man of griefs, a man of care;
Malice and envy's pointed dart
Aim'd all their venom at thine heart.

5 Thou boldly met'ſt the howling ſtorm,
In ev'ry horrid, dreadful form,
Superior roſe to all around,
And art the conq'ring Saviour crown'd.

6 Oh! make me Saviour, like to thee,
May I amongſt thine heroes be,
Approv'd with thy regarding word,
And crown'd by my all-conq'ring Lord.

HYMN XXIII. 8.

1 HAIL, Jeſus, maſter of the feaſt,
Who me invites to be his gueſt,
With joy I view thy feſtive board,
And hail thee Saviour, King, and Lord.

2 My ſins I now remember well,
And can of many wand'rings tell,
But better pleas'd remember thee,
Who dy'd from ſin to ſet me free.

3 By faith I view thy groans and tears,
And all my own deſert appears:
I view thee more than doubly ſlain
By the malignant ſcoffs of men.

4 Thy body broken in my ſtead,
That I might eat of heav'nly bread,
With ſaints and angels join the feaſt,
And ſit with thee a welcome gueſt!

5 Love fills my heart with joyful hope,
On wings of faith I now ſoar up,
And glad, the Church triumphant join,
And with thee, Saviour, drink the wine.

6 Here, we all now thy goodneſs prove,
There we ſhall drink full draughts of love:
Triumphantly thy name adore,
And hail thy bounty, love, and pow'r.

HYMN XXIV. 8, 6.

1 FOUNTAIN of Wiſdom, thee we bleſs
For Chriſt, the Saviour, giv'n;
And with thine hoſt above confeſs
Him, Lord of earth and heav'n.

2 Heir of the glories of thy Throne,
He laid his honours by,
Our ev'ry ſuff'ring made his own,
And heav'd the heart-felt ſigh.

3 Full well he knew each various ſtate
That wretched mortals feel,
But would endure their awful fate,
Their ev'ry grief to heal.

4 Fram'd in adverſity's rough ſchool,
He worthy is to reign,
Taught by obedience well to rule
The whole of thy domain.

5 Haſte the glad time, when heav'n, earth, hell,
Shall with united voice,
And hearts ſincere, his praiſes tell,
And in his love rejoice.

6 For he is worthy to receive
All pow'r, for he was ſlain,
That we, redeem'd, might to him live,
And joys immortal gain.

HYMN XXV. 11.

1 ALL-bounteous Sov'reign, thy goodneſs we own,
And grateful adore thee, for Jeſus, thy Son,
Perfect holineſs loſt, thro' him to reſtore
Thine image imparting, and kept evermore,
What aſtoniſhing love to give up thy Son,
A covenant to make, reſigning his crown,
To leave thy kind boſom, thy glory, thy throne,
Our weakneſs partaking, and die to atone.

2 His ſuff'rings, his toils, his patience, his love,
His tenderneſs, courage, and wiſdom, all prove
That thy covenant he exactly fulfill'd,
And crucify'd for us, our nature has heal'd;
The covenant he made by us is embrac'd,
Its memorial we take, and now ſhare the feaſt,
Thy ſervants by purchaſe, thee Sov'reign we own,
And henceforth will ſerve thee, and ſerve thee alone.

HYMN

HYMN XXVI. S.

1 THE night our Saviour was betray'd,
He this commemoration made:
He took the bread, and bleſs'd that name
From which our ev'ry bleſſing came;
Then brake, and bade his follow'rs take,
And eat it often, for his ſake.

2 Then took the cup, endearing ſign,
And bleſs'd the giver of the wine,
From whom our ev'ry bleſſing flow'd,
Then bade them drink the ſign of blood,
And own him, purifier, ſlain,
Thro' whom they life reſtor'd ſhould gain.

3 With joy we join the chearful feaſt,
And love's memorials gladly taſte;
Whilſt Jeſus crucify'd we own,
Our preſent truſt, our future crown;
Creation's rightful, ſov'reign Lord,
Thro' whom our God ſhall be ador'd.

HYMN XXVII. S.

1 JESUS, our Saviour, took the bread,
And bleſs'd Jehovah, his great head:
We follow the example giv'n,
And praiſe thee, Lord, of earth and Heav'n.

2 Nature, obedient to thy pow'r,
Produces life's ſuſtaining ſtore:
We take with thankful hearts the food,
And feel our frames with ſtrength renew'd.

3 Bleſs'd be thy name, thou ſource of good,
For thus beſtowing earthly food,
But higher praiſes ſhould be giv'n
That Chriſt, thy ſon, came down from Heav'n.

4 Thro

4 Thro' him we ſee thy tender mind
Streaming with love to all mankind,
Inviting all of Adam's race
To the glad feaſt of ſov'reign grace.

5 Thro' all temptations, toils, and pains,
Thy love our fainting ſouls ſuſtains;
By faith on thee, thro' Jeſus giv'n,
The bread of life ſent down from Heav'n.

HYMN XXVIII. 7.

1 LET our hearts and voices join,
Whilſt we ſacred praiſe entwine;
Praiſe, Jehovah, is thy due
For our bleſſings daily new.

2 At thy command, the teeming earth
Wine's enliv'ning juice pours forth;
This our drooping ſpirit chears,
Baniſhing our anxious cares.

3 At thy word our Saviour came,
Bore our ſorrows, pains, and ſhame,
Then pour'd forth his precious blood
To reſtore our ſouls to God.

4 Whilſt we drink the flowing wine,
Let our hearts and voices join,
Raiſe the ſong of gratitude
To the Author of all good.

5 Here Jehovah's love is known,
Manifeſt thro' Chriſt, thy Son:
He hath our backſliding heal'd,
Man to God is reconcil'd.

6 Thro' him ſorrow and deſpair
Shall be baniſh'd ev'ry where:
Now our God thy love we view,
We delight to love thee too.

7 Now

7 Now we caſt on thee our cares,
To preſerve from error's ſnares:
Make us in thy kingdom ſtand,
With thy Saints at thy right hand.

HYMN XXIX. 8.

1 OUR mem'ries now recall that night,
When wicked men our Lord betray'd,
Gave to the croſs the Prince of Light,
Whilſt all our ſins his ſoul diſmay'd.

2 He ſaw the diſtant ages roll,
Before he ſhould in pow'r appear,
And left to us this feaſt of love,
To bring his full atonement near.

3 The bread he took, his Father bleſs'd,
Then breaking, gave, and bade them eat,
This emblem of his body brake,
Which they ſhould for his ſake repeat.

4 Then took the cup, and prais'd his name,
Whoſe lib'ral hand the wine beſtow'd,
Then gave, and bade them all to drink,
Type of his blood, that freely flow'd.

5 Memorial of that ſacred blood,
Of the new cov'nant made for man
Making known their ſins forgiv'n,
That a new life might be began.

6 With thankful hearts the bread we break,
Partakers of th' unbounded good,
And grateful drink the flowing wine,
Bleſt emblem of our Saviour's blood.

7 By faith may we march on our way,
Kept thro' thy pow'r, from falling free,
Till we ſhall in thy kingdom ſtand,
And eat and drink, O Lord, with thee.

HYMN XXX. 10, 11.

1 THE Goſpel of love the Saviour brought down,
By ſhedding of blood, to mortals made known,
By favour divine, thro' faith we receive,
And in the At-one-ment are glad to believe.

2 Jehovah, ſince thou ſuch favours haſt giv'n,
As freedom from ſin, the earneſt of Heav'n;
We'll not be content, but ſtrive to attain
Thine image, O God, and holineſs gain.

3 Employing each gift which thou haſt beſtow'd,
As beſt to obey and glorify God,
Circumſpect walking, in rev'rence and fear,
That ſo of perfection the fruit we may bear.

4 Thy ſpirit ſend down, our hearts now inſpire,
Burn ſelfiſh pride up by love's cleanſing fire,
That we may no joys here ſeek or approve,
But what flow from thee, the fountain of love.

HYMN XXXI. 8. *Wincheſter*, 23 *page preface.*

1 THY worthineſs is all our ſong,
O Lamb of God! for thou waſt ſlain,
And by thy blood brought us to God,
Out from each nation, tribe, and tongue,
To our God mad'ſt us Kings and Prieſts,
And we ſhall reign upon the earth.

2 Salvation to our God who ſhines
In face of Jeſus on the Throne,
The only juſt and merciful;
Salvation to the worthy Lamb,
With loud voice all the Church aſcribes,
Amen, ſay angels, round the Throne.

3 *To him who* lov'd us, and hath waſh'd
Us from our ſins, in his own blood,
(*And he* hath made us Kings and Prieſts

To

To his own Father and his God)
The glory and dominion be
To him eternally. Amen.

HYMN XXXII. 10, 11. *Wincheſter.* H. 140.

1 COME let us record the love of our friend,
Our Saviour and Lord, who lov'd to the end,
Who dy'd for tranſgreſſors, and ſhed his dear blood,
To make us poſſeſſors of all that is good.

2 He came from above, our ſouls to redeem,
His wonderful love ſhall be our choice theme;
We'll ſing of his dying to ſave us from ſin,
In which we were lying defil'd and unclean.

3 What tongue can expreſs, or heart can conceive,
What joy they poſſeſs who truly believe?
Who truſt in their Saviour, and honour his name,
And by their behaviour do witneſs the ſame?

4 The night our bleſs'd Lord was baſely betray'd,
(O action abhorr'd!) he movingly ſaid,
"Now for a ſhort ſeaſon from you I depart,
"And you for this reaſon have ſorrow of heart.

5 "'Tis needful for you that I go away,
"Your intereſt true forbids me to ſtay;
"I'll ſend you my ſpirit, and leave you my peace,
"Joys you ſhall inherit that never ſhall ceaſe.

6 "Hear now my requeſt, ſee what I intend,
"Let this be impreſs'd, Remember your friend,
"Behold the bread broken! my body here view!
"The wine doth betoken my blood ſhed for you.

7 "This feaſt I ordain for you to fulfil,
"Till I come again, for this is my will;
"And by your complying in faith, hope, and love,
"You'll ſhew forth my dying, your friendſhip will prove."

FOR
CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

HYMN XXXIII. 8.

1 FATHER of all! thy ſervants meet,
O! liſten to their earneſt pray'r;
To them thy promiſes compleat,
That they thy mighty name may fear.

2 Be preſent with them by thy word,
Give to their underſtanding light,
To ſee their omnipreſent Lord
In all his wiſdom, love, and might.

3 Speak! as thou didſt in days of old,
Immerſing us in heav'nly fire,
Then ſhall the ſons of men behold,
And Jeſus for their Lord deſire.

4 O! make us one in heart and will,
Like thee, our Father and thy Son,
In love uniting to fulfil,
Thy laws, and make thy goodneſs known.

5 Warm ev'ry heart with holy love,
Fervent as in the Saviour's breaſt,
Its vital flame we then ſhall prove,
And ſtrive to make each other bleſt.

6 Jealouſy, envy, madd'ning zeal,
Deſtroy, by love's all-cleanſing pow'r,
And ev'ry rankling boſom heal,
To know no evil tempers more.

7 Hear us Jehovah! hear our pray'r,
And now perform thy promis'd word!
May we now find thy preſence near,
By faith united to our Lord.

HYM

HYMN XXXIV. 8, 6.

1 O God! upon thy Church look down,
Teach us ourſelves to know:
With peace, and truth, and mercy crown,
And always with us go.

2 With wiſdom ev'ry heart inſpire,
Its real ſtate to ſee;
If warm, with love's all cleanſing fire,
Or if it lukewarm be.

3 If like thine ancient ſervant, Paul,
Falſe zeal the heart inflame,
By thy good word unto us call,
And ſhew the Saviour's name.

4 Or, if like Peter, we wax cold,
O'erwhelm'd with human fear;
Let us like him our Lord behold,
And riſe above deſpair.

5 If thro' ambitious luſt of pow'r,
Like Judas we betray,
O! from our treachery reſtore,
And bid us weep and pray.

6 If ſecret ſins our hearts endure,
As hidden from thine eye,
Wound us, O Lord! our ſouls to cure,
Leſt unreſtor'd we die.

7 Suffer not ſin in any breaſt
Its reſidence to take,
But may we be of Chriſt poſſeſs'd,
Thy ſons for Jeſu's ſake.

HYMN XXXV. *Weſley.* 7.

1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Shew thyſelf the Prince of Peace,
Bid our ſtrife for ever ceaſe.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry ſtumbling block remove,
Each to each unite, endear,
Come and ſpread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide,
All the depths of love expreſs,
All the heights of holineſs!

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

HYMN XXXVI. *Newton.* 8, 6.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame
The fire of love ſupplies,
Whilſt that which often bears the name,
Is ſelf! in a diſguiſe.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The falſe is headſtrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Chriſtian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But ſelf! contends for names and forms,
Its party to encreaſe.

4 Zeal

4 Zeal has attain'd its higheſt aim,
Its end is ſatisfy'd,
If ſinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor ſeeks it ought beſide.

5 But ſelf! however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And ſays, as boaſting Jehu cry'd,
"Come ſee what I can do!"

6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here,
But zeal the beſt applauſe will gain,
When Jeſus ſhall appear.

7 Dear Lord, the idol ſelf dethrone,
And from our hearts remove,
And let no zeal by us be ſhewn,
But that which ſprings from love.

HYMN XXXVII. *Weſley.* 8, 6.

1 TRY us, O God! and ſearch the ground
Of ev'ry ſinful heart;
Whate'er of ſin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we ſtray,
Leave us not comfortleſs,
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlaſting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's croſs to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little ſtock improve;
Increaſe our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee the living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou haſt made us free indeed,
And ſpotleſs here below.

6 Then when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride,
Give us in Heav'n a happy lot,
With all the ſanctify'd.

HYMN XXXVIII. *Wincheſter.* H. 72. 8,

1 HOW charming was that harmony,
Which in the Chriſtian Church was found,
When peace, love, joy, and unity,
Did in the hearts of all abound.

2 Their faith and order was the ſame,
One Lord, one faith, one baptiſm had,
Each other lov'd with pureſt flame,
Their hearts rejoic'd, their tongues were glad.

3 The happy, faithful multitude
Were one in heart, and ſoul, and mind;
Such Chriſtians holy angels view'd,
Saw Heav'n begun amongſt mankind.

4 Great grace was found upon them all,
Their joy and love who can expreſs?
God heard and anſwer'd at their call,
And who can paint their happineſs?

5 O may ſuch days return again!
O may our eyes ſuch glories ſee!
Jeſus, when thou on earth ſhall reign,
More glorious times by far ſhall be.

PRAISE.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

HYMN XXXIX. *Wincheſter.* H. 80. 6, 8, 4.

1 HOW can we be aſham'd
Of ſuch a wond'rous plan,
Which God hath in his wiſdom fram'd
To ranſom man?
Here goodneſs join'd with pow'r,
Diſplay the grand deſign,
Poor man to ſave, redeem, reſtore,
By grace divine.

2 What news the Goſpel brings,
To drive away our fears!
Grand, true, important, glorious things
Salute our ears!
We hear that Chriſt was born,
Liv'd, dy'd, and roſe again,
To ſave the race of man forlorn
From ſin and pain.

3 Aſcending up on high,
That he might intercede,
The Saviour who for man did die,
Now lives to plead.
He lives for evermore,
Our ſouls to Heav'n he'll bring:
We ſhall eternally adore
Our Lord and King.

HYMN XL. *Wincheſter.* H. 81. 8.

1 MY Saviour, Prophet, Prieſt, and King,
With joy thine offices I ſing:
Jeſus the Saviour is thy name,
Who bore upon the croſs my ſhame.

2 The

2 Thou glorious Prophet of my God,
Thou heav'nly Prieſt, who ſhed thy blood
To ſave my ſoul from death and ſin,
Rule as my King with pow'r divine.

3 My ſoul redeem'd ſurveys with joy
The method which thou didſt employ,
Thy glorious purpoſe to fulfil,
Diſplaying love, and pow'r and ſkill.

4 My Prophet! teach me all thy ways,
My King! O rule me by thy grace;
My Prieſt! who dy'd, and roſe to plead,
Still for a ſinner intercede.

HYMN XLI. *Wincheſter.* H. 83. 6, 8.

1 LORD, how can we expreſs
The praiſes that we owe
To thee, the Lord, our righteouſneſs,
Who ſaveſt us from woe?

2 Great wonders thou haſt wrought,
And boundleſs grace diſplay'd;
Thy love exceeds an angel's thought,
And cannot be diſplay'd.

3 Yet, deareſt Lord, receive
The tribute of our tongues;
Our ſouls and all to thee we give,
Our all to thee belongs.

4 For we are not our own,
But are redeem'd by thee,
And may we live to thee alone,
And thine for ever be.

HYMN XLII. *Wincheſter.* H. 68. 8, 6.

1 JEHOVAH to our Saviour ſpake,
Sit thou at my right hand,
Till I thy foes thy footſtool make,
And give thee ev'ry land.

2 Th

2 Thou didſt the mighty work fulfil
Which I appointed thee,
And I declare my ſov'reign will,
Thou ſhalt exalted be.

3 To thee ſhall ev'ry foe ſubmit,
And own thy pow'rful ſway,
And humbled Monarchs at thy feet
Shall all their homage lay.

4 Moſt lib'ral ſhall thy people ſeem
When thy great day ſhall come,
The multitudes thou ſhalt redeem,
How infinite their ſum!

5 Their number, like the drops of dew,
From fruitful womb of morn,
Proclaim thy converts not a few
Who ſhall to thee be born.

6 Thro' all the earth thou ſhalt be known,
Rule thou with pow'r divine,
Till ev'ry nation thee ſhall own,
And all the world be thine.

HYMN XLIII. 8.

1 TO thee, O God! with grateful praiſe,
Our thankful hearts the ſong ſhall raiſe,
For Chriſt, our Saviour and our King;
No more our pardon'd ſouls complain,
But ſav'd from ſin and future pain,
We now unite thy love to ſing.

2 Life, health, and comforts from thee flow,
'Tis life divine doth joy beſtow,
We all, O God! from thee receive;
But more thy chearing voice is heard,
When Jeſus ſhews the pard'ning word,
And bids the trembling ſinner live.

3 *In thy bleſs'd word, all-bounteous God,*
Thy boundleſs love to all is view'd;

Wiſdom

Wiſdom and pow'r with love unite,
T' enlighten ev'ry darken'd mind,
That it from pardon, peace may find,
Holineſs, wiſdom, and delight.

4 'Tis there thy goodneſs maketh known
Chriſt ſoon ſhall take his glorious throne,
And over all the nations reign:
Make war thro'out the kingdoms ceaſe,
Whilſt earth ſhall yield her full increaſe,
Bleſs'd type when none ſhall more complain.

5 O haſte, and bid that time appear
When all thy works, with filial fear,
Proſtrate before thy throne ſhall fall;
When having finiſh'd thy deſign
The Saviour ſhall his throne reſign,
And thou, O God! be all in all.

6 Then ſhall creation to its King
Eternal, boundleſs praiſes bring,
Whilſt love ſhall higheſt notes inſpire;
All muſic's pow'r ſhall ſound thy praiſe,
Heav'n, earth, and hell, the chorus raiſe
To thee the great eternal Sire!

7 Then whilſt unending ages roll,
Increaſing joys ſhall bleſs each ſoul,
United never more to part:
All ſaved by redeeming grace,
Content ſhall ſmile in ev'ry face,
And praiſe flow out of ev'ry heart.

HYMN XLIV. 8.

1 RAISE to our God the lofty ſong,
Pour the triumphant notes along,
Whilſt Jeſus conq'ring name we ſing:
He over all creation reigns,
With pow'r divine his love maintains,
A juſt, a wiſe, a mighty King.

2 Tho'

2 Tho' head of all, he laid his crown
And all his rightful honours down,
Diſrobed of all majeſty!
Enter'd the virgin's womb, was born,
And bare reproach, and ſhame, and ſcorn,
Thy name, O God! to glorify.

3 Spread wide the Great Immanuel's name,
Re-echo'd by the trump of fame,
Aloud reſound it thro' the air;
Whilſt all ye juſt, ye good, ye great,
Caſt your high honours at his feet!
And all his upright laws revere.

4 He worthy only is to reign,
Who dreads no danger, toil, or pain,
Rejoicing evils to endure;
That he might ſlay his ſubjects' foes,
Virtue reſtore, and ſweet repoſe
To them unendingly ſecure.

HYMN XLV. *Weſley.* 8, 6.

1 JESUS the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or ſky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jeſus, the name to ſinners dear,
The name to ſinners giv'n!
It ſcatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heav'n.

3 Jeſus the pris'ners fetters breaks,
And bruiſes Satan's head,
Pow'r into ſtrengthleſs ſouls he ſpeaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O! that the world might taſte and ſee
The riches of his grace,
The arms of love that compaſs me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 O! that my Jeſu's heav'nly charms
Might ev'ry boſom move!
Fly, ſinners, fly, into thoſe arms
Of everlaſting love.

HYMN XLVI. *Weſley.* 8, 6.

1 INFINITE, unexhauſted love!
Jeſus and love are one:
If ſtill to me thy bowels move,
They are reſtrain'd to none.

2 What ſhall I do my God to love!
My loving God to praiſe?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth of ſov'reign grace?

3 Thy ſov'reign grace to all extends,
Immenſe and unconfin'd;
From age to age, it never ends,
But reaches all mankind.

4 Thro'out the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity!
So wide! it never paſs'd by one,
Or it had paſs'd by me.

5 My treſpaſs was grown up to Heav'n,
But far above the ſkies,
In Chriſt abundantly forgiv'n,
I ſee thy mercies riſe.

6 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O! may I to the utmoſt prove,
The gift unſpeakable.

HYMN XLVII. *Weſley.* 6, 8.

1 LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name.

2 Jeſus, tranſporting ſound!
The joy of earth and heav'n,
No other name is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can ſalvation have,
But Jeſus came the world to ſave.

3 Jeſus, harmonious name!
It charms the hoſts above!
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to ſee our Jeſu's face.

4 His name the ſinner hears,
And is from ſin ſet free,
'Tis muſic in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New ſongs do now his life employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

WORSHIP.

HYMN XLVIII. *Winchester.* H. 110. 8.

1 IF we would worſhip God upright,
We muſt in all things be ſincere;
No fawning, lying hypocrite,
Will God with approbation hear.

2 Nor muſt we be in love with ſin,
If we would come before his throne;
For worſhippers impure, unclean,
A holy God can never own.

3 Nor can a boaſting Phariſee,
Who ſtands in all the pomp of pride,
By God the juſt accepted be,
Nor in his ſight be juſtified.

4 Nor thoſe whoſe hearts with malice burn
Can ſtand approv'd before the Lord,
Their pray'rs muſt into curſes turn,
And all their ſervice be abhorr'd.

5 But penitents acceptance find,
How great ſo'er their ſins have been,
For God is gracious, good, and kind,
And full of mercy towards men.

6 All muſt approach with ſome degree
Of faith, or no acceptance gain;
Believe in God, believe in me!
Saith Chriſt, if life you would obtain.

7 When ye ſtand praying, then, forgive!
If aught againſt mankind you feel,
That ye forgiveneſs may receive,
And God your pardon ſure may ſeal.

8 Come, in the name of Jeſus come!
And humbly aſk the Spirit's aid,
So ſhall ye find abundant room,
And have no cauſe to be afraid.

HYMN XLIX. *Wincheſter.* H. 118. 8.

1 THOU who haſt caus'd thy ſacred word
To be for our inſtruction penn'd,
Thy light and grace to us afford,
That we may all our ways amend.

2 May we ſo hear, read, mark, and learn,
And inwardly thy word digeſt,
And ſo attend our great concern,
That we may find eternal reſt.

3 That bleſſed hope which thou haſt giv'n
Of endleſs life may we retain;
Through Chriſt we hope to enter Heav'n,
And joy and gladneſs there to gain.

HYMN L. *Wincheſter.* H. 119. 8, 6.

1 HE that hath ears now let him hear,
What holy Scripture ſaith,
God's word ſhould be eſteemed dear,
And always heard with faith.

2 What hiſtories therein are told!
How wonderful! how true!
How many worthies there enroll'd
Examples are for you!

3 How wiſe the rules! the laws how good,
Which are in Scripture found!
The promiſes, when underſtood,
With grace and love abound.

4 The prophecies therein reveal'd
Our cloſe attention claim;
Have been, or ſhall be all fulfill'd,
For God abides the ſame.

5 God's words are true, and juſt, and pure,
And none of them can fail;
What he hath ſpoken muſt endure,
And proſper and prevail.

6 Then let us read, and fear and mark,
Believe, and hope, and love,
And walk no longer in the dark,
But ſoar to joys above.

HYMN LI. *Wincheſter.* H. 121. 8.

1 DISMISS us from thy houſe of pray'r,
With bleſſings ſuch as mortals need,
And make our ſouls thy conſtant care,
Till we from evil ſhall be freed.

2 And if we never meet again
Till we our Lord's appearing ſee;
O may we all with Jeſus reign,
And always with our Saviour be.

HYMN LII. *Wincheſter.* H. 122. 8, 6.

1 O Bleſſed be our heav'nly King,
For ſuch great things as theſe,
With joy thy praiſes we would ſing,
And ſhout thy victories.

2 Thy wonders, Lord, to us made known,
Exceed our nobleſt ſongs,
Thy favours granted we will own
With grateful hearts and tongues.

HYMN LIII. *Wincheſter.* H. 123. 8, 6.

1 THY Goſpel, which we now have heard,
Impreſs it on each heart;
And may that grace which hath appear'd,
Its ſaving pow'r impart.

2 May we repent, believe, and hope,
And cheerfully obey,
Till Jeſus ſhall receive us up
To joy and endleſs day.

3 May peace, love, joy, our ſouls ſupport
Till we ſhall overcome;
The conflict ſure, is yet but ſhort,
When ended we go home:

4. There

4 There Chriſt will ev ry bleſſing give,
There we his face ſhall ſee;
Like him be made, with him ſhall live,
And always happy be.

HYMN LIV. *Wincheſter.* H. 124. 8.

1 'TIS no vain thing to ſerve the Lord,
To praiſe his name, and hear his word;
The pleaſures which we find therein
Make us abhor the ſweets of ſin.

2 One day, or hour, while thus employ'd,
God's preſence felt, his love enjoy'd,
Exceeds a thouſand ſpent elſewhere,
So much our joys ſuperior are.

HYMN LV. *Wincheſter.* H. 125. 8.

1 THANKS, praiſe and honour, glory, pow'r,
Be to our God for evermore,
And to the worthy Lamb once ſlain,
He who was dead, but lives again.

2 He hath the keys of death and hell,
His pow'r and love no tongue can tell;
To him authority is giv'n,
O'er all on earth, in hell, in Heav'n.

HYMN LVI. *Wincheſter.* H. 126. 8.

1 THE grace of Jeſus Chriſt the Lord,
The love of God, our Father kind,
The Spirit's fellowſhip afford,
Peace to all thoſe in Jeſus join'd.

2 Communion may our ſouls obtain
With God the Father, and the Son,
And may the Holy Spirit reign
In all our hearts, and make us one.

HYM

HYMN LVII. *Wincheſter.* H. 127. 8.

1 O Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Who was, and is, and is to come,
Worthy to be by all ador'd,
Thy works how infinite the ſum!

2 Lord, thou art worthy, King of Kings,
Glory, pow'r, honour, to receive,
For thou haſt form'd and made all things,
And for thy pleaſure ſtill they live.

3 We by thee form'd, and for thee made,
Would wiſh to praiſe thee as we ought;
But can that debt of love be paid,
Which ſo exceeds our higheſt thought?

HYMN LVIII. *Wincheſter.* H. 128. 8.

1 SALVATION to our God,
Who ſits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, who ſhed his blood,
And did for all atone.

2 We'll never ceaſe to ſing
The riches of his love,
Till he our happy ſouls ſhall bring
To dwell with him above.

HYMN LIX. *Wincheſter.* H. 129. 8, 6.

1 BLESSING, and glory, wiſdom, pow'r,
Thankſgiving, honour, might,
Be to our God for evermore,
Let him obtain his right.

2 He worthy is to be ador'd
By all that breathe or live,
And ev'ry creature to the Lord
Shall adoration give

HYMN LX. *Wincheſter.* H. 130. 8.

1 WE give thee thanks, almighty Lord,
Who art, and waſt, and art to come,
Becauſe thou doſt fulfil thy word,
And doſt thy reigning pow'r aſſume.

2 How angry all the nations are!
Thy wrath is come, thy pow'r is known,
Thy mighty arm is now made bare,
Fix'd and eſtabliſh'd is thy throne.

3 Thy Saints ſhall riſe, and reign with thee,
The dead ſhall hear thy voice, and live;
All ſhall be judged righteouſly,
And juſt rewards thine hands ſhall give.

HYMN LXI. *Wincheſter.* H. 132. 8, 6.

1 MILLIONS of angels ſtand around
Our dear Redeemer's throne,
And praiſe his name with lofty ſound,
And make his glories known.

2 Worthy the Lamb that once was ſlain,
To be exalted high,
Immortal honours he ſhall gain,
Who once for men did die.

3 Strength, riches, wiſdom, honour, pow'r,
Glory, and bleſſings give,
To him who all the Saints adore,
In whom all creatures live.

HYMN LXII. *Wincheſter.* H. 133. 8, 6.

1 WHEN ſhall the glorious day ariſe,
That all ſhall praiſe thy name?
When all in heaven, earth, air, ſeas, ſkies,
Shall join to bleſs the Lamb?

2 When

2 When with a loud united voice
The univerſe ſhall ring?
And ev'ry creature ſhall rejoice,
And God's high praiſes ſing.

3 All tongues and hearts with joy ſhall join,
Without a jarring ſound,
To circle with a ſong divine
The glorious throne around.

4 Bleſſing and honour, glory, pow'r,
To God upon the throne,
And to the Lamb for evermore,
All voices join in one.

5 With joy we now anticipate
The glories of that day,
When all Jehovah did create
Shall willing homage pay.

HYMN LXIII. *Wincheſter.* H. 134. 8.

1 PRAISE God, ye ſervants of the Lord,
Who fear his name, and keep his word,
Ye who delight to do his will,
And his commandments to fulfil.

2 His name deſerves your higheſt praiſe,
Moſt glorious are his words and ways;
He made, preſerves, and will reſtore,
And all his works ſhall him adore.

HYMN LXIV. 8, 6.

1 ASSEMBLED here to know thy will,
To thank and praiſe our Lord;
Thy ſpirit ſend, thy word fulfil,
And ſhew our pray'r is heard.

2 Open our eyes thyſelf to ſee,
Within thy word reveal'd,
And reconcile us all to thee,
Let ev'ry ſoul be heal'd.

3 Then

3 Then ſhall we praiſe thine holy name,
With all thy ranſom'd throng;
Our actions ſhall our King proclaim,
And love command our tongue.

HYMN LXV. 8.

1 JEHOVAH, by thy ſervant ſend,
Whilſt in thy ſervice we attend
Inſtruction to each waiting mind,
And let us all thy preſence find.

2 Swift as the winged lightning flies,
May light within our hearts ariſe,
Convince the ſinner, chear the ſad,
And make the doubting ſpirit glad.

3 We bleſs thee, Maker, Sov'reign Lord,
Both for our being and thy word,
Thy truths aſſiſt us to receive,
That we may to thy glory live.

HYMN LXVI. 8, 6.

1 TEACH us thy ſacred word to know,
Graft it in ev'ry heart,
That we may in thy precepts go,
Nor from thy laws depart.

2 O that thy ſpirit might come down,
With unction from above,
And peace in ev'ry heart be ſown,
And joy and humble love.

3 With thee, O Father, and thy Son,
May we communion find,
And in us all thy will be done
With an unclouded mind.

HYMN LXVII. 8.

1 ASSEMBLED in thine houſe of pray'r,
Thee we adore, our Sov'reign Lord,
May we all find thy preſence near,
Inſtructing us in all thy word.

2 Teach us to ſee its beauties more,
More of thy pow'r and love to ſee,
Our ſouls ſhall then thy name adore,
We ſhall thy well taught ſervants be.

3 Strengthen our ſouls to do thy will,
To practiſe what our hearts approve,
View thee, thy vaſt deſigns fulfil,
And love thee becauſe thou art love.

HYMN LXVIII. 8, 6.

1 COME, Lord Jeſus, quickly come!
Accompliſh our deſire,
Prepare us for thine heav'nly home,
By love's all-cleanſing fire.

2 Give us the ſpirit and the pow'r,
That we may conquer ſin,
Firmly unto the end endure,
And thy bleſs'd kingdom win.

3 A part obtain with Chriſt our head,
Over earth's kingdoms reign,
Amongſt mankind thy glory ſpread,
And endleſs honours gain.

4 Haſte, Jehovah! haſte the day,
When we our Lord ſhall ſee,
Then may we ſoar with joy away,
And always with him be.

HYMN LXIX. 8, 6.

1 JEHOVAH, merciful and kind,
Thy ſacred name we praiſe,
For thy bleſt Son, thro' whom we find
Wiſdom to guide our ways.

2 He ſearch'd thy word, He knew thy will,
Thro' life he thee obey'd,
Glad thy commandments to fulfil,
Of nought but ſin afraid.

3 His life, a copy of thy laws,
Explain'd them to mankind,
Led them to Thee, the Great Firſt Cauſe,
And cleans'd the darken'd mind.

4 By thy word he anſwers found,
To ſave from ev'ry ſnare,
And all his enemies confound,
And make thy truth appear.

5 Teach us, O God! like him to live,
Like him thy word to know,
O make our hearts thy truth receive,
And with it overflow.

6 By us then ſhall thy will be done,
And men thy truth ſhall ſee,
Thro' our uprightneſs thee ſhalt own,
And live, O God! to thee.

HYMN LXX. 8.

1 FATHER of all! immortal Pow'r,
Thy works proclaim their Maker's hand,
And call us thy good name t' adore,
And rev'rence pay to each command:
Thro' thee, alone! we live, and move,
And now unite to praiſe thy love.

2 Our eyes with holy joy ſurvey,
The glorious works thine hands have wrought,
Till to the realms of perfect day,
On wings of faith we're upward caught,
And worſhip with thy Saints above,
And hail thy pow'r, and hail thy love!

3 Thy love firſt laid creation's plan,
And ſtrengthen'd thy creative voice,
Love gave thy Son to die for man,
And love ſhall make his heart rejoice:
Heav'n, earth, and hell, thy goodneſs prove,
Yea, all thy works ſubſiſt by love.

4 Whilſt endleſs ages onward roll,
We ſhall thy wond'rous love proclaim,
And grateful love ſhall tune each ſoul,
To ſpeak the glories of thy name;
The bounding notes ſhall flow along,
Whilſt angels join the glowing ſong.

DAILY BREAD.

HYMN LXXI. 8, 6.

1 NOT from the earth our bleſſings ſpring,
Nor drop from out the air;
But from thy pow'r, immortal King,
And thy paternal care.

2 Eternal ſource of endleſs good,
Who all our wants ſupplies,
Life, ſhelter, health, peace, joy, and food,
All from thy bounties riſe.

3 Creator, hail, thy name we bleſs,
And own thee Sov'reign Lord:
O make thy works thy name confeſs,
Be thou by all ador'd.

HYN

HYMN LXXII. 10, 11.

1 JEHOVAH, all hail! thy name we adore,
Of wiſdom the ſource, the ſource of all pow'r:
Life and its bleſſings to all creatures ſhall prove,
Thy wiſdom and power exceeded by love.

2 The food that we eat, the raiment we wear,
Thy goodneſs they ſpeak, thy love they declare:
With thy bleſſing us bleſs, and give us thy peace,
That gratitude may with enjoyment increaſe.

HYMN LXXIII. 8, 6.

1 AUTHOR of Life, thy name we praiſe,
And tune the grateful ſong;
To thee belong the joyful lays
That flow from ev'ry tongue.

2 Exiſtence firſt from thee aroſe,
From thee all bleſſings flow,
Thy tender providential care
Attends where'er we go.

3 We bleſs Jehovah's bounteous name,
Who for his creatures cares,
Both food and raiment, houſe and peace,
For all his hand prepares.

4 May grateful praiſe all hearts employ,
And tune creation's ſong;
Jeſus, bleſs'd Saviour, crown our joy,
And fill with praiſe each tongue.

HYMN LXXIV. 8, 6.

1 MY ſoul, thy Maker praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above,
Make ev'ry heart thy triumph raiſe,
Thou God of love.

Thy hand each want ſupplies,
Our raiment gives and food,
Accept our grateful ſacrifice,
Thou ſource of good.

HYMN LXXV. 6, 8.

1 CREATOR, thee we hail,
And bleſs thy conſtant care;
Thy ſtreams of mercy cannot fail,
They always ſhall appear.
Our food thy hand ſupplies,
From thee we good receive,
That ſeeing whence thy bleſſings riſe,
We to thy praiſe may live.

HYMN LXXVI. 8, 6.

1 WITH ſweet delight, all-bounteous God,
Thy bleſſings I receive;
Fain would I ſpread thy fame abroad,
And in thy love believe.

2 But ſtill my wand'ring thoughts will rove,
And darkneſs cloud my mind:
Faith dies, hope fails, and trembling love,
Thy preſence cannot find.

3 Return, thou God of love! return,
Nor let my ſpirits rove,
But wiſdom all my boſom warm,
And fill my ſoul with love.

HYMN LXXVII. 8.

1 WE now will praiſe thee, King of Heav'n,
From whom our ev'ry good proceeds;
With grateful hearts our thanks are giv'n,
To thee who all thy creatures feeds.

2 At thy command the wat'ry floods,
Expand within the arched deep;
In ſprings they leave their drear abodes,
And up the lofty mountains creep.

3 From thence in murm'ring rills they glide,
Or in impetous torrents roar;
Or roll the ſtately river's tide,
And deck with verdure ev'ry ſhore.

4 Or they in genial dews ariſe,
To moiſten earth, and feed her flow'rs;
From thence concreting cloud the ſkies,
Till they deſcend in fat'ning ſhow'rs.

5 Jehovah, wonderful art thou,
Nature obedient ſpeaks thy praiſe;
Thee we adore, to thee we bow,
And the glad ſong of triumph raiſe.

DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND JUDGEMENT.

HYMN LXXVIII. *Watts.* 8.

1 AWAKE my zeal, awake my love,
And ſerve my Saviour here below,
In works which all the Saints above,
Which holy angels cannot do.

2 My faith and hope may ſee the Lord,
Tho' vails of darkneſs lie between;
Hope ſhall reſt firm upon his word,
And faith rejoice in things unſeen.

3 Awake my charity, and feed
The hungry ſoul, and clothe the poor;
In Heav'n are found no ſons of need,
There all theſe duties are no more.

4 Subs

4 Subdue thy paſſions, O my ſoul,
Maintain the fight, the work purſue,
Daily thy riſing ſins controul,
And be thy vict'ries ever new.

5 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no fields of battle there;
Lord! I would conquer till I die,
And finiſh all the glorious war.

6 Let ev'ry flying hour confeſs
I gain thy Goſpel freſh renown,
And when my life and labours ceaſe,
May I poſſeſs the promis'd crown.

HYMN LXXIX. *Watts.* 8, 6.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends,
To call them to his arms

2 Are we not tending upward too
As faſt as time can move?
Nor would we wiſh the time more ſlow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The grave of all his Saints he bleſs'd,
And ſoften'd ev'ry bed;
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhow'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our fleſh ſhall fly,
At the great riſing day.

6 Then let the laſt trumpet ſound,
And bid our kindred riſe;
Awake ye nations under ground,
Ye Saints aſcend the ſkies.

HYMN LXXX. *Watts.* 8, 6.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at firſt,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our duſt.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (bleſſed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſions then,
Let each rebellious ſigh
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread,
And we'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

HYMN LXXXI. *Watts.* 8, 6.

1 GREAT God! I own thy ſentence juſt,
And Nature muſt decay,
I yield my body to the duſt,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jeſus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conq'ror ſhall appear
High on a royal ſeat,
And death, the laſt of all his foes,
Lie vanquiſh'd at his feet.

4 Tho' greedy worms devour my ſkin,
And gnaw my waſting fleſh,
When God ſhall build my bones again,
He clothes them all afreſh.

5 Then ſhall I ſee thy lovely face
With ſtrong immortal eyes,
And feaſt upon thy unknown grace
With pleaſure and ſurprize.

HYMN LXXXII. 7.

1 RAISE the ſong, and ſtrike the lyre,
Let the pealing organ join,
Praiſe the Great Immortal Sire,
Praiſe the ſource of love divine.
Praiſe him that the Saviour came,
All our griefs and ſorrows bore;
Fought with death, deſtroy'd his fame,
Roſe triumphant o'er his pow'r.

2 Jeſus croſs'd the darkſome flood,
On its bank the ſtandard rears,
Lo! he cries, my ſtreaming blood,
Children, baniſh all your fears.
Lo! before you glory ſtands,
Caſt your cares and griefs away,
Join your Saviour's conq'ring bands,
Onward march to endleſs day.

3 Theſe, like you, were once on earth,
Prone to error, dark and blind,
Tears and groans they poured forth,
Struggling with a wand'ring mind.

They

They believ'd and join'd my bands,
And inſtructed in the word,
They obeyed my commands,
Fought the battles of their Lord.

4 Now their griefs and pains are o'er,
They have all obtain'd the prize;
They have trials now, no more!
And to higher glories riſe.
Follow them, ye Saints below,
Bear your croſs, and ſmile at pain;
Soon like them thro' death you go,
Soon unending honours gain.

HYMN LXXXIII. 8.

1 LOUD ſhall th' archangel's trumpet ſound,
And Chriſt the Saviour ſhall appear,
Whilſt awful thunders roll around,
And o'er the earth blue light'nings glare,
Meſſiah comes to claim his throne,
Earth ſhall her rightful Sov'reign own.

2 With him in milk white robes array'd,
Shall his victorious Saints appear,
Made like unto their glorious Head,
With him deſcending thro' the air:
Whilſt living Saints caught up ſhall meet
Their Lord in all the pomp of ſtate.

3 Then bleſſed are the righteous dead,
Who ſhall have dy'd in Chriſt their Lord,
Soft ſleeps their duſt within its bed,
Till the archangel's trump is heard,
The ſpirit then death's ſpoils ſhall take,
And to unfading glories wake.

4 If ſorrow then our face bedew,
Or pining want oppreſs with care,
Or diſappointment, pride ſubdue,
Or pain with mortal anguiſh tear;
In all our Saviour's croſs we own,
And thro' them ſeek a brighter crown.

HYMN LXXXIV. 8.

1 WHY daily ſhould we mourning go,
Complaining of our pain and woe?
Let us on wings of faith ariſe,
And meet the conq'ror in the ſkies.

2 Our Lord ſhall there enthroned ſit,
And bow all nations 'neath his feet;
Then ſhall he burſt death's bars in twain,
And all his Saints ſhall glory gain.

3 Wipe off ye Saints your falling tears,
Before your Saviour baniſh fears,
Ariſe o'er earth and earthly things,
And meet by faith the King of Kings.

4 Let not one murm'ring thought be heard,
Rejoice to ſuffer with your Lord;
Behold him all your pride deſtroy,
To give you wiſdom, peace, and joy.

5 Ceaſe then and never dare complain
Of death, or all his parting pain,
But like your conq'ring Lord endure,
And hail the glory of his pow'r.

HYMN LXXXV. 8, 6.

1 COME, Chriſtians, look beyond the veil,
Anticipate your hope,
Nor let eternal proſpects fail,
To drink all ſorrow up.

2 Our weary ſouls ſhall take their flight
From earth and earthly things;
To mingle in the realms of light,
With Prophets, Prieſts, and Kings.

3 The tender huſband, loving wife,
Shall there each other find,
Again enjoy the ſweets of life
With an unclouded mind.

4 There

4 There parted friends with rapture meet,
Bright in immortal charms;
There I my darling boy ſhall greet,
And claſp him in my arms.

5 Child of my ſorrow, care, and love,
But now the child of joy,
A parent's utmoſt bliſs I prove
With my enraptur'd boy.

6 There my forefathers I ſhall meet,
They ſhout to find their ſon,
Each ſhall with holy joy relate
The wonders God hath done.

7 We ſhall with full delight embrace
No more from God depart,
But mercy view in Jeſu's face,
And love with perfect heart.

HYMN LXXXVI. 8.

1 THE holy, merciful, and juſt,
To God reſign their fleeting breath,
Silent they lay beneath the duſt,
Struck by the mighty hand of death.

2 The ſons of men look careleſs on,
Few tremble at the awful ſight,
Nor think how ſoon this life is gone,
Or what ſucceeds death's ſhades of night.

3 All things to thee, O God, are known,
Tho' paſt, or preſent, or to come;
And thoſe who thee in all things own,
Thou doſt prepare them for thine home.

4 Ere war or famine ſcourge a land,
O ſin! thy fruits are miſery;
Jehovah will his ſons command,
To him from ev'ry woe to flee,

5 Thou

5 Thou tak'ſt them from impending ſtorms,
From all diſtreſs, and fear, and pain,
Encircled in thy gracious arms,
For ſhame and want they glory gain.

6 All anxious, heart-corroding care,
Sickneſs and ſorrow flee away,
With all temptation, guilt, or fear,
From thoſe abodes of cloudleſs day.

7 For their Jehovah ever reigns,
Spotleſs in perfect purity,
And where he is, Sin with her pains
Never occaſions miſery.

HYMN LXXXVII. 8.

1 HAPPY the ſervants of the Lord,
Whoſe work perform'd, with Jeſus reſt,
They ſhall receive a great reward,
For all their love for ever bleſs'd.

2 Cloathed in garments white and pure,
The ſpirit walks in Chriſt its head,
Their works ſhall endleſsly endure,
Nor ever ſhall their glory fade.

3 Become, like Jeſus, wholly love,
They in their own uprightneſs walk,
In wiſdom's ways they onward move,
And of Jehovah's goodneſs talk.

4 Like them on earth we fain would live,
That we like them may live with thee;
O may thy ſpirit to us cleave,
That we may from all error flee.

5 Make us all love like thee our God,
Teach us to pray, to feel, to ſing,
And by our lives to ſpread abroad
The precepts of our God and King.

6 Power

6 Power impart to conquer ſin,
Cauſe our whole ſoul to be renew'd
Into thine image, perfect clean,
Thou pure, thou holy, juſt, and good!

7 Then joyful we the ſummons hear,
Which ſhall call hence our lateſt breath;
No trembling ſigns of guilty fear
Shall then diſgrace a Chriſtian's death.

8 Then ſhall our ſouls this body leave,
Clap their glad wings and tow'r away,
And thy bleſt arms outſtretch'd receive
Thy new-born ſons to endleſs day.

HYMN LXXXVIII. 8.

1 MEN anxious wait their well-form'd ſchemes,
Pleaſure to gain, or praiſe, or pow'r;
Their hopes ſoon vaniſh, like gay dreams,
At death's important, ſolemn hour;
Then muſt they mingle with the duſt,
And all their ſchemes, like bubbles, burſt.

2 Happy the man whoſe hopes are form'd
Upon Jehovah's faithful word,
At death he ſhall not be alarm'd,
But patient waiting for his Lord,
From earth ſhall ſeek Jehovah's arm,
And refuge find from ev'ry ſtorm.

3 He ſhall behold th' eternal King,
And with th' immortal hoſt adore,
With them glad ſongs of praiſe ſhall bring,
And with them triumph ever more.
He ſhall unbounded goodneſs prove,
Rejoicing in redeeming love.

HYMN LXXXIX. 8.

1 HAPPY the ſervant of the Lord,
Who when his day of trial's o'er,
Shall have from Chriſt a full reward,
And be with him for evermore.
With him all fear and pain is paſt,
All jealouſy, and grief, and care;
His heav'nly joys for ever laſt,
For God is with him always there.

2 With holy joy ſhall he look back
On the kind hand of Providence,
And trace the dark myſterious track,
From birth till he departed hence.
The mazy path ordain'd by God
Shall then lay open to his ſight,
And he ſhall bleſs the chaſt'ning rod,
And own Jehovah always right.

3 Then ſhall Jehovah's praiſe employ
His raptur'd ſoul and Jeſu's name,
Shall make his ſpirit leap for joy,
Whilſt he his dying love proclaim;
Jehovah's will his joy ſhall be,
To know it all his ſtudy prove,
Obedience thro' eternity
Can only tell how vaſt his love.

HYMN XC. 8.

1 MORTALS attend! the trump of death,
Like thunder ſounds to ev'ry man;
Soon muſt we reſign our breath,
And meet our Judge with joy or pain.
When we ſhall bid a laſt adieu
To earth and all its much-lov'd charms,
Shall we a ſmiling Saviour view,
Or be rejected from his arms?

2 Fain, holy Father, would we try
Our thoughts and actions by thy word,
And be prepar'd to live or die,
By active faith in Chriſt our Lord.
Guilty we were; by Chriſt made clean,
Do we our fruit for glory bear?
Will all our deeds thy plaudit gain,
When we ſhall at thy bar appear?

3 Prepare us all, O Lord, to die,
Whene'er that ſolemn moment come;
Triumphant may our ſpirits fly
On wings of angels to thine home.
Here be our paſſions all ſubdu'd,
O holy Father! hold their reins,
And guide them into ev'ry good,
But turn from ſin's enſlaving chains.

4 Help us, like Chriſt, our croſs to bear,
Daily to die to ſelf and ſin;
Our ſouls may thy good ſpirit chear,
That we the victor's crown may win;
Our faith confirm, and fill with love,
And bleſs with an immortal hope,
That we may Chriſt's diſciples prove,
And death behold, and ſtill look up.

HYMN XCI. 8.

1 SWEET ſleeps the Saint in Chriſt who dies,
No helliſh pangs diſturb his reſt,
He in the arms of Jeſus lies,
And with his firſt-born ſons is bleſt.

2 Chriſt will the ſacred aſhes guard,
Till the archangel's trump ſhall ſound,
And then by Jeſu's pow'r prepar'd,
New form'd it riſes from the ground.

3 Perfect in immortality,
Swift as the lightning, light as air,
Bright as the ſun, as ſpirits free,
Theſe mortal bodies ſhall appear.

4 Clothed in theſe, like Chriſt array'd,
The firſt born ſons of Jeſus ſhine,
Joyful attendants on their head,
Dreſs'd in celeſtial robes divine.

HYMN XCI. *Weſley.* 8.

1 THE morning flow'rs diſplay their ſweets,
And gay the ſilken leaves unfold,
As careleſs of the new day heats,
And fearleſs of the ev'ning cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blaſt,
Parch'd by the ſun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waſte,
The ſhort-liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty ſhews;
Fairer than ſpring the colours ſhine,
And ſweeter than the virgin roſe.

4 Or worn by ſlowly rolling years,
Or broke by ſickneſs in a day,
The fading glory diſappears,
The ſhort-liv'd beauties die away.

5 Yet theſe new riſing from the tomb,
With brighter luſtre far ſhall ſhine,
Remain with ever during bloom,
Safe from diſeaſes and decline.

6 Let ſickneſs blaſt and death devour,
If heav'n muſt recompence our pains,
Periſh the graſs and fade the flow'r,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN

HYMN XCIII. *Sandemonian.* 8.

1 MAGNIFICENT free grace ariſe,
Outſhine the thoughts of ſhallow man;
Sov'reign, preventing, all ſurprize!
To him that neither will'd nor ran.

2 Grand as the boſom whence thou flow'd,
Kind as the heart that gave thee vent,
Rich as the gift that God beſtow'd,
And lovely like the Chriſt he ſent.

3 Sin reign'd to death, but over ſin
And death, with more imperial ſway,
Grace ſpreads her more extenſive reign,
And doth eternal life convey.

4 For us ſalvation wide diſplays
Her ample, all-refreſhing wing;
Safe in the ſhade free grace we praiſe,
And all her peerleſs glories ſing.

HYMN XCIV.

1 SEE matchleſs mercy from on high
Deſcend to rebels doom'd to die;
'Tis mercy free, that knows no bound;
How grand, how gladſome is the ſound.

2 While haughty mortals frown and fret,
Who ſov'reign boundleſs mercy hate,
Thro' all the regions of the bleſs'd,
That mercy only is confeſs'd.

3 Until we join the happy throng,
Let boundleſs mercy be our ſong;
And may our lives with fruits abound,
To ſhew we know the joyful ſound.

HYMN XCV. *Doddridge.* 7.

1 CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day,
Sons of men and angels ſay!
Raiſe your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle's won;
Lo! our ſun's eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! he ſets in blood no more!

3 Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
Chriſt hath burſt the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his riſe,
Chriſt hath open'd paradiſe.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy ſting?
Once he dy'd our ſouls to ſave;
Where's thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Chriſt hath led,
Foll'ing our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Ours the croſs, the grave, the ſkies.

6 What, tho' once we periſh'd all,
Partners of our parent's fall;
Second life we ſhall receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praiſe by both to thee be giv'n;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the reſurrection---thou!

HYMN XCVI. *Weſley.* 8.

1 OUR Lord is ris'n from the dead,
Our Jeſus is gone up on high;
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the ſky.

2 The

2 There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chaunt this ſolemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlaſting doors give way.

3 Looſe all your bars of maſſy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal ſcene;
He claims theſe manſions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, ſin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jeſus is the conq'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the ſolemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlaſting doors give way.

6 Who is the King of glory? Who?
The Lord of boundleſs pow'r poſſeſs'd;
The King of ſaints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bleſs'd.

HYMN XCVII. *Toplady.* 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 LO! he comes with clouds deſcending,
Once for favour'd ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand, thouſand Saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jeſus now ſhall ever reign.

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty:
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the Great Meſſiah ſee.

3 Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away:
All who hate him muſt, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in ſolemn pomp appear!
All his Saints by man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

5 Anſwer thine own bride and ſpirit,
Haſten, Lord, the gen'ral doom!
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids thee come.

6 Yes! amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own!
O come quickly,
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

THE MILLENIUM.

HYMN XCVIII. 7, 6, 8.

1 COME! Reſtorer of Mankind,
And our diſorders heal:
Soon may earth thy goodneſs find,
May man thy mercy feel.

View

View our ſad, diſorder'd ſtate,
Our waſte, our woes, our pride, our ſin;
See our malice, diſcord, hate,
And bring deliv'rance in.

2 Lo! how ſome poor wretches toil,
Sinking beneath their load:
Human vice corrupts the ſoil,
Whilſt groans aſcend to God!
Wealth ſupports a uſeleſs life,
Pamper'd with luſt, and pow'r, and pride,
Shrinks the earth from woes and ſtrife.
Their tyranny to hide.

3 Where are freedom's lovely charms,
Combin'd for gen'ral good?
Swift ſhe flies our out-ſtretch'd arms,
And leaves us woes and blood.
Where is now that Chriſtian love,
Which men as brethren could unite?
Few the ſocial bleſſing prove,
Self is man's chief delight.

4 Pow'r now binds the human heart,
With oppreſſion's ſlaviſh chains?
Groans his ſoul beneath the ſmart
Of penalties and pains.
Laws are by the lawleſs bleſs'd,
For they aſſiſt his curſed views,
And with legal force inveſt,
Whilſt virtue he undoes.

5 Come, thou bleeding Saviour come!
To virtue man reſtore;
Make this earth thy laſting home,
And men thy name adore.
Break at once oppreſſion's chains,
Teach all mankind to know thy word,
End at once our vice and pains,
And reign our ſov'reign Lord.

HYMN XCIX. 7, 6, 8.

1 COME, Lord Jeſus, quickly come!
Compleat thy vaſt deſign,
All the earth ſhall then rejoice,
And in thy praiſes join.
Freedom then ſhall deck each board,
All diſcord and oppreſſion ceaſe!
Earth, with cheerful plenty ſtor'd,
Her hills ſhall laugh with peace.

2 Then ſhall ſocial laws be giv'n,
To guard the wand'ring heart,
Bleſs'd by thee! the ſeed of heav'n
From error ſhall depart.
All with harmony and force,
Like the bright moon, or ſolar light,
Run in their appointed courſe
With ſwiftneſs and delight.

3 Pining want ſhall be no more,
To bow the ſpirit down,
Nor ſhall any tyrant's pow'r
Riot's table crown.
Men with men ſhall then unite,
One family of brethren they,
Striving each to give delight,
And pure devotion pay.

4 Come! exalted Saviour come!
Accompliſh our deſire,
Give to ſin its final doom,
And all baptize with fire.
Now confirm thy promiſe, Lord,
Pour now thy quick'ning ſpirit down,
Now, Jehovah, ſpeak the word,
And thy Meſſiah crown.

5 Jeſus now thy reign begin,
Bid ev'ry diſcord ceaſe;
Slay ambition by thy word,
And give unending peace.
Bind with love's endearing ties,
Make each in acts of kindneſs ſtrive,
Be thou the pattern of our joys,
By which we ſeek to live.

HYMN C. *Wincheſter.* H. 159.

1 ETERNAL God, thy pow'r make known,
Make all mankind confeſs,
That thou art God, and thou alone,
Do thou the nations bleſs.

2 May the whole earth thy glory ſee,
And thy ſalvation know,
And to thy Saints, who wait for thee,
Thy works and wonders ſhew.

3 Lord Jeſus, come, and take thy pow'r,
And rule the human race,
We wait and look for that bleſs'd hour,
When we ſhall ſee thy face.

4 Our ſouls are longing for the day
When thou ſhalt reign as King,
When all the world ſhall thee obey,
And thy loud praiſes ſing.

5 When pride, and rage, and wars, ſhall ceaſe,
And fierce contentions end;
When univerſal, conſtant peace,
Shall through the world extend.

6 When truth, and love, and righteouſneſs,
Shall in full glory ſhine,
When thou ſhalt all the earth poſſeſs,
And rule with pow'r divine.

7 Whe

7 When Zion's watchmen ſhall agree,
And all the Church be one,
Then ſhall the world acknowledge thee,
The Chriſt, thy Father's ſon.

8 For this moſt glorious time we wait,
Lord haſten on the day,
When all ſhall own thy pow'r is great,
And bow beneath thy ſway.

HYMN CI. *Wincheſter.* H. 161. 8, 6.

1 THE Lord our Saviour will appear,
His day is nigh at hand,
The ſigns beſpeak his coming near,
As all may underſtand.

2 Behold he comes, he comes to reign
On earth with all his Saints:
Jeſus, the Lamb of God, once ſlain,
Will end our long complaints.

3 The Prince of darkneſs he will bind,
The hoſts of hell o'erthrow;
Satan, in the abyſs confin'd,
The pow'r of Chriſt ſhall know.

4 Then thoſe who ſuffer'd for Chriſt's name,
And did obey his word,
Shall riſe in glory, and proclaim
The goodneſs of their Lord.

5 When he ſhall come who is their life,
They ſhall in brightneſs ſhine,
Behold the bride, the Lamb's lov'd wife,
Array'd in robes divine!

6 That glorious, joyful, marriage day,
A thouſand years ſhall laſt,
What glories will our Lord diſplay
Before that ſeaſon's paſt!

8 The wonders of that happy age,
What mortal can declare?
We view with joy the ſacred page,
For we can read them there.

HYMN CII. *Wincheſter.* H. 162. 8.

1 WHAT glorious things hath God foretold,
Shall happen in the latter days:
When Chriſt on earth men ſhall behold,
And hear his word, and learn his ways.

2 Upon a mount his throne ſhall ſtand,
To which all nations ſhall repair;
His name ſhall ſound thro' every land,
His laws be publiſh'd ev'ry where.

3 Nations ſhall ceaſe to war and fight,
Shall cultivate the uſeful arts,
And one another ſhall invite
To worſhip God with all their hearts.

4 "Come let us to his mountain go,
"Where ſtands his ſacred palace fair,
"He'll teach us all his ways to know,
"And we will pay our homage there."

5 The Lord ſhall reign in righteouſneſs,
And make the world his voice obey;
The throne of kingdoms he'll poſſeſs!
And rule with univerſal ſway.

6 All warlike inſtruments ſhall then
Be chang'd to thoſe of huſbandry,
Chriſt ſhall be King, and Lord of men,
While they his happy ſubjects be.

7 Each ſhall contentedly enjoy
The labour of his hand in peace,
God's praiſes ſhall their tongues employ,
And ſtrife and all contention ceaſe.

HYMN CIII. *Wincheſter.* H. 163. 8, 6.

1 FAIN would my tongue in loudeſt ſtrains,
Proclaim the joyful day,
When men ſhall know that Jeſus reigns,
And all his laws obey.

2 When ſuch a ſubject charms my heart,
It muſt inſpire my voice,
While I would hope to ſhare a part,
And with thy Saints rejoice.

3 O Lord, my God, remember me,
And let me ſee thy face,
And ſhare in the proſperity
Of thy redeemed race.

4 Behold! the Lord from Heav'n deſcends,
With radiant glory crown'd:
Behold, he comes! with all his friends,
Who circle him around.

5 The Saints who long have ſlept in duſt
Shall at his call ariſe,
And with the living changed juſt,
Shall meet him in the ſkies.

6 Then ſhall the Lord the world ſubdue,
And wide his reign extend,
And to our race his glory ſhew,
And his ſalvation ſend.

HYMN CIV. *Wincheſter.* H. 164. 6, 8.

1 THE day is near at hand
When Chriſt ſhall be reveal'd,
When he ſhall come on earth to ſtand,
And be no more conceal'd.

2 He ſhall again appear,
On earth to rule and reign,
We ſhall behold our Saviour here,
The Lamb who once was ſlain.

3 Here

3 How bright his glories ſhine!
How firm his kingdom ſtands!
He ſhall fulfil the great deſign
Intruſted to his hands.

4 All nations muſt ſubmit,
And bow, and own him Lord;
All Kings muſt fall before his feet,
And hearken to his word.

5 Once he was cloth'd with ſhame,
Contemn'd and crucify'd;
And God ſhall highly raiſe his name
Above all names beſide.

6 His glory ſhall be known
Through the creation vaſt,
And ev'ry ſoul of man ſhall own
That Chriſt is Lord at laſt.

HYMN CV. *Wincheſter.* H. 165. 8s

1 THOUGH Jeſus is gone up on high,
He left us a promiſe below,
That he will deſcend from the ſky
His glory and honour to ſhew.

2 To earth he deſcendeth to reign,
To rule and to govern mankind,
The devil, or Satan, to chain,
Who ſhall in th' abyſs be confin'd.

Our Saviour ſhall publiſh his laws,
All nations the ſame ſhall obey,
His kingdom ſhall flouriſh, his cauſe
Shall proſper, prevail, and bear ſway.

4 His miniſters all ſhall agree,
Contentions no more ſhall be known,
Believers united ſhall be,
As Chriſt and his Father are one.

5 Then all the Meſſiah ſhall know,
All people his doctrine receive,
His ſtatutes ſhall hear, learn, and do,
His Goſpel ſhall truly receive.

6 This bleſſed and glorious day
Jehovah hath promis'd to bring,
When darkneſs ſhall all flee away,
And Jeſus our Lord ſhall be King.

7 Then wars and deſtructions ſhall ceaſe,
The trumpet no more ſhall be heard,
All nations ſhall cultivate peace,
And God ſhall be known, lov'd, and fear'd.

8 The earth her increaſe ſhall produce,
With plenty all lands ſhall be fill'd;
Enjoyment, without its abuſe,
Shall pleaſure abundantly yield.

9 The creatures once fierce ſhall be mild,
And thoſe that were hardeſt to tame,
Shall ſubmit to be led by a child,
The lion lie down with the lamb.

10 The glory of God ſhall extend,
His praiſes thro' earth ſhall be ſung,
All people to him ſhall attend,
His name ſhall fill every tongue.

11 For this bleſſed ſeaſon we wait,
When Jeſus his pow'r ſhall diſplay;
O haſten this happy eſtate!
Come quickly, Lord Jeſus, we pray!

HYMN CVI. *Winchester.* H. 166. 6, 8, 4.

1 BEHOLD the glorious day
Will ſoon to men appear,
When Chriſt ſhall come in bright array,
It now draws near.

Yet,

Yes, Jeſus, thou ſhalt come!
And all thy Saints with thee;
Thine enemies ſhall meet their doom,
Where can they flee.

2 The trumpet then ſhall ſound,
To wake the pious dead,
Who ſleep in Jeſus, and are found
One with their Head.
The living Saints are chang'd,
And death ſhall never taſte,
But with the raiſed Saints be rang'd,
In order plac'd.

3 They'll all together riſe,
To meet their glorious King,
Deſcending downward from the ſkies,
His praiſe they'll ſing.
O what a joyful throng
Will then together ſtand,
That day for which we've waited long
Is near at hand.

4 Chriſt will to earth deſcend,
And take his throne and crown,
To Satan's kingdom put an end,
And chain him down.
His ſceptre he will ſway,
And rule in righteouſneſs,
And all the world ſhall then obey
The Prince of Peace.

5 The Saviour ſhall poſſeſs
The earth's remoteſt bound,
And ev'ry tribe and nation bleſs
The world around.
All wars, and ſtrifes, ſhall ceaſe,
And tumults be no more;
The earth ſhall yield its full increaſe,
And plenteous ſtore.

6 Then ſhall the Goſpel ſpread
Through ev'ry diſtant land;
The Lord will do as he hath ſaid,
Strong is his hand.
This glorious age ſhall be,
A thouſand years of reſt,
Men ſhall be happy, cheerful free,
None ſhall moleſt.

7 The watchmen ſhall unite,
Together ſhall they ſing,
And truth behold in cleareſt light
In ev'ry thing.
Believers ſhall be one,
From all diviſions freed,
As God the Father and the Son
Are one indeed.

8 O what delightful days
Shall be when Jeſus reigns!
When all the world his name ſhall praiſe
In loudeſt ſtrains.
Come, Jeſus, come away,
And ſhew the world thy grace;
We wait, we long, we look, we pray,
To ſee thy face.

HYMN CVII. *Wincheſter.* H. 167. 6, 8.

1 WHAT wond'rous things reveal'd
To us in Sacred Writ,
Remain to be fulfill'd,
When God ſhall ſee it fit.
The time appointed is at hand,
Prepar'd and ready let us ſtand.

2 Our Saviour will appear
In all his robes of light;
We ſhall behold him here,
He comes to claim his right:
The kingdom muſt be giv'n to him,
Who dy'd all people to redeem.

3 Jeſus the Lamb once ſlain,
Shall take his glorious pow'r,
Throughout the earth will reign
Till evil is no more.
Haſten, O Lord! that bleſſed day,
When Chriſt his glory ſhall diſplay.

4 As Jeſus did aſcend,
In his diſciples view,
So if we may depend
That all his words are true,
He certainly ſhall come again,
With his beloved Saints to reign.

5 He from the dead will raiſe
All who in him have ſlept,
Who walked in his ways,
And his commandments kept:
And ſuch who ſuffer'd in his cauſe
Shall then obtain his high applauſe.

6 All who on earth are found
In waiting for their Lord,
Shall, at the trumpet's ſound,
Be changed by his word,
And paſs to immortality,
Nor death, far leſs corruption, ſee.

7 Our Saviour ſhall obtain
The kingdom, ſceptre, crown,
And thro' the world ſhall reign
With glory and renown:
Then ſhall ſuch wond'rous things be wrought,
As have not been conceiv'd by thought.

8 Lord, thou haſt made us hope
Upon thy precious word,
We cannot give it up,
Since thou haſt promis'd, Lord;
O roll away the tardy years,
We cannot reſt till Chriſt appears.

HYMN CVIII. *Winchester.* H. 168. 10, 11.

1 JEHOVAH praiſe ye, and call on his name,
His words, and his works, let all men proclaim;
Let him be exalted, as juſtly is due,
His ways are moſt holy, moſt righteous, and true.

2 His hand and his arm have wonders atchiev'd,
His name now is known, the world has receiv'd
The news of ſalvation, the knowledge of God,
In all tongues and nations is now ſpread abroad.

3 Our Lord reigns on earth, poſſeſſes the throne,
The laws of his mouth are ev'ry where known;
All nations pay homage to Jeſus our King,
All kindreds, and peoples, choice preſents do bring.

4 The Church is all one, exactly agreed,
From parties and ſects the world is now freed,
The watchmen of Iſrael are all of one mind,
In truth, love and goodneſs, are perfectly join'd.

5 Now peace has took place, fell war is no more,
Pride, envy, and wrath, and wranglings, are o'er;
All hateful contention is baniſh'd from earth,
And love is the language men learn from their birth.

6 The beaſts have forgot their fierceneſs and rage,
No longer for blood fierce war do they wage,
But peaceably feeding on herbs and green graſs,
They ſhew what God promis'd is now come to paſs.

7 The trees yield their fruits, the earth her increaſe,
Our Saviour has bleſs'd us with plenty and peace;
The land is a garden, the deſart a field,
The barren is fruitful, the waters are heal'd.

8 The curſe is remov'd, and man is now bleſt,
The Lord has ordain'd this Sabbath of reſt,
This peaceable Sabbath, ſo lately begun,
To ages far diſtant its circle ſhall run.

9 Now

9 Now praiſe the great Lord for all that is paſt,
His mercy and truth for ever ſhall laſt;
Join then your glad voices, his goodneſs proclaim,
All Nature rejoices, let us do the ſame.

HYMN CIX. *Wincheſter.* H. 169. 10, 11.

1 KING Jeſus doth reign, and governs the land,
The ſceptre doth ſway with juſt equal hand;
Now righteouſneſs, truth, love, and goodneſs increaſe,
The hills and the mountains bring juſtice and peace.

2 Oppreſſion, and fraud, and thrall, are no more,
The needy he ſaves, he ranſoms the poor;
The people he judges, his judgment is juſt,
Proud haughty oppreſſors he treads in the duſt.

3 Thy name, bleſſed Lord, is lov'd and rever'd,
Wherever thy truth, thy Goſpel is heard,
Through all future ages thy glory ſhall run,
Thy praiſe ſhall continue as long as the Sun.

4 Thy bleſſings, like rain, deſcend on the earth,
Like ſhow'rs, which to graſs, flow'rs, plants, fruits, give birth.
Now flouriſh the righteous, and peace ſhall abound,
So long as in nature the moon keeps its round.

5 The Saviour now reigns, from ſea unto ſea,
Hath ſet the whole earth from tyranny free,
His glorious dominion, from ſhore unto ſhore,
Prevails, and ſhall flouriſh, till time is no more.

6 The nations once wild, whom no man could tame,
Now bow at his feet, and honour his name,
And thoſe who with malice did hate him the moſt,
Now humbly ſubmiſſive would lick up the duſt.

7 The Kings of the iſles, choice preſents do bring,
All nations ſubmit to Jeſus our King,
Fam'd Tarſhiſh, and Sheba, and Seba, all join,
To offer their tribute, and to him reſign.

HYN

HYMN CX. *Tate and Brady.* 6, 8.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen race,
In mercy, Lord! incline,
And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face
On all thy Saints to ſhine,
That ſo thy wond'rous way
May thro' the world be known,
Whilſt diſtant lands their tributes pay,
And thy ſalvation own.

2 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord! combine
To praiſe thy glorious name.
O let them ſhout and ſing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shall govern all the earth.

3 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord! combine
To praiſe thy glorious name.
Then ſhall the teeming ground
A large increaſe diſcloſe,
And with plenty ſhall be crown'd,
Which God, our God! beſtows.

4 Then God upon our land
Shall conſtant plenty ſhow'r,
And all the world in awe ſhall ſtand
Of his reſiſtleſs pow'r;
They all ſhall fear and love,
And ſhall obey his word,
Till all that live, and breathe, and move,
Adore thy name, O Lord!

HYMN CXI. *Wesley.* 8.

1 HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From Heav'n th' angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

3 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the Saints of the Most High,
Jesus shall now his right obtain,
And for successive ages reign.

HYMN CXII. *Wesley.* 7.

1 JESUS comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race,
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up.

2 Let the living stones cry out!
Let the sons of Adam shout!
Praise ye all our lowly King,
Give him thanks, rejoice and sing,

3 He hath our salvation wrought,
He our captive souls hath bought,
He hath reconcil'd to God;
He hath wash'd us in his blood.

4 We are now his joyful right:
Walk as children of the light,
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart to see his face.

5 We ſhall gain our calling's prize:
After God, we all ſhall riſe,
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holineſs.

6 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Chriſt look up:
Truſt to be redeem'd from ſin,
Wait till he appears within.

7 Fools and madmen let us be,
Yet is our ſure truſt in thee:
Faithful to the promis'd word,
We ſhall be as is our Lord.

HYMN CXIII. *Weſley.* 8.

1 WE weep, O God! for thoſe below,
And burden'd for th' afflicted ſigh:
The various forms of human woe,
Excite our ſofteſt ſympathy:
Fill ev'ry heart with mournful care,
And draw out all our ſouls in pray'r.

2 We wreſtle for the ruin'd race,
By ſin eternally undone,
Unleſs thou magnify thy grace,
And make thy richeſt mercy known,
And make thy vanquiſh'd rebels find
Pardon in Chriſt for all mankind.

3 Father of everlaſting love,
To ev'ry ſoul thy Son reveal,
Our guilt and ſuff'ring to remove
Our deep orig'nal wound to heal.
And bid the fall'n race ariſe,
And turn our earth to paradiſe.

HYMN CXIV. *Wesley.* 8.

1 OUR earth we now lament to see
With floods of wickedness o'erflow'd;
With violence, wrong, and cruelty,
One wide extended field of blood,
Where men, like fiends, each other tear,
In all the hellish rage of war.

2 As lifted on Abaddon's side,
They mangle their own flesh, and slay,
Tophet is mov'd, and opens wide
Its mouth for its enormous prey:
And myriads sink beneath the grave,
And plunge into the flaming wave.

3 O might the Universal Friend
This havock of his creatures see!
Bid our unnat'ral discords end,
Declare us reconcil'd to thee!
Write kindness on our inward parts,
And chace the murd'rer from our hearts.

4 Who now against each other rise,
The nations of the earth constrain
To follow after peace, and prize
The blessings of the righteous reign;
The joys of unity to prove,
The paradise of perfect love.

HYMN CXV. *Wesley.* 8.

1 LORD over all, if thou hast made,
Hast ransom'd ev'ry soul of man,
Why is the grace so long delay'd?
Why unfulfill'd the saving plan?
The bliss for Adam's race design'd,
When will it reach to all mankind?

art thou the God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too?
To Gentiles make thy goodneſs known,
Thy judgements to the nations ſhew;
Awake them by the Goſpel call;
Light of the world, illumine all!

The ſervile progeny of Ham
Seize as the purchaſe of thy blood:
Let all the heathens know thy name,
From Idols to the living God:
The dark Americans convert,
And ſhine in ev'ry pagan heart!

4 As lightning launch'd from eaſt to weſt,
The coming of thy kingdom be;
To thee, by angel hoſts confeſs'd,
Bow ev'ry ſoul, and ev'ry knee:
Thy glory let all fleſh behold,
And then fill up thine heav'nly fold.

HYMN CXVI. *Weſley.* 8.

1 O Come, thou radiant morning ſtar,
Again in human darkneſs ſhine!
Ariſe reſplendant from afar!
Aſſert thy royalty divine;
Thy ſway o'er all the earth maintain,
And now begin thy glorious reign.

2 Thy kindom, Lord, we long to ſee;
Thy ſceptre o'er the nations ſhake,
T' erect that final monarchy,
Edom for thy poſſeſſion take.
Take (for thou didſt the ranſom find)
The purchas'd ſouls of all mankind.

3 Now let thy choſen ones appear,
And valiantly the truth maintain;
Diſpread thy gracious kingdom here;
Fly on the rebel ſons of men;
Seize them with faith divinely bold,
And force the world into thy fold.

HYMN CXVII. *Weſley.* 6, 8.

1 MESSIAH, Prince of Peace,
Where men each other tear,
Where war is learn'd, they muſt confeſs
Thy kingdom is not there.
Who prompted by thy foe,
Delight in human blood,
Apollon is their King we know,
And Satan is their God.

2 But ſhall he ſtill devour
The ſouls redeem'd by thee?
Jeſus, ſtir up thy glorious pow'r,
And end th' apoſtacy.
Come, Saviour, from above,
O'er all our hearts to reign,
And plant the kingdom of thy love
In ev'ry heart of man.

3 Then ſhall we exerciſe
The helliſh art no more,
Whilſt thou our long-loſt paradiſe
Doſt with thyſelf reſtore.
Fightings and wars ſhall ceaſe,
And in thy ſpirit giv'n,
Pure joy, and everlaſting peace,
Shall turn our earth to heav'n.

HYMN CXVIII. *Weſley.* 6, 8.

1 MESSIAH, full of grace,
Redeem'd by thee, we plead
Thy promiſe made to Abr'am's race,
To ſouls for ages dead.

2 Their bones are quite dry'd up,
Thro'out the vale appear:
Cut off, and loſt, their laſt faint hope
To ſee thy kingdom here.

3 Open their graves, and bring
The outcaſts forth to own
Thou art their Lord, their God and King,
Their true Anointed one.

4 To ſave the race forlorn,
Thy glorious arm diſplay,
And ſhew the world a nation born,
A nation in a day!

HYMN CXIX. *Weſley.* 8.

1 FATHER of faithful Abr'am, hear!
Our earneſt ſuit for Abr'am's ſeed;
Juſtly they claim the ſofteſt pray'r
From us, adopted in their ſtead;
Who mercy by their fall obtain,
And Chriſt by their rejection gain.

2 Outcaſts from thee, and ſcatter'd wide
Thro' ev'ry nation under Heav'n,
Blaſpheming whom they crucify'd,
Unſav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n.
Branded like Cain they bear their load,
Abhorr'd of men, and curs'd of God.

3 But haſt thou finally forſook,
For ever caſt thine own away?
Wilt thou not bid the murd'rers look
On him they pierc'd, and weep, and pray?
Yes, gracious Lord, thy word is paſt,
All Iſr'el ſhall be ſav'd at laſt.

4 Come then, thou Great Deliv'rer, come!
The veil from Jacob's heart remove!
Receive thy ancient people home,
That quicken'd by thy dying love,
The world may their reception find,
Life from the dead for all mankind.

HYMN

HYMN CXX. *Weſley.* 6, 8.

1 ALMIGHTY God of Love,
Set up th' attracting ſign,
And ſummon whom thou doſt approve
For meſſengers divine.
From favour'd Abram's ſeed
The new Apoſtles chooſe,
In iſles and continents to ſpread
The dead-reviving news.

2 Them ſnatch'd out of the flame,
Thro' ev'ry nation ſend,
The true Meſſiah to proclaim,
The univerſal friend:
That all the God unknown
May learn of Jews t'adore,
And ſee thy glory in thy Son,
Till time ſhall be no more.

3 Oh! that the choſen band
Might now their brethren bring,
And gather'd out of ev'ry land,
Preſent to Sion's King!
Of all the ancient race,
Not one be left behind,
But each impell'd by ſecret grace,
His way to Can'an find.

4 We know it muſt be done,
For God hath ſpoke the word,
All Iſr'el ſhall the Saviour own,
To this firſt ſtate reſtor'd:
Rebuilt by his command,
Jeruſalem ſhall riſe:
Her temple on Moriah ſtand
Again! and touch the ſkies.

5 Send then thy ſervants forth,
To call the Hebrews home;
From Eaſt, and Weſt, and South, and North,
Let all the wand'rers come:
Where'er in lands unknown
The fugitives remain;
Bid ev'ry creature help them on,
Thy holy Mount to gain.

6 An off'ring to the Lord,
There let them all be ſeen,
Sprinkled with water and with blood,
In ſoul and body clean:
With Iſr'el's myriads ſeal'd,
Let all the nations meet,
And ſhew the myſtery fulfill'd,
Thy family compleat.

HYMN CXXI. *Weſley.* 8.

1 ON all the earth thy ſpirit ſhow'r,
The earth in righteouſneſs renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell o'erpow'r,
And to thy ſceptre all ſubdue.

2 Like mighty winds, or torrents fierce,
Let it oppoſers all o'ercome,
And ev'ry law of ſin reverſe,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Let thy ſpirit in ev'ry place
Its richer energy declare,
Which lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Chriſt prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God, and true!
The ancient ſeers thou diſt inſpire!
To us perform the promiſe due,
Deſcend! and crown us now with fire.

HYMN CXXII. *Watts.* 8.

1 GREAT God, whoſe univerſal ſway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdoms to thy ſon,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy ſceptre well becomes his hands,
All Heav'n ſubmits to his commands;
His juſtice ſhall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the juſt,
And treads th' oppreſſor in the duſt:
His worſhip and his fear ſhall laſt,
Till hours, and years, and time be paſt.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his influence down;
His grace on fainting ſouls diſtills,
Like heav'nly dew on thirſty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The ſhades of overſpreading death,
Revive at his firſt dawning light,
And deſarts bloſſom at the ſight.

6 The Saints ſhall flouriſh in his days,
Dreſs'd in the robes of joy and praiſe;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

HYMN CXXIII. 8.

1 ONCE more, th' archangel's trump ſhall ſound,
Lo! all the nations arm'd appear,
Saints to your arms! keep, keep your ground,
On Chriſt rely, and baniſh fear.
Like ſwarming bees, behold they come,
Thick as old Ocean's countleſs ſand,
They threaten inſtantaneous doom
To all Meſſiah's faithful band.

2 Stand to your arms! ye Saints of God,
In Chriſt retain your confidence;
Soon ſhall his thunders roar abroad,
And ſweep yon rebel armies hence.
Ye light'nings flaſh, ye thunders roar!
Expand, O airs! and burſt earth's womb,
Whilſt o'er the world, from ſhore to ſhore,
The trump proclaims all Nature's doom.

3 Meſſiah ſhall his foes confound,
Then from this earth his throne ſhall riſe,
His firſt-born ſons their Lord ſurround,
On thrones of judgement in the ſkies.
Then ſhall the dead, both ſmall and great,
Who have not reign'd with Chriſt the Lord,
Receive from him their awful fate,
Or ſhall his faithful love record.

4 Now thunders rend the ſounding air
Before Jehovah's awful ire,
And thro' the world his veng'ance bear,
Whilſt melts this globe to liquid fire.
The beauties of Meſſiah's reign
Shall like a meteor paſs away,
And not one veſtige ſhall remain
Of Jeſu's bright Millenial Day.

THE RESTORATION.

HYMN CXXIV. *Watts.* 8.

1 JESUS ſhall reign where'er the ſun
Doth his ſucceſſive journey run;
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore,
Till moons ſhall wax, and wane no more.

2 Behold the Iſlands with their Kings,
And Europe her beſt tribute brings:
From North to South the Princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Perſia, glorious to behold,
There India ſhines in Eaſtern gold,
And barb'rous nations, at his word,
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.

4 For him ſhall endleſs pray'r be made,
And Princes throng to crown his head;
His name, like ſweet perfume, ſhall riſe
With ev'ry morning ſacrifice.

5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with ſweeteſt ſong;
And infant voices ſhall proclaim
The early bleſſings on his name.

6 Bleſſings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to loſe his chains,
The weary find eternal reſt,
And all the ſons of want are bleſt.

7 Where he diſplays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curſe are known no more,
In him the tribes of Adam boaſt
More bleſſings than their father loſt.

8 Let ev'ry creature riſe and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels deſcend with ſongs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

HYMN CXXV. *Watts.* 8.

1 LORD, what was man when made at firſt?
Adam the offspring of the duſt!
That thou ſhouldſt ſet him and his race,
But juſt below an angel's place.

2 That thou ſhouldſt raiſe his nature ſo,
And make him Lord of all below!
Make ev'ry beaſt and bird ſubmit,
And lay the fiſhes at his feet.

3 But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the ſecond Adam's ſtate?
What honours ſhall thy Son adorn,
Who condeſcended to be born?

4 See him below his angels made,
See him in duſt among the dead,
To ſave a ruin'd world from ſin:
But he ſhall reign with pow'r divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all,
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, ſhall ſubmit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

HYMN CXXVI. *Watts.* 8.

1 DEEP in the duſt before thy throne,
Our guilt and our diſgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence ſprang our nature and our ſhame.

2 Adam the ſinner; at his fall,
Death, like a conq'ror ſeiz'd on all;
A thouſand new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilſt our ſpirits fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We'll ſing the honours of thy grace,
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd race.

4 We ſing thine everlaſting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the ſecond from the duſt
Raiſes the ruins of the firſt.

5 By the rebellion of one man
Thro' all his ſeed the miſchief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his ſeed made righteous too.

6 Wh

6 Where ſin did reign and death abound,
There! have the ſons of Adam found
Abounding life: there! glorious grace,
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteouſneſs.

HYMN CXXVII. *Watts.* 8, 6.

1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And Heav'n and Nature ſing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their ſongs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the ſounding joy.

3 No more let ſins and ſorrows grow,
Nor thorns infeſt the ground;
He comes to make his bleſſings flow,
Far as the curſe is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteouſneſs,
And wonders of his love.

HYMN CXXVIII. *Watts.* 8.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with ſacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2 His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men,
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 W'ell crowd the gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the Heav'ns our voices raiſe,
And earth, with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

4 Wide as the world is thy command!
Vaſt as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

HYMN CXXIX. *R. Hill.* 8.

1 WHEN Jeſus firſt at Heav'ns command,
Deſcended from his azure throne,
Attending angels join'd his praiſe,
Who claim'd the kingdoms for his own.
Hail Immanuel! Immanuel we'll adore,
And ſound his fame from ſhore to ſhore.

2 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
His Father's orders to fulfil,
The devils trembled at his word,
And heark'ned to his ſov'reign will.
Hail Immanuel! &c.

3 Not with the ſword that warriors wear,
But with a ſceptre dipp'd in blood,
He bends the nations to obey,
And rules them by the love of God.
Hail Immanuel! &c.

4 Ride on and proſper, King of Kings!
Till all the pow'rs of hell reſign
Their dreadful trophies at thy feet,
And endleſs glory ſhall be thine.
Hail Immanuel! &c.

5 Go with thy ſervants, gracious Lord!
And bid them tread the tempter down,
Be more than conq'rors by thy word,
And wear the univerſal crown.
Hail Immanuel! &c.

6 Soon ſhall the monſter Sin ſubmit
His hateful ſceptre to thy call:
Death and death's author ſoon ſhall die,
And Jeſus Chriſt be all in all.
Hail Immanuel! &c.

HYMN CXXX. *Newton.* 8.

1 LORD, what is man! extremes how wide
In this myſterious nature join!
The fleſh to worms and duſt ally'd,
The ſoul, immortal and divine.

2 Divine at firſt! a holy flame,
Kindled by the Almighty's breath,
Till ſtain'd by ſin, it ſoon became
The ſeat of darkneſs and of death.

3 But, Jeſus, O amazing grace!
Aſſum'd our natures as his own,
Obey'd, and ſuffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Now, what is man! when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
Again a life divine he feels,
Deſpiſes earth, and walks with God.

5 And what, in yonder realms above,
Is ranſom'd man ordain'd to be?
With honour, holineſs, and love,
No ſeraph more adorn'd than he.

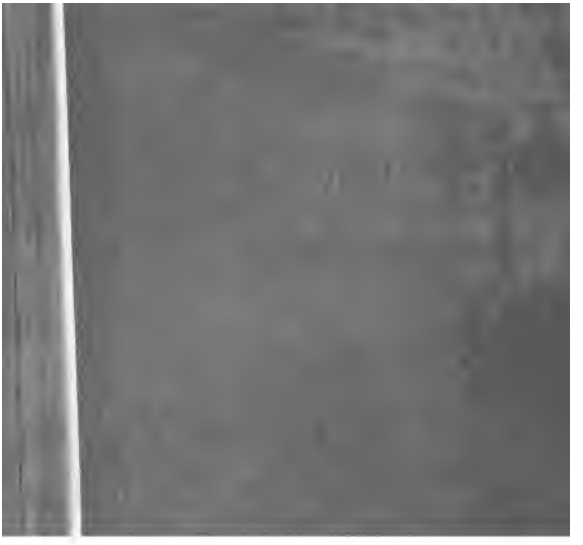
6 Neareſt the throne, and firſt in ſong,
Man ſhall his hallelujah raiſe,
While wond'ring angels round him throng,
And ſwell the chorus of his praiſe.

HYMN CXXXI. *Weſley.* 8.

1 JEHOVAH! thou my breaſt inſpire,
And touch my hallow'd lips with fire,
And looſe a ſtamm'ring infant's tongue.
Prepare the veſſel of thy grace,
Adorn me with the robes of praiſe,
And mercy ſhall be all my ſong.

Beneath their throne a river flows,
Whoſe banks the trees of life adorn,
Each puniſh'd nation to it goes,
And all their paſt offences mourn.

3 Its healing leaves with joy they take,
And ſhout aloud Jehovah's praiſe;
His boundleſs love their ſong they make,
And walk obed'ent in his ways.
Then ſhall my God the curſe deſtroy,
Bid ſin and ſorrow ever ceaſe,
Cloath ev'ry mournful heart with joy,
And give each troubled boſom peace.

4 Earth ſhall his heritage regain,
And be to ſpotleſs life reſtor'd;
None ſhall of ſuff'rings paſt complain,
By all God's name ſhall be ador'd.
Jeſus the kingdom ſhall reſign,
Him, Mediator, none ſhall call,
But praiſe him for his love divine,
Whilſt thou, O God! art all in all.

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